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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Originally Compiled by the

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

VOL. III. EPISTLES.

BOSTON

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER (HARLEM-PLACE) WASHINGTON STREET.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

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USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.—EPISTLES.

Boston:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER,

NO. 347, (HARLEM-PLACE) WASHINGTON-STREET.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*
District Clerk's Office.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of March A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WALKER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translations; principally designed for the use of young persons. Originally compiled by the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D. a new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings, prepared by James G. Percival, in six volumes. Vol. 3. EPISTLES.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

PREFACE

TO THE LAST ENGLISH EDITION.

The following Collection of Letters is a part of a design, which the Editor had formed, to select and publish, in large volumes, such compositions, both in verse and prose, as he judged might be useful to young persons, by conducing to their improvement in their own language, while they were cultivating an acquaintance with the ancients, and pursuing all other accomplishments of a liberal education.

The first two parts of his plan, Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry, already published, and repeatedly printed, have been received with a degree of favour, which evinces that the preconceived idea of their utility has been amply confirmed by the decisions of experience.

Animated by their good reception, the Editor determined to proceed in his design, and to add, in a similar volume, a copious Collection of Letters. It occurred to him, that no literary exercise is in such constant request as Letter-writing. All are not to be Poets, Orators, or Historians; but all, at least above the lowest rank, are to be sometimes Letter-writers. The daily intercourse of common life cannot be duly preserved without this mode of communication. That much pleasure, and much advantage, of various kinds, is derived from it, is obvious and incontestable. Every emergence furnishes occasion for it. It is necessary to friendship, and to love; to interest, and to ambition. In every

pursuit, and in every department of polished life, to write Letters is an indispensable requisite; and to write them well, a powerful recommendation. By epistolary correspondence the most important business, commercial, political, and private, is usually transacted. Who is there, who at some period of his life, finds it not of consequence to him to draw up an address with propriety, to narrate an event, to describe a character faithfully, or to write letters of compliment, condolence, or congratulation? Many natives of this country spend their youth in foreign climes. How greatly does it contribute to raise their characters at home, when they are able to write correct and judicious letters to their relations, their friends, their patrons, and their employers? A clear, a discreet, and an elegant letter, establishes their character in their native country, while perhaps their persons are at the distance of the antipodes, raises esteem among all who read it, and often lays a foundation for future eminence. It goes before them, like a pioneer, and smooths the road, and levels the hill that leads up to honour and to fortune.

Add to these considerations, that, as an easy exercise to improve the style, and prepare for that composition, which several of the professions require, nothing is more advantageous than the practice of Letter-writing at an early age.

In every view of the subject, Letter-writing appeared to the Editor so useful and important, that he thought he could not render a more acceptable service to young students than to present them with a great variety of epistolary MODELS, comprised, for their more convenient use, in one capacious volume. Models in art are certainly more instructive than rules; as examples in life are more efficacious than precepts. Rules, indeed, for Letter-writing, of which there is a great abundance, appear to be little more than the idle effusions of pedantry; the superfluous inventions of ingenuity misemployed. The Letters, which the writers of rules have given as examples for imitation, are often nothing more than mere *centos* in the expression, and servile copies in the sentiments. They have nothing in them of the healthy hue and lively vigour of nature. They resemble puny plants raised in a clime ungenial, by the gardener's incessant labour, yet possessing, after all, neither beauty, flavour, nor *stamina* for duration.

The few rules necessary in the ART, as it is called, of Letter-writing, are such as will always be prescribed to itself by a competent share of

common sense, duly informed by a common education. A regard must always be shown to time, place, and person. He, who has good sense, will of course observe these things; and he who has it not will not learn to observe them by the rules of rhetoricians. But to assist invention and to promote order, it may be sometimes expedient to make, in the mind, a division of a Letter into three parts, the Aristotelian *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*: or, in other words, into the exordium or introduction, the statement, proposition, or narrative, and the conclusion.

The exordium or introduction should be employed, not indeed with the formality of rhetoric, but with the ease of natural politeness and benevolence, in conciliating esteem, favour, and attention; the proposition or narrative, in stating the business with clearness and precision; the conclusion, in confirming what has been premised, in making apologies, in extenuating offence, and in cordial expressions of respect and affection: but is there any thing in these precepts not already obvious to common sense?

As to the epistolary style, of which so much has been said, those who wish to confine it to the easy and familiar have formed too narrow ideas of epistolary composition. The Epistle admits every subject; and every subject has its appropriate style. Ease is not to be confounded with negligence. In the most familiar Letter on the commonest subject an Attic neatness is required. Ease in writing, like ease in dress, notwithstanding all its charms, is but too apt to degenerate to the carelessness of the sloven. In the daily attire of a gentleman, gold lace may not be requisite; but rags or filth are not to be borne. In the face, paint is not to be approved; but cleanliness cannot be neglected, without occasioning still greater disgust than rouge and ceruse.

That epistolary style is clearly the best, whether easy or elaborate, simple or adorned, which is best adapted to the subject, to time, to place, and to person; which upon grave and momentous topics is solemn and dignified; on common themes, terse, easy, and only not careless; on little and trifling matters, gay, airy, lively, and facetious; on jocular subjects, sparkling and humorous; in formal and complimentary addresses, embellished with rhetorical figures, and finished with polished periods; in persuasion, bland, insinuating, and ardent; in exhortation, serious and sententious; on prosperous affairs, open and joyous; on adverse, pensive and tender. A different style is often necessary on the same topics, to old people and

to young; to men and to women; to rich and to poor; to the great and to the little; to scholars and to the illiterate; to strangers and to familiar companions. And thus indeed might one proceed to great extent, with all the parade of precept; but though this, and much more that might be repeated, may be certainly true, yet it is all sufficiently obvious to that COMMON SENSE, whose claims ought at all times to be asserted against the encroachments of pedantic tyranny.

A good understanding, as it has been already observed, improved by reading the best writers, by accurate observation of men and manners, and, above all, by use and practice, will be sufficient to form an accomplished Letter-writer, without restraining the vigour of his genius, and the flights of his fancy, by a rigid observance of the line and rule. The best Letters, and indeed the best compositions of every kind, were produced before the boasted rules to teach how to write them were written or invented. The rules prescribed by critics for writing Letters are so minute and particular as to remind one of the *recipes* in Hannah Glasse's Cookery. They pretend to teach how to express thoughts on paper with a mechanical process, similar to that in which the culinary authoress instructs her disciples in the composition of a minced-pie.

It is indeed a remark confirmed by long experience, that merchants, men of business, and particularly the ladies, who have never read, or even heard of the rules of an *Erasmus*, a *Vives*, a *Melchior Junius*, or a *Lipsius*, write Letters with admirable ease, perspicuity, propriety, and elegance; far better, in every respect, than some of the most celebrated dictators of rules to teach that epistolary correspondence, which themselves could never successfully practise. The learned Manutius, who had studied every rule, used to employ a month in writing a Letter of moderate length, which many an English lady could surpass in an hour.

It may not be improper in this place to mention, for the honour of the ladies, that, according to learned authors, the very first Letter ever written was written by a lady. *Clemens Alexandrinus*, and *Tatian* also, who copies from Hellanicus the historian, expressly affirm, that the first epistle ever composed was the production of Atossa, a Persian empress. The learned Dodwell, as well as others, controverts the fact; and many suppose, that the Letter which Homer's Prætus gave to Bellerophon, as well as that which David sent to accomplish the death of Uriah, preceded the

Letter of Atossa. Without entering into a chronological discussion, one may assert the probability, that a lady was the first writer of Letters; as ladies have, in modern times, displayed peculiar grace and spirit in epistolary correspondence. Dodwell's opinion required not the learning of Dodwell to support it, when he supposes that epistles were written, in some form or other, as soon as the art of marking thoughts by written signs was discovered and divulged.

But instead of dwelling any longer on topics, either obvious of themselves, or rather curious than useful, it is more expedient to inform the Reader what he is to expect in the subsequent volume.

The First Book in the Collection is formed from the Letters of Cicero and Pliny. To attempt to raise their characters by praises at this period, after the world has agreed in the admiration of them near two thousand years, would be no less superfluous than to pronounce an eulogium on the sun, or to describe the beauties of the rainbow. From them a few of their most entertaining Letters, and such as have a reference to familiar life, have been principally selected; and there is little doubt, but that an attentive student, not deficient in ability, may catch, from the perusal of what is here inserted, much of their politeness, both of sentiment and expression. If he possesses taste, he must be entertained by them. It is but justice to add, that great praise is due to the translator, whose polished understanding seems to have assimilated the grace of his celebrated originals.

The next Book consists of Letters from many great and distinguished persons of our own nation, written at an early period of English literature.

The correspondence of the Sydney family forms one part of it. To the generality of readers this will be new and curious, as it was never published but in expensive folios. The Sydney family appear to have been, in their time, the most enlightened, polished, and virtuous, which the nation could boast. Many of their Letters are written in a strong, a nervous, and, in many respects, an excellent style for the age; and all that are here selected may be considered as curiosities, furnishing matter for speculation on the language and customs of persons in high rank, at

the period in which they were composed. It is a recommendation of them, that they are genuine Family Letters, not studiously laboured, like those of professed Wits and Letter-writers, but written in perfect confidence, and without the least idea of their future publication. But as old language is certainly not a model for young students in the present day, it must be remembered, that this compilation professes, in its title page, to be designed for GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT, as well as for the perusal and improvement of those who are in the course of their education.

The Letters of the celebrated Howel, which form another considerable portion of the Second Book, cannot fail of affording, in addition to the instruction of the student, much amusement to the more advanced reader, who inspects the volume merely to pass away his vacant hours. Howel's Letters were, at one time, extremely popular. They have passed through many editions. Their wit, vivacity, and frankness, render them more pleasing than many more modern and more exact compositions. Several celebrated Collections of Letters, more correct and finished, have in them less wit, less fire, less spirit, fewer ideas, and scantier information.

Lady Rachel Russel's Letters are inserted in the Second Book, and must be allowed to constitute a very useful and ornamental part of it. They have been much admired by persons of taste and sensibility, both for their thoughts and their diction. Piety and conjugal affection, expressed in language, considering the time of its composition, so pure and proper, cannot but afford a fine example to the female aspirants after delicacy, virtue, taste, and whatever is excellent and laudable in the wife, the widow, and the mother. Such patterns in high life cannot fail of becoming beneficial in proportion as they are more known and better observed.

The very names indeed of those, whose Letters furnish this and the remaining books, are of themselves a sufficient recommendation of them. To dwell on the character and excellencies of each would be to abuse the Reader's patience. Most of them are of that exalted and established rank, which praise cannot now elevate, nor censure degrade. It is proper to remark, that a very considerable number of Letters recently published have now been added from authors of great celebrity ; and to keep

the volume within a convenient size, many have been omitted of less interest, that appeared in the last edition.

Since, then, the writers of these Letters are able to speak so powerfully for themselves, why should the Reader be detained by a longer Preface from better entertainment? Things intrinsically good will be duly appreciated by a discerning Public, and require not the ostentatious display of a florid encomium. If the Letters here selected were the Letters of obscure men and women, a recommendatory introduction might be necessary to their ready admission; but they are the Letters of persons high in rank, high in fame, high in every quality which can excite and reward the attention of a nation, of which most of them have been at once the ornaments and the luminaries. Here indeed, like the setting sun, they shine with a softer radiance than in their more studied works; retaining, however, their beauty and magnitude undiminished, though their meridian fervour is abated. Associated in this Compilation, they unite their orbs, and form a galaxy: they charm with a mild, diffusive light; though they may not dazzle, as in their greater works, with a noonday splendour.

But it is time to conclude, since to proceed in recommending those, who recommend themselves, is but an officious ceremony: yet the Editor, before he withdraws himself, begs leave to ask the Reader one question: Would he not think it a pleasure and a happiness, beyond the power of adequate estimation, to be able to sit down, whenever he pleases, and enjoy, at his fire-side, the conversation of Cicero and Pliny, of the noble Sydneys, of the lively Howel, of Pope, of Johnson, of Franklin, of Fox, of Cowper, and of all the other illustrious and excellent persons, whose familiar and unstudied Letters fill the volume before him? That pleasure, and that happiness, however great, he may here actually obtain, in as great perfection as is now possible, since death has silenced their eloquent tongues. By a very slight effort of imagination he may suppose himself, while he revolves these pages, in the midst of the intelligent, cheerful, social circle; and when satisfied with the familiar conversation of one, turn to another, equally excellent and entertaining in his way, though on a different subject, and in a diversified style. Happy intercourse, exempt from care, from strife, from envy! and happy they, who have leisure, sense, and taste to relish it!

That a satisfaction so pure and so exalted may be enjoyed from this attempt is the sincere wish of the Editor; who ventures to express a hope, that if much is done for the Reader's entertainment, he will not complain that more has not been accomplished, but view excellence with due approbation, and defect with good-natured indulgence.

CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

BOOK I. *Ancient and Classical Letters.*

SECTION I.

From the Letters of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, *to several of his Friends, as translated by* William Melmoth, *Esq.*

Letter.		Page.
1	To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son	1
2	From the same to the same	3
3	From the same to the same	4
4	To Terentia	5
5	To Marcus Marius	7
6	To Julius Cæsar	9
7	To Marcus Cælius	10
8	To Terentia and Tullia	11
9	To Tiro	12
10	To the same	13
11	To Terentia and to Tullia	13
12	To the same	14
13	To Terentia	15
14	To the same	15
15	To the same	15
16	To the same	16
17	To the same	16
18	To the same	16
19	To the same	17
20	To the same	17
21	To Lucius Papirius Pætus	17
22	To Varro	17
23	To Papirius Pætus	18
24	To the same	21
25	To Gallus	22
26	To Cæsar	23
27	To Tiro	24
28	To the same	24

SECTION II.

From the Letters of PLINY *the Consul, to several of his Friends, as translated by* William Melmoth, *Esq.*

Letter.		Page.
1	To Caninius Rufus	25
2	To Cornelius Tacitus	26
3	To Atrius Clemens	26
4	To Septitius Clarus	27
5	To Erucius	28
6	To Cornelius Tacitus	29
7	To Nepos	32
8	To Caninius	33
9	To Priscus	34
10	To Calvisius	35
11	To Hispulla	36
12	To Proculus	37
13	To Fabatus	37
14	To Clemens	38
15	To Antoninus	39
16	To Naso	39
17	To Cornelius Tacitus	40
18	To Valerius Paulinus	41
19	To Hispulla	41
20	To Nepos	42
21	To Licinius	42
22	To Capito	43
23	To Spurinna	44
24	To Quintilian	45
25	To Calphurnia	46
26	To Tuscus	46
27	To Romanus	47
28	To Minutianus	48
29	To Fuscus	49
30	To the same	50

BOOK II. *Modern and Miscellaneous Letters, of Early Date.*

SECTION I.

Modern, and of early Date.

Letter.		Page.
1	Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry	51
2	A Letter from Lady More to Mr. Secretary Cromwell	52
3	Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell	53
4	Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth	54
5	Lord Chancellor Egerton to the Earl of Essex	54
6	The Earl's Answer	55
7	Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Philip Sidney, at School at Shrewsbury, an. 1556, 9 Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years	57
8	Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester	58
9	To the same	60

Letter.		Page.
10	Sir Henry Sidney to Queen Elizabeth	61
11	Sir Henry Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, concerning the Reports of the Earl of Essex's Death	62
12	Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester	64
13	Sir Philip Sidney to his Father Sir Henry Sidney	66
14	Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland	67
15	Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Molineux, Esq. Secretary to his Father as Lord Deputy	67
16	Edward Molineux, Esq. to Philip Sidney, in answer to the abovesaid letter	67
17	Sir Philip Sidney to William Lord Burleigh	68
18	Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Edward Stafford	68
19	Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Sir Philip Sidney	69
20	Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.	69
21	Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester	69
22	Thomas Lord Buckhurst to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney	70
23	Robert Earl of Leicester to his Daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the Death of the Earl her Husband, who lost his Life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the Battle of Newberry, 20th September, 1643	71
24	Robert Earl of Leicester to the Queen, at Oxford, desiring to know why he was dismissed from the Office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	72
25	Algernon Sidney to his Father Robert Earl of Leicester	73
26	Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury Fort	74
27	Lord Bacon to James I.	75
28	Sir Walter Raleigh to James I.	76
29	Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Car	76
30	Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.	77
31	Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace	78
32	Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud	81
33	Charles I. to Lord Wentworth	81
34	Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford	81
35	Earl of Strafford to his Son	82
36	Charles II. to the Duke of York	83
37	Oliver Cromwell to his Son Henry Cromwell	83
38	Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell	84
39	Henry Cromwell to Lord Faulconberg	85
40	Henry Cromwell to Richard Cromwell, Protector	86
41	The Hon. Algernon Sidney to his Friend	86
42	Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh	88
43	To the same	89
44	To the same	90
45	Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill	91
46	Sir William Temple to Sir William Coventry	92
47	From Sir William Temple to Dame Augustine Cary	93
48	Earl of Clarendon to the Duchess of York, on her turning Catholic	94
49	The Duchess of York to the Earl of Clarendon	98

SECTION II.

Modern and Miscellaneous, of early Date, continued.

Letter.		Page.
1	From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Francis Mansel, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford	100
2	From James Howel, Esq. to Daniel Caldwell, Esq.	100
3	From the same to Mr. Richard Altham, at his Chamber in Gray's Inn	101
4	From the same to Capt. Francis Bacon	102
5	From the same to Richard Altham, Esq.	103
6	From the same to Sir James Crofts	104
7	From the same to Mr. Thomas Porter, after Captain Porter	107
8	From the same to Dr. Francis Mansel	107
9	From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn.	108
10	From the same to Robert Brown, Esq. at the Middle Temple	109
11	From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn	110
12	From the same to Daniel Caldwell, Esq.	111
13	From the same to Dr. Thomas Prichard, at Worcester House	111
14	From the same to the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers), at Florence	112
15	From the same to Dr. Prichard	113
16	From the same to the Right Honourable Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland	114
17	From the same to J. S. Knight	115
18	From the same to R. S. Esq.	115
19	From the same to his Nephew J. P. at St. John's in Oxford	115
20	From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Digby	116
21	From the same to Mr. R. Howard	116
22	From the same to Sir K. D. at Rome	117
23	From the same to Mr. En. P. at Paris	118
24	From the same to Mr. T. Morgan	119
25	From the same to the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.	120
26	From the same to Mr. W. Price, at Oxon	120
27	Lady Russel's Letter to the King, Charles II.	121
28	From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam	122
29	From the same to the same	123
30	From the same to the same	124
31	From the same to the same	125
32	Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russel	126
33	Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam	127
34	From the same to the same	128
35	From the same to Lady Sunderland	129
36	From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam	130
37	Dean Tillotson to Lady Russel	131
38	Lady Russel to the Dean of St. Paul's	132
39	From the same to ——— (supposed the Bishop of Salisbury)	133
40	From the same to Lord Cavendish	134
41	Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel	134
42	Lady Russel to ——— (supposed Archbishop Tillotson)	135
43	From the same to Dr. Fitzwilliam	136
44	Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel	137
45	From the same to the same	137
46	The Bishop of Salisbury to Lady Russel	138
47	Lady Russel to King William	138
48	From the same to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway	139
49	Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux	140
50	From the same to the same	142
51	Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke	143
52	From the same to the same	143
53	Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux	145
54	From the same to the same	147
55	From the same to the same	150
56	From the same to the same	151
57	From the same to the same	152
58	From the same to the same	153
59	Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke	154
60	Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux	155
61	From the same to Mr. Burridge	155
62	Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke	156
63	Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux	156

Letter.		Page.
64	Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux	157
65	Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke	157
66	From the same to the same	158
67	Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux	159
68	From Lord Shaftesbury to ———	159
69	From the same to the same	161
70	From the same to the same	161
71	From Lord Shaftesbury to ———	163
72	From the same to the same	165
73	From the same to the same	169
74	From the same to the same	170
75	Form the same to the same	171
76	From the same to the same	172

BOOK III. *Letters of the last Century, and of late Date.*

SECTION I.

From MR. POPE *and his Friends.*

Letter.		Page.
1	From Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley	174
2	From the same to the same	175
3	From the same to the same	175
4	From the same to the same	176
5	From the same to the same	177
6	From the same to the same	178
7	From the same to the same	179
8	From the same to the same	179
9	From the same to the same	180
10	From the same to H. Cromwell, Esq.	181
11	From the same to the same	182
12	From the same to the same	183
13	From the same to the same	184
14	From the same to the same	185
15	From the same to the same	186
16	From the same to the same	187
17	From the same to the same	188
18	From the same to the same	189
19	From the same to the same	190
20	From the same to Sir William Trumbull	191
21	From the same to the same	192
22	From the same to the Hon. J. C. Esq.	193
23	From the same to the same	195
24	From the same to the same	196
25	From the same to the same	197
26	From the same to Mr. Steele	198
27	Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope	199
28	Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele	199
29	From the same to Mr. Addison	199
30	Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope	200
31	Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison	201
32	From the same to Mr. Jervas	201
33	Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope	202
34	Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas	203
35	From the same to the Earl of Halifax	204
36	From the same to Hon. James Craggs, Esq.	204
37	From the same to Mr. Congreve	205
38	From the same to the same	206
39	From the same to the same	206
40	Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope	207
41	Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope	208
42	Mr. Pope to ****	209
43	The Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope	210
44	Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham	212
45	Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope	213
46	Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford	214
47	The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope	214
48	Edward Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope	215
49	Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.	216
50	From the same to the same	216
51	From the same to the same	217
52	From the same to the same	218
53	From the same to the same	219
54	Mr. Pope to E. Blount, Esq.	220
55	From the same to the same	220
56	From the same to Hon. Robert Digby	221
57	From the same to the same	222
58	Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope	223
59	Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby	223
60	Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope	224
61	From the same to the same	225
62	Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby	225
63	Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope	226
64	From the same to the same	226
65	The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Atterbury) to Mr. Pope	227
66	Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester	227
67	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	228
68	From the same to the same	230
69	Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope	231
70	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	231
71	From the same to the same	232
72	Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester	233
73	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	234
74	Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester	234
75	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	235
76	Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester	235
77	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	236
78	From the same to the same	237
79	From the same to the same	238
80	From the same to the same	238
81	Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester	239
82	From the same to the same	240
83	Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay	241
84	From the same to the same	242
85	From the same to the same	242
86	From the same to the same	243
87	From the same to the same	244
88	From the same to the same	245
89	From the same to the same	246
90	From the same to the same	246
91	The Earl of Peterborow to Mr. Pope	247
92	Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow	247
93	Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson	248
94	From the same to Mr. Bethel	248
95	From the same to Dr. Arbuthnot	249
96	From the same to Dr. Swift	250
97	Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	251
98	Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope	253
99	Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift	254
100	Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift	256
101	Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope	257
102	Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift	258
103	Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope	259
104	From the same to the same	260
105	Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	261
106	From the same to the same	261
107	Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay	263
108	From the same to the same	264
109	Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift	266
110	Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope	267
111	From the same to the Duke of Dorset	268

SECTION II.

Miscellaneous Letters.

Letter.		Page
1	Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waryng	269
2	Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave	271
3	Earl of Mulgrave to Dr. Tillotson	273
4	Dr. Lewis Atterbury to Bishop Atterbury	274
5	Bishop Atterbury to his Brother	275
6	From the same to the same	275
7	From the same to the same	276
8	From the same to his Son at Oxford	276
9	From the same to Lord Townsend	277
10	The Bishop of Rochester to Mrs. Morice	277
11	Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London	278
12	The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope	278
13	From the same to * * * *	279
14	Dr. King to Bishop Atterbury	279
15	Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.	280
16	From the same to the same	281
17	From the same to the same	282
18	Rev. Mr. Dyer to Mr. Duncombe	282
19	From the same to the same	283
20	Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough	284
21	Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor sent her, upon the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp	285

BOOK IV. *Recent Letters.*

SECTION I.

From the Letters of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq., and* MR. GRAY *to and from their Friends.*

Letter.		Page.
1	Mr. Shenstone to a Friend	287
2	From the same to Mr. Jago, on the Death of his Father	288
3	From the same to Mr. Reynolds	289
4	From the same to Mr. ———, on his taking Orders in the Church	290
5	From the same to a Friend, expressing his Dissatisfaction at the Manner of Life in which he is engaged	291
6	From the same to Mr. Graves, on Benevolence and Friendship	292
7	From the same to Mr. Graves	293
8	From the same to Mr. Graves; written in Hay Harvest	294
9	From the same to the same after the Disappointment of a Visit	295
10	From the same to the same with Thoughts on Advice	295
11	From the same to the same	297
12	From the same to the same	298
13	From the same to Mr. Jago	298
14	From the same to Mr. —— on his Marriage	300
15	From the same to Mr. Jago, with an Invitation to the Leasowes	301
16	From the same to a Friend disappointing him of a Visit	302
17	From the same to Mr. Jago	303
18	From the same to C—— W——, Esq.	304
19	From the same to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother	305
20	From the same to Mr. G—, on the Receipt of his Picture	306
21	From the same to Mr. Jago	308
22	From the same to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Whistler	309
23	From the same to the same, on hearing that his Letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed	310
24	Mr. West to Mr. Gray	311
25	Mr. Gray to Mr. West	311
26	Mr. West to Mr. Gray	312
27	Mr. Gray to Mr. West	313
28	Mr. West to Mr. Gray	314
29	Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole	315
30	Mr. West to Mr. Gray	315
31	Mr. Gray to Mr. West	315
32	Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole	316
33	From the same to the same	317
34	From the same to Mr. West	317
35	From the same to the same	318
36	From the same to Dr. Wharton	318
37	From the same to Mr. Walpole	319
38	From the same to the same	320
39	From the same to Dr. Wharton	321
40	From the same to the same	321
41	From the same to Dr. Warburton	322
42	From the same to his Mother	323
43	From the same to Mr. Walpole	323
44	From the same to Mr. Mason	324
45	From the same to Dr. Wharton	324
46	From the same to Mr. Mason	325
47	From the same to Mr. Hurd	326
48	From the same to Mr. Mason	327
49	From the same to Dr. Wharton	328
50	From the same to the same	328
51	From the same to the same	329
52	From the same to Mr. Stonehewer	330
53	From the same to Dr. Clarke	331
54	From the same to Mr. Mason	332
55	From the same to Dr. Wharton	332
56	From the same to Mr. Mason	333
57	From the same to Dr. Wharton	333
58	From the same to the same	334
59	From the same to Mr. Mason	335
60	From the same to Mr. Beattie	335
61	From the same to the Duke of Grafton	336
62	From the same to Mr. Nicholls	336
63	From the same to Mr. Beattie	337
64	From the same to Mr. Nicholls	337
65	From the same to the same	338
66	From the same to Mr. Beattie	339
67	From the same to Mr. Nicholls	340
68	From the same to Dr. Wharton	341

SECTION II.

From the Letters of LAURENCE STERNE, *and others.*

1	Mr. Sterne to Miss L——	342
2	From the same to Mrs. F.——	343
3	From the same to J— H— S—, Esq.	343
4	From the same to Lady D——	344
5	From the same to David Garrick, Esq.	345

Letter.		Page.
6	Mr. Sterne to Lady D——	346
7	From the same to Mrs. Sterne	346
8	From the same to the same	346
9	From the same to Lady D——	347
10	From the same to Mr. E.	348
11	From the same to Mr. Foley	348
12	From the same to the same	349
13	From the same to the same	349
14	From the same to the same	349
15	From the same to the same	350
16	From the same to the same	350
17	From the same to the same	351
18	From the same to Miss Sterne	351
19	From the same to J— H— S—, Esq.	352
20	From the same to David Garrick, Esq.	352
21	From the same to Mr. W.	353
22	From the same to Miss Sterne	354
23	David Hume, Esq. to ——	354
24	From the same to Dr. Campbell	356

SECTION III.

From the Letters of the late Earl of CHATHAM, *Lord* CHESTERFIELD, *Lord* LYTTLETON, *and others.*

Letter.		Page.
1	From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford)	358
2	From the same to the same	359
3	From the same to the same	359
4	From the same to the same	361
5	From the same to the same	361
6	From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.	362
7	From the same to the same	362
8	From the same to the same	363
9	From the same to the same	364
10	From the same to the same	364
11	From the same to the same	365
12	From the same to the same	365
13	From the same to the same	366
14	From the same to the same	366
15	From the same to the same	366
16	From the same to the same	367
17	From the same to the same	367
18	From the same to the same	368
19	Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford	368
20	From the same to the same	368
21	Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield	369
22	The Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. Swift	370
23	Dean Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield	370
24	Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton	371
25	From the same to the same	372
26	From the same to the same	373
27	From the same to the same	374
28	From the same to the same	376
29	S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton	377
30	Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton	378
31	From the same to the same	378
32	From the same to the same	379
33	From the same to the same	380
34	From the same to the same	381
35	S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton	381
36	Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton	382
37	The late Bishop Horne to a young Clergyman	383

ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

SECTION I.

FROM THE LETTERS OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, TO SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, AS TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

LETTER I.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

Brundisium, April 30. [A. U. 695.]

If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you nor read your letters, without falling into greater grief than I am able to support: for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and for ever abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served, let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight in this place,* with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rights of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception.† May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember!

* Brundisium; a maritime town in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Brindisi*. Cicero, when he first withdrew from Rome, intended to have retired into Sicily; but being denied entrance by the governor of that island, he changed his direction, and came to Brundisium in his way to Greece.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which among other things enacted, that "no person should presume to harbour or receive him on pain of death."

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum.* And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile?—But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider; for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose,† or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso‡ will always continue what you represent him to be, entirely ours.—As to the manumission of the slaves, I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me, of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the mean time, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honourable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But, alas! whilst I am endeavouring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own.

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus; as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me

* A considerable town in an island of the Propontis, which lay so close to the continent of Asia as to be joined with it by a bridge.

† Tullia was at this time married to Caius Piso Frugi, a young nobleman of one of the best families in Rome.

‡ Cicero's son-in-law.

any service. Nothing can equal the good offices I receive from Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has given me strong marks of his affection: and I hope he will not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca promised to attend me in my exile; but he changed his mind, and has left me at this place.

I entreat you to take all possible care of your health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! Adieu. And thou, my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you both most tenderly farewell.

LETTER II.

To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

Thessalonica,* October 5. [A. U. 695.]

Imagine not, my Terentia, that I write longer letters to others than to yourself: be assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely because those I receive from them require a more particular answer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loss what to write: and as there is nothing in the present dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; so I never attempt it with regard to you and my dearest daughter, that it does not cost me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief in the reflection, that I have made those completely miserable, whom I ought, and wished, to have rendered perfectly happy? And I should have rendered them so, if I had acted with less timidity.

Piso's behaviour towards us, in this season of our afflictions, has greatly endeared him to my heart: and I have, as well as I was able in the present discomposure of my mind, exhorted him to continue them.

I perceive you much depend upon the new tribunes: and if Pompey perseveres in his present disposition, I am inclined to think that your hopes will not be disappointed; though I must confess, I have some fears with respect to Crassus. In the mean while I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavouring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Publius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta to the office of Valerius.† Sad reverse indeed! that thou, the dearest object of my fondest desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I, who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own indiscretion!

As to what you mention with regard to the area belonging to my house; I shall never look upon myself as restored to my country, till that spot of ground is again in my possession.‡ But this is a point that does not depend upon ourselves. Let me rather express my concern for what does: and lament that distressed as your circumstances already are, you should engage yourself in a share of those expenses which are incurred upon my account. Be assured, if ever I should return to

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Salonichi*.

† Terentia had taken sanctuary in the temple of Vesta; but was forcibly dragged out from thence by the directions of Clodius, in order to be examined at a public office, concerning her husband's effects.

‡ After Clodius had procured the law against Cicero, already taken notice of, he consecrated the area, where his house in Rome stood, to the perpetual service of religion, and erected a temple upon it to the Goddess of Liberty.

Rome, I shall easily recover my estate: but should fortune continue to persecute me, will you, thou dear unhappy woman, will you fondly throw away in gaining friends to a desperate cause, the last scanty remains of your broken fortunes? I conjure you then, my dearest Terentia, not to involve yourself in any charges of that kind: let them be borne by those who are able, if they are willing, to support the weight. In a word, if you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account injure your health; which, alas! is already but too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: and as I know the assiduity you exert on my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue. I am sensible at the same time, that my affairs depend entirely upon your assistance; and therefore that they may be attended with the success you hope and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly entreat you to take care of your health.

I know not whom to write to, unless to those who first write to me, or whom you particularly mention in your letters. As you and Tullia are of opinion that I should not retreat farther from Italy, I have laid aside that design. Let me hear from you both as soon as possible, particularly if there should be any fairer prospect of my return. Farewell, ye dearest objects of my most tender affection, farewell.

LETTER III.

To the same.

Dyrrachium,* Nov. 26. [A. U. 695.]

I learn by the letters of several of my friends, as well as from general report, that you discover the greatest fortitude of mind, and that you solicit my affairs with unwearied application. Oh, my Terentia, how truly wretched am I, to be the occasion of such severe misfortunes to so faithful, so generous, and so excellent a woman! And my dearest Tullia too! that she, who was once so happy in her father, should now derive from him such bitter sorrows! But how shall I express the anguish I feel for my little boy! who became acquainted with grief as soon as he was capable of any reflection.† Had these afflictions happened, as you tenderly represent them, by an unavoidable fate, they would have sat less heavy on my heart. But they are altogether owing to my own folly, in imagining I was loved where I was secretly envied, and in not joining with those who were sincerely desirous of my friendship.‡ Had I been governed, indeed, by my own sentiments, without relying so much on those of my weak or wicked advisers, we might still, my Terentia, have been happy. However, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will endeavour to restrain my grief, lest the effect it may have upon my health should disappoint your tender efforts for my restoration. I am sensible at the same time of the many difficulties that must be conquered ere that point can be effected; and that it would have been much easier to have maintained my post, than it is to recover it. Nevertheless, if all the tribunes are in my interest; if Lentulus is really as zealous in my cause as he appears; and if Pompey and Cæsar likewise concur with him in the same views, I ought not, most certainly, to despair.

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Durazzo*, in the Turkish dominions. This letter, though dated from Dyrrachium, appears to have been wholly written, except the postscript, at Thessalonica.

† Cicero's son was at this time about eight years of age.

‡ Cæsar and Crassus frequently solicited Cicero to unite himself to their party, promising to protect him from the outrages of Clodius, provided he would fall in with their measures.

With regard to our slaves; I am willing to act as our friends, you tell me, advise. As to your concern in respect to the plague which broke out here; it is entirely ceased: and I had the good fortune to escape all infection. However, it was my desire to have changed my present situation for some more retired place in Epirus, where I might be secure from Piso and his soldiers.* But the obliging Plancius was unwilling to part with me, and still indeed detains me here, in the hope that we may return together to Rome.† If ever I should live to see that happy day; if ever I should be restored to my Terentia, to my children, and to myself, I shall think all the tender solicitudes we have suffered during this sad separation abundantly repaid.

Nothing can exceed the affection and humanity of Piso's‡ behaviour towards every one of us: and I wish he may receive from it as much satisfaction as I am persuaded he will honour.—I was far from intending to blame you with respect to my brother; but it is much my desire, especially as there are so few of you, that you should live together in the most perfect harmony. I have made my acknowledgments where you desired, and acquainted the persons you mention that you had informed me of their services.

As to the estate you propose to sell; alas! my dear Terentia, think well of the consequence: think what would become of our unhappy boy, should fortune still continue to persecute us. But my eyes stream too fast to suffer me to add more: nor would I draw the same tender flood from yours. I will only say, that if my friends should not desert me, I shall be in no distress for money; and if they should, the money you can raise by the sale of this estate will little avail. I conjure you then by all our misfortunes, let us not absolutely ruin our poor boy, who is well nigh totally undone already. If we can but raise him above indigence, a moderate share of good fortune and merit will be sufficient to open his way to whatever else we can wish him to obtain. Take care of your health, and let me know by an express how your negotiations proceed, and how affairs in general stand.—My fate must now be soon determined.—I tenderly salute my son and daughter, and bid you all farewell.

P. S. I came hither not only as it is a free city,§ and much in my interest, but as it is situated likewise near Italy. But if I should find any inconvenience from its being a town of such great resort, I shall remove elsewhere, and give you due notice.

LETTER IV.

To Terentia.

Dyrrachium, Nov. 30. [A. U. 695.]

I received three letters from you by the hands of Aristocritus, and have wept over them till they are almost defaced with my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own personal misfortunes more severely torture my mind, than those with which you and my children are oppressed. Unhappy indeed as you are, I am still infinitely more so; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumstance to myself, that they are justly to be imputed to my imprudence alone. I ought, most

* Lucius Calphurnius Piso, who was consul this year with Gabinius: they were both the professed enemies of Cicero, and supported Clodius in his violent measures. The province of Macedonia had fallen to the former, and he was now preparing to set out for his government, where his troops were daily arriving.

† Plancius was at this time quæstor in Macedonia, and distinguished himself by many generous offices to Cicero in his exile.

‡ Cicero's son-in-law.

§ That is, a city which had the privilege, though in the dominions of the Roman republic, to be governed by its own laws.

undoubtedly, either to have avoided the danger, by accepting the commission which was offered me, or to have repelled force by force, or bravely to have perished in the attempt. Whereas nothing could have been more unworthy of my character, or more pregnant with misery, than the scheme I have pursued. I am overwhelmed, therefore, not only with sorrow, but with shame: yes, my Terentia, I blush to reflect that I did not exert that spirit I ought for the sake of so excellent a wife and such amiable children. The distress in which you are all equally involved, and your own ill state of health in particular, are ever in my thoughts: as I have the mortification at the same time to observe, that there appear but slender hopes of my being recalled. My enemies, in truth, are many; while those who are jealous of me are almost innumerable; and though they found great difficulty in driving me from my country, it will be extremely easy for them to prevent my return. However, as long as you have any hopes that my restoration may be effected, I will not cease to co-operate with your endeavours for that purpose, lest my weakness should seem upon all occasions to frustrate every measure in my favour. In the mean while, my person (for which you are so tenderly concerned) is secure from all danger: as in truth I am so completely wretched, that even my enemies themselves must wish, in mere malice, to preserve my life. Nevertheless, I shall not fail to observe the caution you kindly give me.

I have sent my acknowledgments by Dexippus to the persons you desired me, and mentioned at the same time, that you had informed me of their good offices. I am perfectly sensible of those which Piso exerts towards us with so uncommon a zeal: and indeed it is a circumstance which all the world speaks of to his honour. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children the common happiness of so valuable a relation.*

The only hope I have now left, arises from the new tribunes; and that too depends upon the steps they shall take in the commencement of their office: for if they should postpone my affair, I shall give up all expectations of its ever being effected. Accordingly I have despatched Aristocritus, that you may send me immediate notice of the first measures they shall pursue, together with the general plan upon which they purpose to conduct themselves. I have likewise ordered Dexippus to return to me with all expedition, and have written to my brother to request he would give me frequent information in what manner affairs proceed. It is with a view of receiving the earliest intelligence from Rome, that I continue at Dyrrachium; a place where I can remain in perfect security, as I have upon all occasions distinguished this city by my particular patronage.—However, as soon as I shall receive intimation that my enemies† are approaching, it is my resolution to retire into Epirus.

In answer to your tender proposal of accompanying me in my exile: I rather choose you should continue in Rome; as I am sensible it is upon you that the principal burthen of my affairs must rest. If your generous negotiations should succeed, my return will prevent the necessity of that journey; if otherwise——But I need not add the rest. The next letter I

* He had the great misfortune to be disappointed of his wish; for Piso died soon after this letter was written. Cicero represents him as a young nobleman of the greatest talents and application, who devoted his whole time to the improvements of his mind, and the exercise of eloquence: as one whose moral qualifications were no less extraordinary than his intellectual, and in short, as possessed of every accomplishment and virtue that could endear him to his friends, to his family, and to the public.

† The troops of Piso.

shall receive from you, or at most the subsequent one, will determine me in what manner to act. In the mean time I desire you will give me a full and faithful information how things go on: though indeed I have now more reason to expect the final result of this affair, than an account of its progress.

Take care of your health I conjure you; assuring yourself that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewell, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, farewell.

LETTER V.

*To Marcus Marius.**

[A. U. 698.]

If your general valetudinary disposition prevented you from being a spectator of our late public entertainments,† it is more to fortune than to philosophy that I am to impute your absence. But if you declined our party for no other reason than as holding in just contempt what the generality of the world so absurdly admire, I must at once congratulate you both on your health and your judgment. I say this upon a supposition, however, that you were enjoying the philosophical advantages of that delightful scene, in which, I imagine, you were almost wholly deserted. At the same time that your neighbours, probably, were nodding over the dull humour of our trite farces, my friend, I dare say, was indulging his morning meditations in that elegant apartment from whence you have opened a prospect to Sejanum, through the Stabian hills.‡ And whilst you were employing the rest of the day in those various polite amusements which you have the happy privilege to plan out for yourself; we, alas! had the mortification of tamely enduring those dramatical representations, to which Mætius, it seems, our professed critic, had given his infallible sanction: but as you will have the curiosity, perhaps, to require a more particular account, I must tell you, that though our entertainments were extremely magnificent indeed, yet they were by no means such as you would have relished; at least if I may judge of your taste by my own. Some of those actors who had formerly distinguished themselves with great applause, but had long since retired, I imagined, in order to preserve the reputation they had raised, were now again introduced upon the stage; as in honour, it seems, of the festival. Among these was my old friend Æsopus: but so different from what we once knew him, that the whole audience agreed he ought to be excused from acting any more. For when he was pronouncing the celebrated oath,

If I deceive, be Jove's dread vengeance hurl'd, &c.

the poor old man's voice failed him; and he had not strength to go through with the speech. As to the other parts of our theatrical entertainments, you know the nature of them so well, that it is scarce necessary to mention

* The person to whom this letter is addressed seems to have been of a temper and constitution that placed him far below the ambition of being known to posterity. But a private letter from Cicero's hand has been sufficient to dispel the obscurity he appears to have loved, and to render his retirement conspicuous.

† They were exhibited by Pompey at the opening of his theatre: one of the most magnificent structures of ancient Rome; and so extensive as to contain no less than 30,000 spectators. It was built after the model of one which he saw at Mitylene, in his return from the Mithridatic war; and adorned with the noblest ornaments of statuary and painting. Some remains of this immense building still subsist.

‡ Sejanum is found in no other ancient author. Stabiæ was a maritime town in Campania, situated upon the bay of Naples, from whence the adjoining hills here mentioned took their name.

them. They had less indeed to plead in their favour than even the most ordinary representations of this kind can usually claim. The enormous parade with which they were attended, and which, I dare say, you would very willingly have spared, destroyed all the grace of the performance. What pleasure could it afford to a judicious spectator, to see a thousand mules prancing about the stage, in the tragedy of Clytæmnestra; or whole regiments accoutred in foreign armour, in that of the *Trojan Horse?* In a word, what man of sense could be entertained with viewing a mock army drawn up on the stage in battle array? These, I confess, are spectacles extremely well adapted to captivate vulgar eyes; but undoubtedly would have had no charm in yours. In plain truth, my friend, you would have received more amusement from the dullest piece that Protogenes could possibly have read to you* (my own orations, however, let me always except), than we meet with at these ridiculous shows. I am well persuaded, at least, you could not regret the loss of our Oscian and Grecian farces.† Your own noble senate will always furnish you with drollery sufficient of the former kind;‡ and as to the latter, I know you have such an utter aversion to every thing that bears the name of Greek, that you will not even travel the Grecian road to your villa. As I remember you once despised our formidable gladiators, I cannot suppose you would have looked with less contempt on our athletic performers: and, indeed, Pompey himself acknowledges, that they did not answer the pains and expense they had cost him. The remainder of our diversions consisted in combats of wild beasts,§ which were exhibited every morning and afternoon during five days successively; and it must be owned, they were magnificent. Yet, after all, what entertainment can possibly arise to an elegant and humanized mind, from seeing a noble beast struck to the heart by its merciless hunter, or one of our own weak species cruelly mangled by an animal of much superior strength? But were there any thing really worth observing in spectacles of this savage kind, they are spectacles extremely familiar to you; and those I am speaking of had not any peculiar novelty to recommend them. The last day's sport was composed entirely of elephants, which, though they made the common people stare indeed, did not seem, however, to afford them any great satisfaction. On the contrary, the terrible slaughter of these poor animals created a general commiseration; as it is a prevailing notion, that these creatures in some degree participate of our rational faculties.

That you may not imagine I had the happiness of being perfectly at my ease during the whole of this pompous festival, I must acquaint you, that while the people were amusing themselves at the plays, I was almost killed with the fatigue of pleading for your friend Gallus Caninus. Were the world as much inclined to favour my retreat, as they showed themselves in the case of

* It was usual with persons of distinction amongst the Romans to keep a slave in their family, whose sole business it was to read to them. Protogenes seems to have attended Marius in that capacity.

† The Oscian farces were so called from the Osci, an ancient people of Campania, from whom the Romans received them. They seem to have been of the same kind with our Bartholomew drolls, and to have consisted of low and obscene humour.

‡ The municipal or corporate towns in Italy were governed by magistrates of their own, who probably made much the same sort of figure in their rural senate, as our burgesses in their town hall.

§ Beasts of the wildest and most uncommon kinds were sent for, upon these occasions, from every corner of the known world: and Dion Cassius relates, that no less than 500 lions were killed at these hunting matches with which Pompey entertained the people.

Æsopus, believe me, I would for ever renounce my art, and spend the remainder of my days with you and some others of the same philosophical turn. The truth of it is, I began to grow weary of this employment, even at a time when youth and ambition prompted my perseverance; and I will add too, when I was at full liberty to exercise it in defence of those only whom I was inclined to assist. But in my present circumstances, it is absolute slavery: for, on the one side, I never expect to reap any advantage from my labours of this kind; and, on the other, in compliance with solicitations which I cannot refuse, I am sometimes under the disagreeable necessity of appearing as an advocate in behalf of those who ill deserve that favour at my hands. For these reasons, I am framing every possible pretence for living hereafter according to my own taste and sentiments; as I highly both approve and applaud that retired scene of life which you have so judiciously chosen. I am sensible at the same time, that this is the reason you so seldom visit Rome. However, I the less regret that you do not see it oftener, as the numberless unpleasing occupations in which I am engaged would prevent me from enjoying the entertainment of your conversation, or giving you that of mine; if mine, indeed, can afford you any. But if ever I should be so fortunate as to disentangle myself, in some degree at least (for I am contented not to be wholly released,) from these perplexing embarrassments, I will undertake to show even my elegant friend, wherein the truest refinements of life consist. In the mean while, continue to take care of your health, that you may be able, when that happy time shall arrive, to accompany me in my litter to my several villas.

You must impute it to the excess of my friendship, and not to the abundance of my leisure, that I have lengthened this letter beyond my usual extent. It was merely in compliance with a request in one of yours, where you intimate a desire that I would compensate in this manner what you lost by not being present at our public diversions. I shall be extremely glad, if I have succeeded; if not, I shall have the satisfaction however to think, that you will for the future be more inclined to give us your company on these occasions, than to rely on my letters for your amusement. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

*To Julius Cæsar.**

[A. U. 699.]

I am going to give an instance how much I rely upon your affectionate services, not only towards myself, but in favour also of my friends. It was my intention, if I had gone abroad in any foreign employment, that Trebatius† should have accompanied me: and he would not have returned without receiving the highest and most advantageous honours I should have been able to have conferred upon him. But as Pompey, I find, defers setting out upon his commission longer than I imagined, and I am apprehensive likewise that the doubts you know I entertain in regard to my attending him, may possibly prevent, as they will certainly at least delay, my journey; I take the liberty to refer Trebatius to *your* good offices, for those benefits he expected to have received from mine. I have ventur-

* Cæsar was at this time in Gaul, preparing for his first expedition into Britain.

† This person seems to have been in the number of Cæsar's particular favourites. He appears in this earlier part of his life to have been of a more gay and indolent disposition than is consistent with making a figure in business; but he afterwards, however, became a very celebrated lawyer; and one of the most agreeable satires of Horace is addressed to him under that honourable character.

ed indeed to promise, that he will find you full as well disposed to advance his interest, as I have always assured him he would find me; and a very extraordinary circumstance occurred, which seemed to confirm this opinion I entertained of your generosity. For, in the very instant I was talking with Balbus upon this subject, your letter was delivered to me: in the close of which you pleasantly tell me, that "in compliance with my request, you will make Orfius king of Gaul, or assign him over to Lepta, and advance any other person whom I should be inclined to recommend." This had so remarkable a coincidence with our discourse that it struck both Balbus and myself as a sort of happy omen that had something in it more than accidental. As it was my intention, therefore, before I received your letter, to have transmitted Trebatius to you; so I now consign him to your patronage as upon your own invitation. Receive him, then, my dear Cæsar, with your usual generosity, and distinguish him with every honour that my solicitations can induce you to confer. I do not recommend him in the manner you so justly rallied, when I wrote to you in favour of Orfius: but I will take upon me to assure you, in true Roman sincerity, that there lives not a man of greater modesty and merit. I must not forget to mention also (what indeed is his distinguishing qualification) that he is eminently skilled in the laws of his country, and happy in an uncommon strength of memory. I will not point out any particular piece of preferment, which I wish you to bestow upon him: I will only in general entreat you to admit him into a share of your friendship. Nevertheless, if you should think proper to distinguish him with the tribunate or præfecture,* or any other little honours of that nature, I shall have no manner of objection. In good earnest, I entirely resign him out of my hands into yours, which never were lifted up in battle, or pledged in friendship, without effect. But I fear I have pressed you farther upon this occasion than was necessary: however, I know you will excuse my warmth in the cause of a friend. Take care of your health, and continue to love me. Farewell.

* The military tribunes were next in rank to the lieutenants or commanders in chief under the general; as the *præfectus legionis* was the most honourable post in the Roman armies after that of the military tribunes. The business of the former was, among other articles, to decide all controversies that arose among the soldiers; and that of the latter was to carry the chief standard of the legion.

LETTER VII.

To Marcus Cœlius.

July 6. [A. U. 702.]

Could you seriously then imagine, my friend, that I commissioned you to send me the idle news of the town; matches of gladiators, adjournments of causes, robberies, and the rest of those uninteresting occurrences, which no one ventures to mention to me, even when I am in the midst of them at Rome? Far other are the accounts which I expect from your hand: as I know not any man whose judgment in politics I have more reason to value. I should esteem it a misemployment of your talents, even were you to transmit to me those more important transactions that daily arise in the republic; unless they should happen to relate immediately to myself. There are other less penetrating politicians, who will send me intelligence of this sort: and I shall be abundantly supplied with it likewise by common fame. In short, it is not an account either of what has lately been transacted, or is in present agitation, that I require in your letters: I expect, as from one whose discernment is capable of looking far into futurity, your opinion

of what is likely to happen. Thus, by seeing a plan, as it were, of the republic, I shall be enabled to judge what kind of structure will probably arise. Hitherto, however, I have no reason to charge you with having been negligent in communicating to me your prophetic conjectures. For the events which have lately happened in the commonwealth, were much beyond any man's penetration: I am sure at least they were beyond mine.

I passed several days with Pompey, in conversation upon public affairs: but it is neither prudent, nor possible, to give you the particulars in a letter. In general, however, I will assure you, that he is animated with the most patriotic sentiments, and is prudently prepared, as well as resolutely determined, to act as the interest of the republic shall require. I would advise you therefore wholly to attach yourself to him: and believe me, he will rejoice to embrace you as his friend. He now indeed entertains the same opinion both with you and myself, of the good and ill intentions of the different parties in the republic.

I have spent the last ten days at Athens; from whence I am this moment setting out. During my continuance in this city, I have frequently enjoyed the company of our friend Gallus Caninius.

I recommend all my affairs to your care and protection, but particularly (what indeed is my principal concern) that my residence in the province may not be prolonged. I will not prescribe the methods you should employ for that purpose; as you are the most competent judge by what means, and by whose intervention, it may be best effected. Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

To Terentia and Tullia.

Athens, Oct. 18. [A. U. 703.]

The amiable young Cicero and myself are perfectly well, if you and my dearest Tully are so. We arrived here* on the 14th of this month, after a very tedious and disagreeable passage, occasioned by contrary winds. Acastus† met me upon my landing, with letters from Rome; having been so expeditious as to perform his journey in one-and-twenty days. In the packet which he delivered to me, I found yours, wherein you express some uneasiness lest your former letters should not have reached my hands. They have, my Terentia: and I am extremely obliged to you for the very full accounts you gave me of every thing I was concerned to know.

I am by no means surprised at the shortness of your last, as you had reason to expect us so soon. It is with great impatience I wish for that meeting: though I am sensible, at the same time, of the unhappy situation in which I shall find the republic. All the letters, indeed, which I received by Acastus, agree in assuring me, that there is a general tendency to a civil war: so that when I come to Rome I shall be under a necessity of declaring myself on one side or the other. However, since there is no avoiding the scene which fortune has prepared for me, I shall be the more expeditious in my journey, that I may the better deliberate on the several circumstances which must determine my choice. Let me entreat you to meet me as far on my way as your health will permit.

The legacy, which Precius has left me, is an acquisition that I receive with great concern, as I tenderly loved him, and extremely lament his death. If his estate should be put up to auction before my arrival, I beg you would recommend my interest in it to the care of Atticus: or in case his affairs should not allow

* Athens.

† A freed-man belonging to Cicero.

him to undertake the office, that you would request the same favour of Camillus. And if this should not find you at Rome, I desire you would send proper directions thither for that purpose. As for my other affairs, I hope I shall be able to settle them myself: for I purpose to be in Italy, if the gods favour my voyage, about the 13th of November. In the mean time I conjure you, my amiable and excellent Terentia, and thou, my dearest Tullia, I conjure you both by all the tender regards you bear me, to take care of your healths. Farewell.

LETTER IX.

*To Tiro.**

November 3. [A. U. 703.]

I did not imagine I should have been so little able to support your absence: but, indeed, it is more than I can well bear. Accordingly, notwithstanding it is of the last importance to my interest† that I should hasten to Rome, yet I cannot but severely reproach myself for having thus deserted you. However, as you seemed altogether averse from pursuing your voyage till you should reestablish your health, I approve of your scheme: and I still approve of it, if you continue in the same sentiments. Nevertheless, if, after having taken some refreshment, you should think yourself in a condition to follow me; you may do so, or not, as you shall judge proper. If you should determine in the affirmative, I have sent Mario to attend you: if not, I have ordered him to return immediately. Be well assured, there is nothing I more ardently desire than to have you with me, provided I may enjoy that pleasure without prejudice to yourself. But be assured too, that if your continuing somewhat longer at Patræ‡ should be thought necessary, I prefer your health to all other considerations. If you should embark immediately, you may overtake me at Leucas.‡ But if you are more inclined to defer your voyage till your recovery shall be better confirmed, let me entreat you to be very careful in choosing a safe ship; and that you would neither sail at an improper season, nor without a convoy. I particularly charge you also, my dear Tiro, by all the regard you bear me, not to suffer the arrival of Mario, or any thing that I have said in this letter, in the least to influence your resolution. Believe me, whatever will be most agreeable to your health, will be most agreeable likewise to my inclinations: and, therefore, I desire you would be wholly governed by your own prudence. 'Tis true, I am extremely desirous of your company, and of enjoying it as early as possible: but the same affection, which makes me wish to see you soon, makes me wish to see you well. Let your health, therefore, be your first and principal care; assuring yourself, that among all the numberless good offices I have received at your hands, I shall esteem this by far the most acceptable.

* He was a favourite slave of Cicero, who trained him up in his family, and formed him under his own immediate tuition. The probity of his manners, the elegance of his genius, and his uncommon erudition, recommended him to his master's peculiar esteem and affection.

† As Cicero was full of the hopes of obtaining a triumph, he was desirous of hastening to Rome before the dissensions between Cæsar and Pompey should be arrived at so great a height as to render it impossible for him to enjoy that honour.

‡ A city in Peloponnesus, which still subsists under the name of Patras. Cicero had left Tiro indisposed in this place, the day before the date of the present letter.

§ A little Grecian island in the Ionian sea, now called Saint Maure. It was on this island that the celebrated promontory stood, from whence the tender Sappho is said to have thrown herself in a fit of amorous despair.

LETTER X.

To the same.

Leucas, Nov. 7. [A. U. 703.]

Your letter produced very different effects on my mind; as the latter part somewhat alleviated the concern which the former had occasioned. I am now convinced that it will not be safe for you to proceed on your voyage, till your health shall be entirely re-established: and I shall see you soon enough, if I see you perfectly recovered.

I find by your letter that you have a good opinion of your physician: and I am told he deserves it. However, I can by no means approve of the regimen he prescribed: for broths cannot certainly be suitable to so weak a stomach. I have written to him very fully concerning you; as also to Lyso. I have done the same likewise to my very obliging friend Curius: and have particularly requested him, if it should be agreeable to yourself, that he would remove you into his house. I am apprehensive, indeed, that Lyso will not give you proper attendance: in the first place, because carelessness is the general characteristic of all his countrymen;* and in the next, because he has returned no answer to my letter. Nevertheless, as you mention him with esteem, I leave it to you to continue with him, or not, just as you shall think proper. Let me only enjoin you, my dear Tiro, not to spare any expense that may be necessary towards your recovery. To this end, I have desired Curius to supply you with whatever money you shall require: and I think it would be proper, in order to render your physician the more careful in his attendance, to make him some present.

Numberless are the services I have received from you, both at home and abroad; in my public and my private transactions; in the course of my studies and the concerns of my family. But would you crown them all, let it be by your care that I may see you (as I hope I soon shall) perfectly recovered. If your health should permit, I think you cannot do better than to take the opportunity of embarking with my quæstor Mescinius; for he is a good-natured man, and seems to have conceived a friendship for you. The care of your voyage indeed is the next thing I would recommend to you, after that of your health. However, I would now by no means have you hurry yourself; as my single concern is for your recovery. Be assured, my dear Tiro, that all my friends are yours; and consequently, as your health is of the greatest importance to me as well as to yourself, there are numbers who are solicitous for its preservation. Your assiduous attendance upon me has hitherto prevented you from paying due regard to it. But now that you are wholly at leisure, I conjure you to devote all your application to that single object: and I shall judge of the affection you bear me, by your compliance with this request. Adieu, my dear Tiro, adieu! adieu! may you soon be restored to the perfect enjoyment of your health!

Lepta, together with all your other friends, salute you. Farewell.

* The Grecians.

LETTER XI.

To Terentia and to Tullia.

Minturnæ, Jan. 25. [A. U. 704.]

In what manner it may be proper to dispose of yourselves, during the present conjuncture, is a question which must now be decided by your own judgments as much as by mine.

Should Cæsar advance to Rome without committing hostilities, you may certainly for the present at least remain there unmolested: but if this madman should give up the city to the rapine of his soldiers, I must doubt whether even Dolabella's credit and authority will be sufficient to protect you. I am under some apprehension likewise, lest whilst you are deliberating in what manner to act, you should find yourself so surrounded with the army as to render it impossible to withdraw, though you should be ever so much inclined. The next question is (and it is a question which you yourselves are best able to determine,) whether any ladies of your rank venture to continue in the city: if not, will it be consistent with your character to appear singular in that point? But be that as it will, you cannot, I think, as affairs are now situated, be more commodiously placed, than either with me or at some of our farms in this district; supposing, I mean, that I should be able to maintain my present post. I must add likewise, that a short time, it is to be feared, will produce a great scarcity in Rome. However, I should be glad you would take the sentiments of Atticus, or Camillus, or any other friend whom you may choose to consult upon this subject. In the mean while, let me conjure you both to keep up your spirits. The coming over of Labienus to our party has given affairs a much better aspect. And Piso having withdrawn himself from the city, is likewise another very favourable circumstance: as it is a plain indication, that he disapproves the impious measures of his son-in-law.

I entreat you, my dearest creatures, to write to me as frequently as possible, and let me know how it is with you, as well as what is going forward in Rome. My brother and nephew, together with Rufus, affectionately salute you. Farewell.

LETTER XII.

To Terentia and to Tullia.

Formiæ,* 25. [A. U. 704.]

It well deserves consideration, whether it will be more prudent for you to continue in Rome, or to remove to some secure place within my department; and it is a consideration, my dearest creatures, in which your own judgments must assist mine. What occurs to my present thoughts is this: on the one hand, as you will probably find a safe protection in Dolabella, your residing in Rome may prove a mean of securing our house from being plundered, should the soldiers be suffered to commit any violences of that kind. But on the other, when I reflect that all the worthier part of the republic have withdrawn themselves and their families from the city; I am inclined to advise you to follow their example. I must add likewise, that there are several towns in this canton of Italy under my command, which are particularly in our interest: as also, that great part of our estate lies in the same district. If therefore you should remove thither, you may not only very frequently be with me, but whenever we shall be obliged to separate, you may be safely lodged at one or other of my farms. However, I am utterly unable to determine, at present, which of these schemes is preferable; only let me entreat you to observe what steps other ladies of your rank pursue in this conjuncture: and be cautious likewise that you be not prevented from retiring, should it prove your choice. In the mean time, I hope you will maturely deliberate upon this point between yourselves; and take the opinion also of our friends. At all events, I desire you would direct Philotimus to

* A maritime city in Campania, not far from Minturnæ, the place from whence the preceding letter is dated.

procure a strong guard to defend our house; to which request I must add, that you would engage a proper number of regular couriers, in order to give me the satisfaction of hearing from you every day. But above all, let me conjure you both, to take care of your healths as you wish to preserve mine. Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

To Terentia.

June 11. [A. U. 704.]

I am entirely free from the disorder in my stomach; which was the more painful, as I saw it occasioned both you and that dear girl, whom I love better than my life, so much uneasiness. I discovered the cause of this complaint the night after I left you, having discharged a great quantity of phlegm. This gave me so immediate a relief, that I cannot but believe I owe my cure to some heavenly interposition; to Apollo, no doubt, and Æsculapius. You will offer up your grateful tributes therefore to these restoring powers, with all the ardency of your usual devotion.

I am this moment embarked;* and have procured a ship which I hope is well able to perform her voyage. As soon as I shall have finished this letter, I propose to write to several of my friends recommending you and our dearest Tullia in the strongest terms to their protection. In the mean time, I should exhort you to keep up your spirits, if I did not know that you are both animated with a more than manly fortitude. And indeed I hope there is a fair prospect of your remaining in Italy without any inconvenience, and of my returning to the defence of the republic, in conjunction with those who are no less faithfully devoted to its interest.

After earnestly recommending to you the care of your health, let me make it my next request, that you would dispose of yourself in such of my villas as are at the greatest distance from the army. And if provisions should become scarce in Rome, I should think you will find it most convenient to remove with your servants to Arpinum.†

The amiable young Cicero most tenderly salutes you. Again and again I bid you farewell.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.‡

[A. U. 704.]

I am informed by the letters of my friends as well as by other accounts, that you have had a sudden attack of a fever. I entreat you, therefore, to employ the utmost care in re-establishing your health.

The early notice you gave me of Cæsar's letter was extremely agreeable to me: and let me desire you would send me the same expeditious intelligence, if any thing should hereafter occur that concerns me to know. Once more I conjure you to take care of your health. Farewell.

LETTER XV.

To the same.§

[A. U. 704.]

I entreat you to take all proper

* In order to join Pompey in Greece; who had left Italy about three months before the date of this letter.

† A city in the country of the Volsci: a district of Italy, which now comprehends part of the Campagna di Roma, and of the Terra di Lavoro. Cicero was born in this town, which still subsists under the name of Arpino.

‡ This letter was written by Cicero in the camp at Dyrrachium.

§ This letter was probably written soon after the foregoing, and from the same place.

measures for the recovery of your health. Let me request, likewise, that you would provide whatever may be necessary in the present conjuncture; and that you would send me frequent accounts how every thing goes on. Farewell.

LETTER XVI.

To Terentia.

July 15. [A. U. 704.]

I have seldom an opportunity of writing; and scarce any thing to say that I choose to trust in a letter. I find by your last, that you cannot meet with a purchaser for any of our farms. I beg therefore, you would consider of some other method of raising money, in order to satisfy that person, who you are sensible I am very desirous should be paid.*

I am by no means surprised that you should have received the thanks of our friend, as I dare say she had great reason to acknowledge your kindness.

If Pollux† is not yet set out, I desire you would exercise your authority, and force the loiterer to depart immediately. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

Brundisium, Nov. 5. [A. U. 704.]

May the joy you express at my safe arrival in Italy‡ be never interrupted! But my mind was so much discomposed by those atrocious injuries I had received, that I have taken a step, I fear, which may be attended with great difficulties. Let me then entreat your utmost assistance: though I must confess, at the same time, that I know not wherein it can avail me.

I would by no means have you think of coming hither. For the journey is both long and dangerous: and I do not see in what manner you could be of any service. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]

The ill state of health into which Tullia is fallen, is a very severe addition to the many and great disquietudes that afflict my mind. But I need say nothing farther upon this subject, as I am sure her welfare is no less a part of your tender concern than it is of mine.

I agree both with you and her in thinking it proper that I should advance nearer to Rome: and I should have done so before now, if I had not been prevented by several difficulties, which I am not yet able to remove. But I am in expectation of a letter from Atticus, with his sentiments upon this subject: and I beg you would forward it to me by the earliest opportunity. Farewell.

* This letter, as well as the two former, was written while Cicero was with Pompey in Greece. The business at which he so obscurely hints has been thought to relate to the payment of part of Tullia's portion to Dolabella.

† It appears by a letter to Atticus, that this person acted as a sort of steward in Cicero's family.

‡ After the battle of Pharsalia Cicero would not engage himself any farther with the Pompeian party; but having endeavoured to make his peace with Cæsar by the mediation of Dolabella, he seems to have received no other answer, than an order to return immediately into Italy. And this he accordingly did a few days before the date of the present letter.

LETTER XIX.

To Terentia.

[A. U. 704.]

In addition to my other misfortunes, I have now to lament the illness both of Dolabella and Tullia. The whole frame of my mind is indeed so utterly discomposed, that I know not what to resolve, or how to act, in any of my affairs. I can only conjure to take care of yourself and of Tullia. Farewell.

LETTER XX.

To the same.

[A. U. 704.]

If any thing occurred worth communicating to you, my letters would be more frequent and much longer. But I need not tell you the situation of my affairs; and as to the effect they have upon my mind, I leave it to Lepta and Trebatius to inform you. I have only to add my entreaties, that you would take care of your own and Tullia's health. Farewell.

LETTER XXI.

To Lucius Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 706.]

Is it true, my friend, that you look upon yourself as having been guilty of a most ridiculous piece of folly in attempting to imitate the thunder, as you call it, of my eloquence? With reason, indeed, you might have thought so, had you failed in your attempt: but since you have excelled the model you had in view, the disgrace surely is on my side, not on yours. The verse, therefore, which you apply to yourself from one of Trabea's comedies, may with much more justice be turned upon me, as my own eloquence falls far short of that perfection at which I aim. But tell me, what sort of figure do my letters make; are they not written, think you, in the true familiar? They do not constantly, however, preserve one uniform manner, as this species of composition bears no resemblance to that of the oratorical kind; though indeed in judicial matters we vary our style according to the nature of the causes in which we are engaged. Those, for example, in which private interests of little moment are concerned, we treat with a suitable simplicity of diction; but where the reputation or the life of our client is in question, we rise into greater pomp and dignity of phrase. But whatever may be the subject of my letters, they still speak the language of conversation. Farewell.

LETTER XXII.

To Varro.

[A. U. 707.]

Though I have nothing to write, yet I could not suffer Caninius to pay you a visit without taking the opportunity of conveying a letter by his hands. And now I know not what else to say, but that I propose to be with you very soon: an information, however, which I am persuaded you will be glad to receive. But will it be altogether decent to appear in so gay a scene* at a time when Rome is in such a general flame? And shall we not furnish an occasion of

* Varro seems to have requested Cæsar to give him a meeting at Baiæ, a place much frequented by the Romans on account of its hot baths; as the agreeableness of its situation on the bay of Naples rendered it at the same time the general resort of the pleasurable world.

censure to those who do not know that we observe the same sober philosophical life, in all seasons, and in every place? Yet after all, what imports it, since the world will talk of us, in spite of our utmost caution? And indeed whilst our censurers are immersed in every kind of flagitious debauchery, it is much worth our concern, truly, what they say of our innocent relaxations. In just contempt, therefore, of these illiterate barbarians, it is my resolution to join you very speedily. I know not how it is, indeed, but it should seem that our favourite studies are attended with much greater advantages in these wretched times than formerly; whether it be that they are now our only resource; or that we were less sensible of their salutary effects when we were in too happy a state to have occasion to experience them. But this is sending owls to Athens,* as we say; and suggesting reflections which your own mind will far better supply. All that I mean by them, however, is to draw a letter from you in return, at the same time that I give you notice to expect me soon. Farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

Your letter afforded me a very agreeable instance of your friendship, in the concern it expressed lest I should be uneasy at the report which had been brought hither by Silius.† I was before indeed perfectly sensible how much you were disturbed at this circumstance, by your care in sending me duplicates of a former letter upon the same subject: and I then returned such an answer as I thought would be sufficient to abate at least, if not entirely remove, this your generous solicitude. But since I perceive, by your last letter, how much this affair still dwells upon your mind; let me assure you, my dear Pætus, that I have employed every artifice (for we must now, my friend, be armed with cunning as well as prudence) to conciliate the good graces of the persons you mention; and, if I mistake not, my endeavours have not proved in vain. I received indeed so many marks of respect and esteem from those who are most in Cæsar's favour, that I cannot but flatter myself they have a true regard for me. It must be confessed at the same time, that a pretended affection is not easily discernible from a real one, unless in seasons of distress. For adversity is to friendship what fire is to gold; the only infallible test to discover the genuine from the counterfeit; in all other circumstances they both bear the same common signatures. I have one strong reason, however, to persuade me of their sincerity; as neither their situation nor mine can by any means tempt them to dissemble with me. As to that person‡ in whom all power is now centred, I am not sensible that I have any thing to fear from him; or nothing more, at least, than what arises from that general precarious state in which all things must stand where the fence of laws is broken down; and from its being impossible to pronounce with assurance concerning any event, which depends wholly upon the will, not to say the caprice, of another. But this I can with confidence affirm, that I have not in any

* A proverbial expression of the same import with that of "sending coals to Newcastle." It alludes to the Athenian coin, which was stamped (as Manutius observes) with the figure of an owl.

† Silius, it should seem, had brought an account from the army, that some witticisms of Cicero had been reported to Cæsar, which had given him offence.

‡ Cæsar.

single instance given him just occasion to take offence; and in the article you point out, I have been particularly cautious. There was a time, it is true, when I thought it well became me, by whom Rome itself was free,* to speak my sentiments with freedom: but now that our liberties are no more, I deem it equally agreeable to my present situation, not to say any thing that may disgust either Cæsar or his favourites. But were I to suppress every rising raillery that might pique those at whom it is directed, I must renounce, you know, all my reputation as a wit. And in good earnest, it is a character upon which I do not set so high a value, as to be unwilling to resign it if it were in my power. However, I am in no danger of suffering in Cæsar's opinion, by being represented as the author of any sarcasms to which I have no claim; for his judgment is much too penetrating ever to be deceived by any imposition of this nature. I remember your brother Servius, whom I look upon to have been one of the most learned critics that this age has produced, was so conversant in the writings of the poets, and had acquired such an excellent and judicious ear, that he could immediately distinguish the numbers of Plautus from those of any other author. Thus Cæsar, I am told, when he made his large collection of apophthegms,† constantly rejected any piece of wit that was brought to him as mine, if it happened to be spurious: a distinction which he is much more able to make at present, as his particular friends pass almost every day of their lives in my company. As our conversation generally turns upon a variety of subjects, I frequently strike out thoughts which they look upon as not altogether void, perhaps, of spirit and ingenuity. Now these little sallies of pleasantry, together with the general occurrences of Rome, are constantly transmitted to Cæsar, in pursuance of his own express direction: so that if any thing of this kind be mentioned by others as coming from me, he always disregards it. You see, then, that the lines you quote with so much propriety from the tragedy of Œnomaus,‡ contain a caution altogether unnecessary. For tell me, my friend, what jealousies can I possibly create? Or who will look with envy upon a man in my humble situation? But granting that I were in ever so enviable a state; yet let me observe, that it is the opinion of those philosophers, who alone seem to have understood the true nature of virtue, that a good man is answerable for nothing farther than his own innocence. Now in this respect I think myself doubly irreproachable; in the first place, by having recommended such public measures as were for the interest of the commonwealth; and in the next, that finding I was not sufficiently supported to render my counsels of fectual, I did not deem it adviseable to contend for them by arms against a superior strength. Most certainly, therefore, I cannot justly be accused of having failed in the duty of a good citizen. The only part then that now remains for me, is to be cautious not to expose myself, by any indiscreet word or action, to the resentment of those in power: a part which I hold likewise to be agreeable to the character of true wisdom. As to the rest; what liberties any man may take in imputing words to me which I never spoke; what credit Cæsar may give to such reports; and how far those who court my friendship,

* Alluding to his services in the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy.

† This collection was made by Cæsar when he was very young; and probably it was a performance by no means to his honour. For Augustus, into whose hands it came after his death, would not suffer it to be published.

‡ Written by Accius, a tragic poet, who flourished about the year of Rome 617.

are really sincere; these are points for which it is by no means in my power to be answerable. My tranquillity arises, therefore, from the conscious integrity of my counsels in the times that are past, and from the moderation of my conduct in these that are present. Accordingly, I apply the simile you quote from Accius,* not only to Envy, but to Fortune; that weak and inconstant power, whom every wise and resolute mind should resist, with as much firmness as a rock repels the waves. Grecian story will abundantly supply examples of the greatest men, both at Athens and Syracuse, who have in some sort preserved their independency amidst the general servitude of their respective communities. May I not hope then to be able so to comport myself under the same circumstances, as neither to give offence to our rulers, on the one hand, nor to injure the dignity of my character, on the other?

But to turn from the serious to the jocose part of your letter.—The strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having quoted the tragedy of Œnomaus, puts me in mind of the modern method of introducing at the end of those graver dramatic pieces, the buffoon humour of our low mimes, instead of the more delicate burlesque of the old Atellan farces.† Why else do you talk of your paltry polypus,‡ and your mouldy cheese? In pure good-nature, it is true, I formerly submitted to sit down with you to such homely fair: but more refined company has improved me into a better taste. For Hirtius and Dolabella, let me tell you, are my preceptors in the science of the table; as in return, they are my disciples in that of the bar. But I suppose you have already heard, at least if all the town-news be transmitted to you, that they frequently declaim at my house,§ and that I as often sup at theirs. You must not however hope to escape my intended visit, by pleading poverty in bar to the admission of so luxurious a guest. Whilst you were raising a fortune indeed, I bore with your parsimonious humour: but now that you are in circumstances to support the loss of half your wealth, I expect that you receive me in another manner than you would one of your compounding debtors.|| And though your finances may somewhat suffer by my visit, remember it is better they should be impaired by treating a friend, than by lending to a stranger. I do not insist, however, that you spread your table with so unbounded a profusion as to furnish out a splendid treat with the remains; I am so wonderfully moderate, as to desire nothing more than what is perfectly elegant and exquisite in its kind. I remember to have heard you describe an entertainment which was given by Phameas. Let yours be the exact copy of his: only I should be glad not to wait for it quite so long. Should

* The poet mentioned in the preceding remark.

† These Atellan farces, which in the earlier periods of the Roman stage, were acted at the end of the more serious dramatic performances, derived their name from Atella, a town in Italy; from whence they were first introduced at Rome. They consisted of a more liberal and genteel kind of humour than the mimes, a species of comedy which seems to have taken its subject from low life.

‡ A sea-fish so extremely tough, that it was necessary to beat it a considerable time before it could be rendered fit for the table.

§ Cicero had lately instituted a kind of academy for eloquence in his own house; at which several of the leading young men in Rome used to meet, in order to exercise themselves in the art of oratory.

|| This alludes to a law which Cæsar passed in favour of those who had contracted debts before the commencement of the civil war. By this law commissioners were appointed to take an account of the estate and effects of these debtors, which were to be assigned to their respective creditors according to their valuation before the civil war broke out; and whatever sums had been paid for interest, were to be considered as in discharge of the principal. By this ordinance Pætus, it seems, had been a particular sufferer.

you still persist, after all, to invite me, as usual, to a penurious supper, dished out by the sparing hand of maternal economy; even this, perhaps, I may be able to support. But I would fain see that hero bold who should dare to set before me the villanous trash you mention; or even one of your boasted polypuses, with an hue as florid as vermilioned Jove.* Take my word for it, my friend, your prudence will not suffer you to be thus adventurous. Fame, no doubt, will have proclaimed at your villa my late conversion to luxury, long before my arrival: and you will shiver at the sound of her tremendous report. Nor must you flatter yourself with the hope of abating the edge of my appetite, by your cloying sweet wines before supper: a silly custom which I have now entirely renounced: being much wiser than when I used to damp my stomach with your antepasts of olives and Lucanian sausages.—But not to run on any longer in this jocose strain; my only serious wish is, that I may be able to make you a visit. You may compose your countenance, therefore, and return to your mouldy cheese in full security: for my being your guest will occasion you, as usual, no other expense than that of heating your baths. As for all the rest, you are to look upon it as mere pleasantry.

The trouble you have given yourself about Selicius' villa,† is extremely obliging; as your description of it was excessively droll. I believe therefore, from the account you give me, I shall renounce all thoughts of making that purchase: for though the country, it seems, abounds in salt, the neighbourhood, I find, is but *insipid*. Farewell.

* Pliny, the naturalist, mentions a statue of Jupiter erected in the Capitol, which on certain festival days it was customary to paint with vermilion.

† In Naples.

LETTER XXIV.

To Papirius Pætus.

[A. U. 707.]

Your letter gave me a double pleasure; for it not only diverted me extremely, but was a proof likewise that you are so well recovered as to be able to indulge your usual gayety. I was well contented at the same time to find myself the subject of your raillery; and, in truth, the repeated provocations, I had given you, were sufficient to call forth all the severity of your satire. My only regret is, that I am prevented from taking my intended journey into your part of the world; where I proposed to have made myself, I do not say your guest, but one of your family. You would have found me wonderfully changed from the man I formerly was, when you used to cram me with your cloying antepasts.‡ For I now more prudently sit down to table with an appetite altogether unimpaired, and most heroically make my way through every dish that comes before me, from the egg§ that leads the van, to the roast veal that brings up the rear.‖ The temperate and unexpensive guest whom you were wont to applaud, is now no more. I have bidden a total farewell to all the cares of the patriot; and have joined the professed enemies of my for-

‡ These antepasts seem to have been a kind of collation preparatory to the principal entertainment. They generally consisted, it is probable, of such dishes as were provocatives to appetite: but prudent economists, as may be collected from the turn of Cicero's raillery, sometimes contrived them in such a manner as to damp rather than improve the stomach of their guests.

§ The first dish at every Roman table was constantly eggs; which maintained their post of honour even at the most magnificent entertainments.

‖ It appears by a passage which Manutius cites from Tertullian, that the Romans usually concluded their feasts with broiled or roast meat.

mer principles; in short, I am become an absolute Epicurean. You are by no means however to consider me as a friend to that injudicious profusion, which is now the prevailing taste of our modern entertainments: on the contrary, it is that more elegant luxury I admire, which you formerly used to display when your finances were more flourishing, though your farms were not more numerous than at present. Be prepared therefore for my reception accordingly; and remember you are to entertain a man who has not only a most enormous appetite, but who has some little knowledge, let me tell you, in the science of elegant eating. You know there is a peculiar air of self-sufficiency, that generally distinguishes those who enter late into the study of any art. You will not wonder, therefore, when I take upon me to inform you, that you must banish your cakes and your sweatmeats, as articles that are now utterly discarded from all fashionable bills of fare. I am become indeed such a proficient in this science, that I frequently venture to invite to my table those refined friends of yours, the delicate Virrius and Camillus. Nay I am bolder still, and have presumed to give a supper even to Hirtius himself; though, I must own, I could not advance so far as to honour him with a peacock. To tell you the truth, my honest cook had not skill enough to imitate any other part of his splendid entertainments, except only his smoking soups.

But to give you a general sketch of my manner of life; I spend the first part of the morning in receiving the compliments of several, both of our dejected patriots and our gay victors: the latter of whom treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. As soon as that ceremony is over, I retire to my library; where I employ myself either with my books or my pen. And here I am sometimes surrounded by an audience, who look upon me as a man of most profound erudition, for no other reason, perhaps, than because I am not altogether so ignorant as themselves. The rest of my time I wholly devote to indulgences of a less intellectual kind. I have sufficiently indeed paid the tribute of sorrow to my unhappy country; the miseries whereof I have longer and more bitterly lamented, than ever tender mother bewailed the loss of her only son.

Let me desire you, as you would secure your magazine of provisions from falling into my hands, to take care of your health; for I have most unmercifully resolved that no pretence of indisposition shall preserve your larder from my depredations. Farewell.

LETTER XXV.

To Gallus.

[A. U. 707.]

I am much surprised at your reproaches; as I am sure they are altogether without foundation. But were they ever so just, they would come with a very ill grace from you, who ought to have remembered those marks of distinction you received from me during my consulate. It seems, however (for so you are pleased to inform me), that Cæsar will certainly restore you. I know you are never sparing of your boasts: but I know too, that they have the ill luck never to be credited. It is in the same spirit you remind me, that you offered yourself as a candidate for the tribunitial office, merely in order to serve me.* Now to show you how much I am in your interest, I wish you were a tribune still: as in that case you could not be at a loss for an

* Probably during Cicero's exile.

intercessor.* You go on to reproach me with not daring to speak my sentiments. In proof however of the contrary, I need only refer you to the reply I made, when you had the front to solicit my assistance.

Thus (to let you see how absolutely impotent you are, where you most affect to appear formidable) I thought proper to answer you in your own style. If you had made your remonstrances in the spirit of good manners, I should with pleasure, as I could with ease, have vindicated myself from your charge: and in truth, it is not your conduct, but your language that I have reason to resent. I am astonished indeed that you, of all men living, should accuse me of want of freedom, who are sensible it is by my means that there is any freedom left in the republic.† I say *you of all men living:* because, if the informations you gave me concerning Catiline's conspiracy were false; where are the services of which you remind me? If they were true, you yourself are the best judge how great those obligations are which I have conferred upon every Roman in general. Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

To Cæsar.

[A. U. 708.]

I very particularly recommend to your favour the son of our worthy and common friend Præcilius: a youth whose modest and polite behaviour, together with his singular attachment to myself, have exceedingly endeared him to me. His father likewise, as experience has now fully convinced me, was always my most sincere well-wisher. For to confess the truth, he was the first and most zealous of those who used both to rally and reproach me for not joining in your cause: especially after you had invited me by so many honourable overtures. But,

> All unavailing prov'd his every art,
> To shake the purpose of my steadfast heart.
> HOM. Odyss. vii. 258.

For whilst the gallant chiefs of our party were on the other side perpetually exclaiming to me,

> Rise thou, distinguish'd midst the sons of fame,
> And fair transmit to times unborn thy name.
> HOM. Odyss. i. 302.

> Too easy dupe of flattery's specious voice,
> Darkling I stray'd from wisdom's better choice. HOM. Odyss. xxiv. 314.

And fain would they still raise my spirits, while they endeavour, insensible as I now am to the charms of glory, to rekindle that passion in my heart. With this view they are ever repeating—

> O let me not inglorious sink in death,
> And yield like vulgar souls my parting breath;
> In some brave effort give me to expire,
> That distant ages may the deed admire!
> HOM. Il. xxii.

But I am immoveable, as you see, by all their persuasions. Renouncing therefore, the pompous heroics of Homer, I turn to the just maxims of Euripides, and say with that poet,

> Curse on the sage, who, impotently wise,
> O'erlooks the paths where humbler prudence lies.

My old friend Præcilius is a great admirer of the sentiment in these lines; insisting, that a patriot may preserve a prudential regard to his own safety, and yet,

> Above his peers the first in honour shine.
> HOM. Il. vi. 208.

* Cicero's witticism in this passage, turns upon the double sense of the word *intercessor*: which, besides its general meaning, has relation likewise to a particular privilege annexed to the tribunitial office. For every tribune had the liberty of interposing his negative upon the proceedings of the senate; which act was called *intercessio*, and the person who executed it was said to be the *intercessor* of the particular law, or other matter in deliberation.

† Alluding to his having suppressed Catiline's conspiracy.

But to return from this digression: you will greatly oblige me by extending to this young man that uncommon generosity which so peculiarly marks your character; and by suffering my recommendation to increase the number of those favours which I am persuaded you are disposed to confer upon him for the sake of his family.

I have not addressed you in the usual style of recommendatory letters, that you might see I did not intend this as an application of common form. Farewell.

LETTER XXVII.

To Tiro.

[A. U. 708.]

Believe me, my dear Tiro, I am greatly anxious for your health: however, if you persevere in the same cautious regimen which you have hitherto observed, you will soon, I trust, be well. As to my library, I beg you would put the books in order, and take a catalogue of them, when your physician shall give you his consent: for it is by his directions you must now be governed. With respect to the garden, I leave you to adjust matters as you shall judge proper.

I think you might come to Rome on the first of next month, in order to see the gladiatorial combats, and return the following day: but let this be entirely as is most agreeable to your own inclinations. In the mean time, if you have any affection for me, take care of your health. Farewell.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

[A. U. 708.]

Why should you not direct your letters to me with the familiar superscription which one friend generally uses to another? However, if you are unwilling to hazard the envy which this privilege may draw upon you, be it as you think proper; though for my own part it is a maxim which I have generally pursued with respect to myself, to treat envy with the utmost disregard.

I rejoice that you found so much benefit by your sudorific; and should the air of Tusculum be attended with the same happy effect, how infinitely will it increase my fondness for that favourite scene! If you love me then (and if you do not, you are undoubtedly the most successful of all dissemblers), consecrate your whole time to the care of your health; which hitherto indeed your assiduous attendance upon myself has but too much prevented. You well know the rules which it is necessary you should observe for this purpose; and I need not tell you that your diet should be light, and your exercises moderate: that you should keep your body open, and your mind amused. Be it your care, in short, to return to me perfectly recovered: and I shall ever afterwards not only love you, but Tusculum so much the more ardently.

I wish you could prevail with your neighbour to take my garden, as it will be the most effectual means of vexing that rascal Helico. This fellow, although he paid a thousand sesterces* for the rent of a piece of cold barren ground, that had not so much as a wall or a shed upon it, or was supplied with a single drop of water, has yet the assurance to laugh at the price I require for mine; notwithstanding all the money I have laid out upon the improvements. But let it be your business to spirit the man into our terms; as it shall be mine to make the same artful attack upon Otho.

Let me know what you have done with respect to the fountain; though

* About £35 of our money.

possibly this wet season may now have oversupplied it with water. If the weather should prove fair, I will send the dial, together with the books you desire. But how happened it that you took none with you? Was it that you were employed in some poetical composition upon the model of your admired Sophocles? If so, I hope you will soon oblige the world with your performance.

Ligurius, Cæsar's great favourite, is dead. He was a very worthy man, and much my friend. Let me know when I may expect you: in the mean time be careful of your health. Farewell.

SECTION II.

FROM THE LETTERS OF PLINY THE CONSUL,* TO SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS, AS TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

LETTER I.

To Caninius Rufus.

How stands Comum,† that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady planetree walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft gestatio,§ the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night?‖ Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra. As to the time of his death antiquity has given us no information; but it is conjectured that he died either a little before, or soon after, that excellent prince, his admired Trajan; that is, about the year of Christ one hundred and sixteen.

The elegance of this author's manner adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of these letters is by no means their principal recommendation; they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animating characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. To forward modest merit, to encourage ingenious talents, to vindicate oppressed innocence, are some of the glorious purposes to which he devoted his power, his fortune, and his abilities. But how does he rise in our esteem and admiration, when we see him exercising (with a grace that discovers his humanity as well as his politeness) the noblest acts both of public and private munificence, not so much from the abundance of his wealth, as the wisdom of his economy!

† The city where Pliny was born; it still subsists, and is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the duchy of Milan.

‡ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles; it was generally contiguous to their gardens, and laid out in the form of a circus.

‖ It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had apartments for that purpose distinct from their bed-chambers.

the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend, (for certainly it is high time,) the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another: *this* alone, when once it is yours, will for ever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell.

LETTER II.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and while I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised: you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, besides, something in the solemnity of the venerable woods with which one is surrounded, together with that awful silence* which is observed on these occasions, that strongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle; for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana. Farewell.

LETTER III.

To Atrius Clemens.

If ever polite literature flourished at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances; I will content myself, however, with naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth, when I served in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection; though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellences more now than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth say I understand them yet. For as none but those who are skilled

* By the circumstance of silence here mentioned, as well as by the whole air of this letter, it is plain the hunting here recommended was of a very different kind from what is practised amongst us. It is probable the wild boars were allured into their nets by some kind of prey, with which they were baited, while the sportsman watched at a distance in silence and concealment.

in painting, statuary, or the plastic art, can form a right judgment of any performance in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration, and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest; he has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard; circumstances which, though they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect without creating awe. Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced, the ear still wishes to listen to the harmonious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons), whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law, Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that though he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates, as first in merit, though not in dignity. But to dwell any longer upon the virtues of a man, whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increase my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable, indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing of causes, answering petitions, passing accounts, and writing of letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws, and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so: but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation—even this rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare say, so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: on the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friends in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell.

LETTER IV.

To Septitius Clarus.

How happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night to sup with me? But

take notice, justice is to be had, and I expect you shall fully reimburse me the expense I was at to treat you; which, let me tell you, was no small sum. I had prepared, you must know, a lettuce apiece, three snails,* two eggs, and a barley cake, with some sweet wine and snow;† the snow most certainly I shall charge to your account, as a rarity that will not keep. Besides all these curious dishes, there were olives of Andalusia, gourds, shalots, and a hundred other dainties equally sumptuous. You should likewise have been entertained either with an interlude, the rehearsal of a poem, or a piece of music, as you liked best; or (such was my liberality) with all three. But the luxurious delicacies‡ and Spanish dancers of a certain——I know not who, were, it seems, more to your taste. However, I shall have my revenge of you, depend upon it—in what manner, shall be at present a secret. In good truth it was not kind thus to mortify your friend, I had almost said yourself;—and upon second thoughts I do say so; for how agreeably should we have spent the evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep speculation! You may sup, I confess, at many places more splendidly; but you can be treated no where, believe me, with more unconstrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and freedom: only make the experiment: and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again. Farewell.

* A dish of snails was very common at a Roman table. The manner used to fatten them is related by some very grave authors of antiquity; and Pliny the Elder mentions one Fulvius Herpinus, who had studied that art with so much success, that the shells of some of his snails would contain about ten quarts. In some parts of Switzerland this food is still in high repute.

† The Romans used snow not only to cool their liquors, but their stomachs, after having inflamed themselves with high eating. This custom still prevails in Italy, especially in Naples, where they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in fresco, and every body from the highest to the lowest makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country.

‡ In the original the dishes are specified, viz. oysters, the matrices of sows, and a certain sea shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called echinus, all in the highest estimation among the Roman admirers of table luxury; as appears by numberless passages in the classic writers. Our own country had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from Sandwich; Montanus, mentioned by Juvenal, was so well skilled in the science of good eating that he could tell by the first taste whether they came from thence or not.

LETTER V.

To Erucius.

I conceived an affection for my friend Pompeius Saturnius, and admired his genius, even long before I knew the extensive variety of his talents: but he has now taken full and unreserved possession of my whole heart. I have heard him in the unpremeditated, as well as studied speech, plead with no less warmth and energy, than grace and eloquence. He abounds with just reflections; his periods are graceful and majestic; his words harmonious, and stamped with the authority of genuine antiquity. These united qualities infinitely delight you, not only when you are carried along, if I may so say, with the resistless flow of his charming and emphatical elocution; but when considered distinct and apart from the advantage. I am persuaded you will be of this opinion when you peruse his orations, and will not hesitate to place him in the same rank with the ancients, whom he so happily imitates. But you will view him with still higher pleasure in the character of an historian, where his style is at once concise and clear, smooth and sublime; and the same energy of expression, though with more closeness, runs

through his harangues, which so eminently distinguishes and adorns his pleadings. But these are not all his excellences; he has composed several poetical pieces in the manner of my favourite Calvus and Catullus. What strokes of wit, what sweetness of numbers, what pointed satire, and what touches of the tender passion appear in his verses! in the midst of which he sometimes designedly falls into an agreeable negligence in his metre, in imitation too of those admired poets. He read to me, the other day, some letters which he assured me were written by his wife. I fancied I was hearing Plautus or Terence in prose. If they were that lady's (as he positively affirms), or his own (which he absolutely denies), either way he deserves equal applause; whether for writing so politely himself, or for having so highly improved and refined the genius of his wife, whom he married young and uninstructed. His works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already written, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new. Let me strongly recommend him to the same degree of intimacy with you; nor be it any prejudice to his merit that he is a contemporary writer. Had he flourished in some distant age, not only his works, but the very pictures and statues of him, would have been passionately inquired after; and shall we then, from a sort of satiety, and merely because he is present among us, suffer his talents to languish and fade away unhonoured and unadmired? It is surely a very perverse and envious disposition, to look with indifference upon a man worthy of the highest approbation for no other reason but because we have it in our power to see him and to converse with him, and not only to give him our applause, but to receive him into our friendship. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I have frequent debates with a learned and judicious person of my acquaintance, who admires nothing so much in the eloquence of the bar as conciseness. I agree with him, where the cause will admit of this manner, it may be properly enough pursued; but to insist, that to omit what is material to be mentioned, or only slightly to touch upon those points which should be strongly inculcated, and urged home to the minds of the audience, is in effect to desert the cause one has undertaken. In many cases a copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impressions upon the mind, as iron does upon the solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow. In answer to this he usually has recourse to authorities; and produces Lysias among the Grecians, and Cato and the two Gracchi among our own countrymen, as instances in favour of the concise style. In return, I name Demosthenes, Œschynes, Hisperides, and many others, in opposition to Lysias; while I confront Cato and the Gracchi, with Cæsar, Pollio, Cœlius, and above all Cicero, whose longest oration is generally esteemed the best. It is in good compositions, as in every thing else that is valuable; the more there is of them, the better. You may observe in statues, basso-relievos, pictures, and the bodies of men, and even in animals and trees, that nothing is more graceful than magnitude, if it is accompanied with proportion. The same holds true in pleading; and even in books, a large volume carries something of beauty and au-

thority in its very size. My antagonist, who is extremely dexterous at evading an argument, eludes all this, and much more which I usually urge to the same purpose, by insisting that those very persons, upon whose works I found my opinion, made considerable additions to their orations when they published them. This I deny; and appeal to the harangues of numberless orators; particularly to those of Cicero for Murena and Varenus, where he seems to have given us little more than the general charge. Whence it appears, that many things which he enlarged upon at the time he delivered those orations, were retrenched when he gave them to the public. The same excellent orator informs us, that, agreeably to the ancient custom which allowed only one counsel on a side, Cluentius had no other advocate but himself: and tells us farther, that he employed four whole days in defence of Cornelius: by which it plainly appears that those orations which, when delivered at their full length, had necessarily taken up so much time at the bar, were greatly altered and abridged when he afterwards comprised them in a single volume, though I must confess, indeed, a large one. But it is objected, there is a great difference between good pleading and just composition. This opinion, I acknowledge, has some favourers, and it may be true; nevertheless I am persuaded (though I may perhaps be mistaken), that, as it is possible a pleading may be well received by the audience, which has not merit enough to recommend it to the reader, so a good oration cannot be a bad pleading; for the oration upon paper is, in truth, the original and model of the speech that is to be pronounced. It is for this reason we find in many of the best orations extant, numberless expressions which have the air of unpremeditated discourse; and this even where we are sure they were never spoken at all: as for instance in the following passage from the oration against Verres,—"A certain mechanic—what's his name? Oh, I am obliged to you for helping me to it; yes, I mean Polycletus." It cannot then be denied, that the nearer approach a speaker makes to the rules of just composition, the more perfect he will be in his art; always supposing, however, that he has the necessary indulgence in point of time; for if he be abridged of that, no imputation can justly be fixed upon the advocate, though certainly a very great one is chargeable upon the judge. The sense of the laws is, I am sure, on my side, which are by no means sparing of the orator's time; it is not brevity, but an enlarged scope, a full attention to every thing material, which they recommend. And how is it possible for an advocate to acquit himself of that duty, unless in the most insignificant causes, if he affects to be concise? Let me add what experience, that unerring guide, has taught me: it has frequently been my province to act both as an advocate and as a judge, as I have often assisted as an assessor,* where I have ever found the judgments of mankind are to be influenced by different applications; and that the slightest circumstances often produce the most important consequences. There is so vast a variety in the dispositions and understandings of men, that they seldom agree in their opinions about any one point in debate before them; or if they do, it is generally from the movement of different passions. Besides, as every man naturally favours his own discoveries, and when he hears an argument made use of which had before occurred to him-

* The Prætor was assisted by ten assessors, five of whom were senators, and the rest knights. With these he was obliged to consult before he pronounced sentence.

self, will certainly embrace it as extremely convincing, the orator therefore should so adapt himself to his audience as to throw out something to every one of them, that he may receive and approve as his own peculiar thought. I remember when Regulus and I were concerned together in a cause, he said to me, You seem to think it necessary to insist upon every point; whereas I always take aim at my adversary's throat, and there I closely press him. ('Tis true, he tenaciously holds whatever part he has once fixed upon: but the misfortune is, he is extremely apt to mistake the right place.) I answered, It might possibly happen that what he took for what he called the throat, was in reality some other part. As for me, said I, who do not pretend to direct my aim with so much certainty, I attack every part, and push at every opening; in short, to use a vulgar proverb, I leave no stone unturned. As in agriculture, it is not my vineyards, or my woods alone, but my fields also that I cultivate; and (to pursue the allusion) as I do not content myself with sowing those fields with only one kind of grain, but employ several different sorts: so in my pleadings at the bar, I spread at large a variety of matter like so many different seeds, in order to reap from thence whatever may happen to hit: for the disposition of your judges is as precarious and as little to be ascertained, as that of soils and seasons. I remember the comic writer Eupolis mentions it in praise of that excellent orator Pericles, that

> On his lips persuasion hung,
> And powerful reason rul'd his tongue:
> Thus he alone could boast the art,
> To charm at once and sting the heart.

But could Pericles, without the richest variety of expression, and merely by force of the concise or the rapid style, or both together (for they are extremely different), have exerted that charm and that sting of which the poet here speaks? To delight and to persuade requires time and a great compass of language; and to leave a sting in the minds of his audience is an effect not to be expected from an orator who slightly pushes, but from him, and him only, who thrusts home and deep. Another comic poet,* speaking of the same orator, says,

> His mighty words like Jove's own thunder roll;
> Greece hears and trembles to her inmost soul.

But it is not the concise and the reserved, it is the copious, the majestic, and the sublime orator, who with the blaze and thunder of his eloquence hurries impetuously along, and bears down all before him. There is a just mean, I own, in every thing; but he equally deviates from that true mark, who falls short of it, as he who goes beyond it; he who confines himself in too narrow a compass, as he who launches out with too great a latitude. Hence it is as common to hear our orators condemned for being too barren, as too luxuriant; for not reaching, as well as for overflowing the bounds of their subject. Both, no doubt, are equally distant from the proper medium; but with this difference, however, that in the one the fault arises from an excess, in the other from a deficiency; an error which if it be not a sign of a more correct, yet is certainly of a more exalted genius. When I say this, I would not be understood to approve that everlasting talker† mentioned in Homer, but that other‡ described in the following lines:

> Frequent and soft as falls the winter snow,
> Thus from his lips the copious periods flow.

Not but I extremely admire him too,§ of whom the poet says,

> Few were his words, but wonderfully strong.

* Aristophanes.
† Thersites, Iliad ii. v. 212
‡ Ulysses, Iliad iii. v. 222.
§ Menelaus, ibid.

Yet if I were to choose, I should clearly give the preference to the style resembling winter snow, that is, to the full and diffusive; in short, to that pomp of eloquence which seems all heavenly and divine. But ('tis urged) the harangue of a more moderate length is most generally admired. It is so, I confess; but by whom? By the indolent only; and to fix the standard by the laziness and false delicacy of these would surely be the highest absurdity. Were you to consult persons of this cast, they would tell you, not only that it is best to say little, but that it is best to say nothing.—Thus, my friend, I have laid before you my sentiments upon this subject, which I shall readily abandon, if I find they are not agreeable to yours. But if you should dissent from me, I beg you would communicate to me your reasons. For though I ought to yield in this case to your more enlightened judgment, yet in a point of such consequence, I had rather receive my conviction from the force of argument than authority. If you should be of my opinion in this matter, a line or two from you in return, intimating your concurrence, will be sufficient to confirm me in the justness of my sentiments. On the contrary, if you think me mistaken, I beg you would give me your objections at large. Yet has it not, think you, something of the air of bribery, to ask only a short letter if you agree with me; but enjoin you the trouble of a very long one, if you are of a contrary opinion? Farewell.

LETTER VII.

To Nepos.

We had received very advantageous accounts of Iseus, before his arrival here; but he is superior to all that was reported of him. He possesses the utmost facility and copiousness of expression, and his unpremeditated discourses have all the propriety and elegance of the most studied and elaborate composition. He speaks the Greek language, or rather the genuine Attic. His exordiums are polite, easy, and harmonious; and, when occasion requires, solemn and majestic. He gives his audience liberty to call for any question they please, and sometimes even to name what side of it he shall take; when immediately he rises up in all the graceful attitude of an orator, and enters at once into his subject with surprising fluency. His reflections are solid, and clothed in the choicest expressions, which present themselves to him with the utmost facility. The ease and strength of his most unprepared discourses plainly discover he has been very conversant in the best authors, and much accustomed to compose himself. He opens his subject with great propriety; his style is clear, his reasoning strong, his inferences just, and his figures graceful and sublime. In a word, he at once instructs, entertains, and affects you, and each in so high a degree, that you are at a loss to determine in which of those talents he most excels. His arguments are formed in all the strength and conciseness of the strictest logic; a point not very easy to attain even in studied compositions. His memory is so extraordinary, that he will repeat what he has before spoken extempore without losing a single word. This wonderful faculty he has acquired by great application and practice; for his whole time is so devoted to subjects of this nature, that he thinks and talks of nothing else. Though he is above sixty-three years of age, he still chooses to continue in this profession; than which, it must be owned, none abounds with men of more worth, simplicity, and integri-

ty. We, who are conversant in the real contentions of the bar, unavoidably contract a certain artfulness, however contrary to our natural tempers; but the business of the schools, as it turns merely upon matters of imagination, affords an employment as innocent as it is agreeable; and it must, methinks, be particularly so to those who are advanced in years; as nothing can be more desirable at that period of life, than to enjoy those reasonable pleasures, which are the most pleasing entertainments of our youth. I look therefore upon Iseus, not only as the most eloquent, but the most happy of men; as I shall esteem you the most insensible if you appear to slight his acquaintance. Let me prevail with you then to come to Rome, if not upon my account, or any other, at least for the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary person. Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and, as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again? A man must have a very inelegant, illiterate, and indolent (I had almost said a very mean) turn of mind, not to think whatever relates to a science so entertaining, so noble, and so polite, worthy of his curiosity. You will tell me, perhaps, you have authors in your own study equally eloquent. I allow it; and those authors you may turn over at any time, but you cannot always have an opportunity of hearing Iseus. Besides, we are infinitely more affected with what we hear, than what we read. There is something in the voice, the countenance, the habit,* and the gesture of the speaker, that concur in fixing an impression upon the mind, and gives this method of instruction greatly the advantage of any thing one can receive from books; this at least was the opinion of Æschines, who having read to the Rhodians a speech of Demosthenes, which they loudly applauded: "But how," said he, "would you have been affected, had you heard the orator himself thundering out this sublime harangue?" Æschines, if we may believe Demosthenes, had great dignity of utterance; yet, you see, he could not but confess it would have been a considerable advantage to the oration, if it had been pronounced by the author himself, in all the pomp and energy of his powerful elocution. What I aim at by this, is, to persuade you to come and hear Iseus; and let me again entreat you to do so, if for no other reason, at least that you may have the pleasure to say, you once heard him. Farewell.

* The ancients thought every thing that concerned an orator worthy of their attention, even to his very *dress*.

LETTER VIII.

To Caninius.

How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius?† The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all, or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you; but, I must confess, I great-

† Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese. Comum, the place where Pliny was born, and near to which Caninius had a country house, was situated upon the border of this lake.

ly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished; such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster! Farewell.

LETTER IX.

To Priscus.

As I know you gladly embrace every opportunity of obliging me, so there is no man to whom I had rather lay myself under an obligation. I apply to you, therefore, preferably to any body else, for a favour which I am extremely desirous of obtaining. You, who are at the head of a very considerable army, have many opportunities of exercising your generosity; and the length of time you have enjoyed that post, must have enabled you to provide for all your own friends. I hope you will now turn your eyes upon some of mine: they are but a few indeed for whom I shall solicit you; though your generous disposition, I know, would be better pleased if the number were greater. But it would ill become me to trouble you with recommending more than one or two; at present I will only mention Voconius Romanus. His father was of great distinction among the Roman knights; and his father-in-law, or, as I might more properly call him, his second father (for his affectionate treatment of Voconius entitles him to that appellation), was still more conspicuous. His mother was one of the most considerable ladies of Upper Spain: you know what character the people of that province bear, and how remarkable they are for the strictness of their manners. As for himself, he has been lately admitted into the sacred order of priesthood. Our friendship began with our studies, and we were early united in the closest intimacy. We lived together under the same roof in town and country, as he shared with me my most serious and my gayest hours: and where, indeed, could I have found a more faithful friend, or more agreeable companion? In his conversation, and even in his very voice and countenance, there is the most amiable sweetness; as at the bar he discovers an elevated genius, an easy and harmonious elocution, a clear and penetrating apprehension. He has so happy a turn for epistolary writing,* that were you to read his letters, you would imagine they had been dictated by the Muses themselves. I love him with a more than common affection, and I know he returns it with equal ardour. Even in the earlier part of our lives, I warmly embraced every opportunity of doing him all the good offices which then lay in my power; as I have lately obtained for him of the emperor,† the privilege granted to those who have three children.‡ A favour which though Cæsar very rarely bestows, and always with great caution, yet he conferred, at my request, in such a manner as to give it the air and grace of being his own choice. The best way of showing that I think he deserves the obligations he has

* It appears from this and some other passages in these letters, that the art of epistolary writing was esteemed by the Romans in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments.

† Trajan.

‡ By a law passed A. U. 762, it was enacted, that whatever citizen of Rome had three children, should be excused from all troublesome offices where he lived. This privilege the emperor sometimes extended to those who were not legally entitled to it.

already received from me, is, by adding more to them, especially as he always accepts my favours with so much gratitude as to merit farther. Thus I have given you a faithful account of Romanus, and informed you how thoroughly I have experienced his worth, and how much I love him. Let me entreat you to honour him with your patronage in a way suitable to the generosity of your heart and the eminence of your station. But above all, admit him into a share of your affection; for though you were to confer upon him the utmost you have in your power to bestow, you can give him nothing so valuable as your friendship. That you may see he is worthy of it, even to the highest degree of intimacy, I have sent you this short sketch of his character. I should continue my intercessions in his behalf, but that I am sure you do not love to be pressed, and I have already repeated them in every line of this letter; for to show a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner. Farewell.

LETTER X.

To Calvisius.

I never spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner choose for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those transactions which one might call minute and inconsiderable did they not occur every day, he observes a certain periodical season and method. The first part of the morning he devotes to study; at eight he dresses and walks about three miles, in which he enjoys at once contemplation and exercise. At his return, if he has any friends with him in his house, he enters upon some polite and useful topic of conversation; if he is alone, somebody reads to him; and sometimes too when he is not, if it is agreeable to his company. When this is over he reposes himself, and then again either takes up a book, or falls into some discourse even more entertaining and instructive. He afterwards takes the air in his chariot, either with his wife (who is a lady of uncommon merit) or with some friend: a happiness which lately was mine!—How agreeable, how noble is the enjoyment of him in that hour of privacy! You would fancy you were hearing some worthy of ancient times, inflaming your breast with the most heroic examples, and instructing your mind with the most exalted precepts; which yet he delivers with so modest an air, that there is not the least appearance of dictating in his conversation. When he has thus taken a tour of about seven miles, he gets out of his chariot and walks a mile more, after which he returns home, and either reposes himself, or retires to his study. He has an excellent taste for poetry, and composes in the lyric manner, both in Greek and Latin, with great judgment. It is surprising what an ease and spirit of gayety runs through his verses, which the merit of the author renders still more valuable. When the baths are ready, which in winter is about three o'clock, and in summer about two, he undresses himself; and if there happens to be no wind,

he walks for some time in the sun. After this he plays a considerable time at tennis; for by this sort of exercise too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he throws himself upon his couch till supper time,* and in the mean while some agreeable and entertaining author is read to him. In this, as in all the rest, his friends are at full liberty to partake; or to employ themselves in any other manner more suitable to their taste. You sit down to an elegant yet frugal repast, which is served up in pure and antique plate. He has likewise a complete equipage for his side-board, in Corinthian metal,† which is his pleasure, not his passion. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his very amusements may be seasoned with good sense; and though he continues there, even in summer, till the night is something advanced, yet he prolongs the feast with so much affability and politeness, that none of his guests ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any appearance of old age, but the wisdom. This is a sort of life which I ardently aspire after; as I purpose to enjoy it, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business. In the mean while I am embarrassed with a thousand affairs, in which Spurinna is at once my support and my example. As long as it became him he entered into all the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, by governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If an ill-timed ambition should carry me beyond it, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewell.

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feasts and invitations were made; they usually began it about their ninth hour, answering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon. But as Spurinna, we find, did not enter upon the exercises which always preceded this meal till the eighth or ninth hour, if we allow about three hours for that purpose, he could not sit down to table till towards six or seven o'clock.

† This metal, whatever it was composed of (for that point is by no means clear), was so highly esteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold.

LETTER XI.

To Hispulla.

It is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father: but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I should rather say to no wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Among the many

advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person: it is necessary, therefore, in this loose and slippery age, to find out one who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely; but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary it is, in truth, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the libertine manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on *that* side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as much zeal as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then to place him with a tutor whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewell.

LETTER XII.

To Proculus.

You desire me to read your poems in my retirement, and to examine whether they are fit for public view; and after requesting me to turn some of my leisure hours from my own studies to yours, you remind me that Tully was remarkable for his generous encouragement and patronage of poetical geniuses. But you did not do me justice, if you supposed I wanted either entreaty or example upon this occasion, who not only honour the Muses with the most religious regard, but have also the warmest friendship for yourself: I shall therefore do what you require, with as much pleasure as care. I believe I may venture to declare beforehand, that your performance is extremely beautiful, and ought by no means to be suppressed; at least that was my opinion when I heard you recite it: if indeed your manner did not impose upon me: for the skill and harmony of your elocution is certainly enchanting. I trust, however, the charming cadence did not entirely overcome the force of my criticism; it might possibly a little soften its severity, but could not totally, I imagine, disarm me of it. I think therefore I may now safely pronounce my opinion of your poems in general; what they are in their several parts I shall judge when I read them.

LETTER XIII.

To Fabatus.

You have long desired a visit from your grand-daughter* and myself. Nothing, be assured, could be more agreeable to us both; for we equally wish to see you, and are determined to delay that pleasure no longer. For this purpose, our baggage is actually making ready, and we are hastening to you with all the expedition the roads will permit. We shall stop only once, and that for a short time, intending to turn a little out

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

of the way in order to go into Tuscany; not for the sake of looking upon our estate and into our family concerns, for that we could defer to another opportunity; but to perform an indispensable duty. There is a town near my estate, called Tifernum-upon-the-Tiber,* which put itself under my patronage when I was yet a youth. These people enter extremely into my interest, celebrate my arrival among them, express the greatest concern when I leave them, and, in short, give every proof of an affection towards me, as strong as it is undeserved. That I may return their good offices (for what generous mind can bear to be excelled in acts of friendship?) I have built a temple in this place, at my own expense; and as it is finished, it would be a sort of impiety to omit the dedication of it any longer. We design, therefore, to be there on the day that ceremony is to be performed, and I have resolved to celebrate it with a grand feast. We may possibly continue there all the next day, but we shall make so much the more expedition upon the road. May we have the happiness to find you and your daughter in good health! as I am sure we shall in good spirits, if you see us safely arrived. Farewell.

LETTER XIV.

To Clemens.

Regulus has lost his son, and it is perhaps the only undeserved misfortune which could have befallen him; for I much doubt whether he thinks it one. The boy was of a sprightly but ambiguous turn; however, he seemed capable enough of steering right, if he could have avoided splitting upon his father's example. Regulus gave him his freedom,† in order to entitle him to the estate left him by his mother; and when he got into possession of it, endeavoured (as the character of the man made it generally believed) to wheedle him out of it, by the most singular and indecent complaisance. This perhaps you will scarce think credible; but if you consider Regulus, you will not be long of that opinion. However, he now expresses his concern for the loss of this youth in a most outrageous manner. The boy had a great number of little coach and saddle horses; dogs of different sorts, together with parrots, blackbirds, and nightingales‡ in abundance; all these Regulus slew§ round the funeral pile of his son, in the ostentation of an affected grief. He is visited upon this occasion by a surprising number of people, who though they secretly detest and abhor him, yet are as assiduous in their attendance upon him, as if they were influenced by a principle of real esteem and affection: or, to speak my sentiments in few words, they endeavour to recommend themselves to his favour by following his example. He has retired to his villa across the Tiber; where he has covered a vast extent of ground with his porticos, and crowded all the shore

* Now Citta di Castello.

† The Romans had an absolute power over their children, of which no age or station of the latter deprived them.

‡ This bird was much esteemed among nice eaters, and was sold at a high price. Horace mentions, as an instance of great extravagance, two brothers who used to dine upon them:

Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum—
Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëmtas.
L. 2. Sat. 3.

A noble pair of brothers—
On nightingales of monstrous purchase din'd.
FRANCIS.

§ From an unaccountable notion that prevailed among the ancients, that the ghosts delighted in blood, it was customary to kill a great number of beasts, and throw them on the funeral pile. In the more ignorant and barbarous ages, men were the unhappy victims of this horrid rite.

with his statues: for he blends prodigality with covetousness, and vainglory with infamy. By his continuing there, he lays his visitors under the great inconvenience of coming to him at this unwholesome season; and he seems to consider the trouble they put themselves to, as a matter of consolation. He gives out, with his usual absurdity, that he designs to marry. You must expect, therefore, to hear shortly of the wedding of a man oppressed with sorrow and years; that is, of one who marries both too soon and too late. Do you ask me why I conjecture thus? Certainly, not because he affirms it himself (for never was there so infamous a liar), but because there is no doubt that Regulus will do every thing he ought not. Farewell.

LETTER XV.

To Antoninus.

That you have twice enjoyed the dignity of consul, with a conduct equal to that of our most illustrious ancestors; that few (your modesty will not suffer me to say none) ever have, or ever will come up to the integrity and wisdom of your Asiatic administration: that in virtue, in authority, and even in years, you are the first of Romans; these, most certainly, are shining and noble parts of your character; nevertheless, I own it is in your retired hours that I most admire you. To season the severity of business with the sprightliness of wit, and to temper wisdom with politeness, is as difficult as it is great: yet these uncommon qualities you have most happily united in those wonderful charms, which not only grace your conversation, but particularly distinguish your writings. Your lips, like the venerable old man's in Homer,* drop honey, and one would imagine the bee had diffused her sweetness over all you compose. These were the sentiments I had when I lately read your Greek epigrams and satires. What elegance, what beauties shine in this collection! how sweetly the numbers flow, and how exactly are they wrought up in the true spirit of the ancients! What a vein of wit runs through every line, and how conformable is the whole to the rules of just criticism! I fancied I had got in my hands Callimachus or Hesiod; or, if possible, some poet even superior to these; though indeed neither of those authors excelled, as you have, in both those species of poetry. Is it possible, that a Roman can write Greek in so much perfection? I protest I do not believe Athens herself can be more Attic. To own the truth, I cannot but envy Greece the honour of your preference. And since you can write thus elegantly in a foreign language, it is past conjecture what you could have performed in your own. Farewell.

LETTER XVI.

To Naso.

A storm of hail, I am informed, has destroyed all the produce of my estate in Tuscany; whilst that which I have on the other side the Po, though it has proved extremely fruitful this season, yet from the excessive cheapness of every thing, turns to small account. Laurentinum is the single possession which yields me any advantage. I have nothing there, indeed, but a house and gardens; all the rest is barren sands; still, however, my best pro-

* Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.
POPE.

ductions rise at Laurentinum. It is there I cultivate, if not my lands, at least my mind, and form many a composition. As in other places I can show you full barns, so there I can entertain you with good store of the literary kind. Let me advise you then, if you wish for a never-failing revenue, to purchase something upon this contemplative coast. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

I rejoice that you are safely arrived in Rome; for though I am always desirous to see you, I am more particularly so now. I purpose to continue a few days longer at my house at Tusculum, in order to finish a work which I have upon my hands. For I am afraid, should I put a stop to this design now that it is so nearly completed, I shall find it difficult to resume it. In the mean while, that I may lose no time, I send this letter before me, to request a favour of you, which I hope shortly to ask in person. But before I inform you what my request is, I must let you into the occasion of it. Being lately at Comum, the place of my nativity, a young lad, son to one of my neighbours, made me a visit. I asked him whether he studied oratory, and where? He told me he did, and at Mediolanum.* And why not here? Because (said his father, who came with him) we have no masters. "No! (said I,) surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers (and very opportunely several of the company were so) that your sons should receive their education here, rather than any where else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or instructed with more safety and less expense than at home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure proper masters, if you would only apply towards the raising a salary for them, the extraordinary expense it costs you for your sons' journeys, lodgings, and whatever else you pay for upon account of their being abroad; as pay, indeed, you must in such a case for every thing. Though I have no children myself, yet I shall willingly contribute to a design so beneficial to (what I look upon as a child or parent) my country; and therefore I will advance a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as I have observed to be the case in several places where public foundations of this nature have been established. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the masters entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expense of maintaining them. For though they may be careless in disposing of another's bounty, they will certainly be cautious how they apply their own; and will see that none but those who deserve it shall receive my money, when they must at the same time receive theirs too. Let my example then encourage you to unite heartily in this useful design; and be assured the greater the sum my share shall amount to, the more agreeable it will be to me. You can undertake nothing that will be more advantageous to your children, nor more acceptable to your country. They will by this means receive their education where they receive their birth, and be accustomed from their

* Milan.

infancy to inhabit and affect their native soil. May you be able to procure professors of such distinguished abilities, that the neighbouring towns shall be glad to draw their learning from hence; and as you now send your children to foreigners for education, may foreigners in their turn flock hither for their instruction."

I thought proper thus to lay open to you the rise of this affair, that you might be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, if you undertake the office I request. I entreat you, therefore, with all the earnestness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, proper persons to whom we may apply for this purpose; but without entering into any agreement with them on my part. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that of contributing my care and my money. If, therefore, any one shall be found who thinks himself qualified for the undertaking, he may repair thither; but without relying upon any thing but his merit. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

To Valerius Paulinus.

Rejoice with me, my friend, not only upon my account, but your own, and that of the public; for eloquence is still held in honour. Being lately engaged to plead in a cause before the Centumviri, the crowd was so great that I could not get to my place, but in passing by the tribunal where the judges sat. And I have this pleasing circumstance to add farther, that a young nobleman, having lost his robe in the press, stood in his vest to hear me for seven hours together: for so long I was speaking; and with a success equal to my great fatigue. Come on then, my friend, and let us earnestly pursue our studies, nor screen our own indolence under pretence of that of the public. Never, we may rest assured, will there be wanting hearers and readers, so long as we can supply them with orators and authors worthy of their attention. Farewell.

LETTER XIX.

To Hispulla.

As you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular, whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of sentiment; and have not only shown the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter,* you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises.

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructer for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs; it is my reputation and my glory of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy, presaging of me from that early period all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewell.

LETTER XX.

To Nepos.

The request you make me to supervise the correction of my works, which you have taken the pains to collect, I shall most willingly comply with; as indeed there is nothing I ought to do with more readiness, especially at your instance. When a man of such dignity, learning, and eloquence, deeply engaged in business, and entering upon the important government of a province, has so good an opinion of my works as to think them worth taking with him, how am I obliged to endeavour that this part of his baggage may not seem an useless embarrassment! My first care therefore shall be, that they may attend you with all the advantages possible; and my next, to supply you at your return with others, which you may not think undeserving to be added to them; for I can have no stronger encouragement to enter upon some new work, than being assured of finding a reader of your taste and discernment. Farewell.

LETTER XXI.

To Licinius.

I have brought you as a present out of the country, a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive erudition. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks is received into a little banqueting-room, from whence, after being detained a short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely surprising: it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. This increase and decrease is plainly visible, and very entertaining to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and whilst you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees till it is entirely covered, and then again gently retires from it; and this you may see it do for three times successively. Shall we say, that some secret current of air stops and opens the fountain-head, as it advances to or recedes from it; as we see in bottles and other vessels of that nature, where there is not a free and open passage, though you turn their necks downwards, yet the outward air obstructing the vent, they discharge their contents as it were by starts? Or may it not be accounted for upon the same principle as the flux and re-

flux of the sea? or, as those rivers, which discharge themselves into the sea, meeting with contrary winds and the swell of the ocean, are forced back in their channels; so may there not be something that checks this fountain, for a time, in its progress? or is there rather a certain reservoir that contains these waters in the bowels of the earth, which while it is recruiting its discharges, the stream flows more slowly and in less quantity, but when it has collected its due measure, it runs again into its usual strength and fulness? or lastly, is there not I know not what kind of subterraneous poise, that throws up the water when the fountain is dry, and repels it when it is full? You, who are so well qualified for the inquiry, will examine the reasons of this wonderful appearance;* it will be sufficient for me if I have given you a clear description of it. Farewell.

LETTER XXII.

To Capito.

You are not singular in the advice you give me to undertake the writing of history; it is a work which has been frequently pressed upon me by several others of my friends; and what I have some thoughts of engaging in. Not that I have any confidence of succeeding in this way; that would be too rashly presuming upon the success of an experiment which I have never yet made; but because it is a noble employment to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered, and extend the reputation of others at the same time that we advance our own. Nothing, I confess, so strongly affects me as the desire of a lasting name: a passion highly worthy of the human breast, especially of one who, not being conscious to himself of any ill, is not afraid of being known to posterity. It is the continual subject therefore of my thoughts,

> By what fair deed I too may raise my name;†

for to that I moderate my wishes; the rest,

> And gather round the world immortal fame,

is much beyond my hopes:

"Though yet"‡——However, the first is sufficient, and history perhaps is the single means that can ensure it to me. Oratory and poetry, unless carried to the highest point of eloquence, are talents but of small recommendation to those who possess them; but history, however executed, is always entertaining. Mankind are naturally inquisitive, and are so fond of having this turn gratified, that they will listen with attention to the plainest matter of fact, and the most idle tale. But besides this, I have an example in my own family that inclines me to engage in this study, my uncle and adoptive father having acquired great reputation as a very accurate historian; and the philosophers, you know, recommend it to us to tread in the steps of our ancestors, when they have gone before us in the right path. If you ask me then, why I do not immediately enter upon the task? my reason is this: I have pleaded some very important causes, and (though I am not

* There are several of these periodical fountains in different parts of the world: as we have some in England. Lay-well near Torbay is mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions (No. 104, p. 909.) to ebb and flow several times every hour.

† Virgil. 1 Georg. sub. init.

‡ Part of a verse from the fifth Æneid, where Mnestheus, one of the competitors in the naval games, who was in some danger of being distanced, exhorts his men to exert their utmost vigour to prevent such a disgrace.

extremely sanguine in my hopes concerning them) I have determined to revise my speeches, lest, for want of this remaining labour, all the pains they cost me should be thrown away, and they with their author be buried in oblivion; for with respect to posterity, the work that was never finished was never begun. You will think, perhaps, I might correct my pleadings and write history at the same time. I wish indeed I were capable of doing so; but they are both such great undertakings, that either of them is abundantly sufficient. I was but nineteen when I first appeared at the bar; and yet it is only now at last I understand (and that in truth but imperfectly) what is essential to a complete orator. How then shall I be able to support the weight of an additional burthen? It is true indeed, history and oratory have in many points a general resemblance; yet in those very things in which they seem to agree, there are several circumstances wherein they differ. Narration is common to them both, but it is a narration of a distinct kind: the former contents itself frequently with low and vulgar facts; the latter requires every thing splendid, elevated, and extraordinary; strength and nerves are sufficient in *that*, but beauty and ornament are essential to *this*: the excellency of the one consists in a strong, severe, and close style; of the other, in a diffusive, flowing, and harmonious narration: in short, the words, the emphasis, and the whole turn and structure of the periods, are extremely different in these two arts; for, as Thucydides observes, there is a wide distance between compositions which are calculated for a present purpose, and those which are designed to remain as lasting monuments to posterity; by the first of which expressions he alludes to oratory, and by the other to history. For these reasons I am not inclined to blend together two performances of such distinct natures, which, as they are both of the highest rank, necessarily therefore require a separate attention; lest, confounded by a crowd of different ideas, I should introduce into the one what is only proper to the other. Therefore (to speak in our language of the bar) I must beg leave the cause may be adjourned some time longer. In the mean while, I refer it to your consideration from what period I shall commence my history. Shall I take it up from those remote times which have been treated of already by others? In this way, indeed, the materials will be ready prepared to my hands, but the collating of the several historians will be extremely troublesome; or shall I write only of the present times, and those wherein no other author has gone before me? If so, I may probably give offence to many, and please but few. For, in an age so overrun with vice, you will find infinitely more to condemn than approve; yet your praise, though ever so lavish, will be thought too reserved; and your censure, though ever so cautious, too profuse. However, this does not at all discourage me; for I want not sufficient resolution to bear testimony to truth. I expect then that you prepare the way which you have pointed out to me, and determine what subject I shall fix upon for my history, that when I am ready to enter upon the task you have assigned me, I may not be delayed by any new difficulty. Farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

To Spurinna.

Knowing, as I do, how much you admire the polite arts, and what satisfaction you take in seeing young men of quality pursue the steps of

their ancestors, I seize this earliest opportunity of informing you, that I went to-day to hear Calpurnius Piso read a poem he has composed upon a very bright and learned subject, entitled the Constellations. His numbers, which were elegiac, were soft, flowing, and easy, at the same time that they had all the sublimity suitable to such a noble topic. He varied his style from the lofty to the simple, from the close to the copious, from the grave to the florid, with equal genius and judgment. These beauties were extremely heightened and recommended by a most harmonious voice, which a very becoming modesty rendered still more pleasing. A confusion and concern in the countenance of a speaker throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assured and self-sufficient air of confidence. I might mention several other circumstances to his advantage, which I am the more inclined to take notice of, as they are most striking in a person of his age, and most uncommon in a youth of his quality; but not to enter into a farther detail of his merit, I will only tell you, that when he had finished his poem, I embraced him with the utmost complacency; and being persuaded that nothing is a greater encouragement than applause, I exhorted him to persevere in the paths he had entered, and to shine out to posterity with the same glorious lustre which reflected from his ancestors to himself. I congratulated his excellent mother, and his brother, who gained as much honour by the generous affection he discovered upon this occasion, as Calpurnius did by his eloquence, so remarkable a concern he showed for him when he began to recite his poem, and so much pleasure in his success. May the gods grant me frequent occasions of giving you accounts of this nature! for I have a partiality to the age in which I live, and should rejoice to find it not barren of merit. To this end I ardently wish our young men of quality would not derive all their glory from the images of their ancestors.* As for those which are placed in the house of these excellent youths, I now figure them to myself as silently applauding and encouraging their pursuits, and (what is a sufficient degree of honour to them both) as owning and confessing them to be their kindred. Farewell.

LETTER XXIV.

To Quintilian.

Though your desires, I know, are extremely moderate, and the education which your daughter has received is suitable to your character, and that of Tutilius her grandfather; yet as she is going to be married to a person of so great distinction as Nonius Celer, whose station requires a certain splendour of living, it will be necessary to consider the rank of her husband in her clothes and equipage; circumstances which, though they do not augment our real dignity, yet certainly adorn and grace it. But as I am sensible your fortune is not equal to the greatness of your mind, I claim to myself a part in your expense, and like another father, present the young lady with fifty thousand sesterces.† The sum should be larger, but that I am well persuaded the smallness of the present is the only consideration that can prevail with your modesty not to refuse it. Farewell.

* None had the right of using family pictures or statues, but those whose ancestors or themselves had borne some of the highest dignities. So that the *jus imaginis* was much the same thing among the Romans, as the right of bearing a coat of arms among us.

† About 400*l.* sterling.

LETTER XXV.

*To Calphurnia.**

It is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return; such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night in thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment at those hours I used to visit you; but not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge how wretched must his life be, who finds no repose but in business, no consolation but in a crowd. Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

To Tuscus.

You desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue in that retirement to which you have long since withdrawn. In the first place then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself with noble and proper expressions, with variety of beautiful figures, and an ease and strength of style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination heated, and fall insensibly into a similar turn of thought, at the same time that those things which you may possibly have overlooked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating; and this method will open your understanding and improve your judgment. It may not be amiss, after you have read an author, in order to make yourself master of his subject and argument, from his reader to turn, as it were, his rival, and attempt something of your own in the same way; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to see in what point either you or he most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you should find in some things that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all. You may sometimes venture in these little essays to try your strength upon the most shining passages of a distinguished author. The attempt, indeed, will be something bold; but as it is a contention which passes in secret, it cannot be taxed with presumption. Not but that we have seen instances of persons, who have publicly entered this sort of lists with great success, and while they did not despair of overtaking, have gloriously advanced before those whom they thought it sufficient honour to follow. After you have thus finished a composition, you may lay it aside, till it is no longer fresh in your memory, and then take it up in order to revise and correct it. You will find several things to retain, but still more to reject; you will add a new thought here, and alter another there. It is a laborious and a tedious task, I own, thus to reinflame the mind after the first heat is over, to recover an impulse when its force has been checked and spent; in a word, to interweave new parts into the texture of a composition without disturbing or confounding the original plan; but the advantage attending this method will overbalance the difficulty. I know the bent of your present attention is directed to-

* His wife.

wards the eloquence of the bar; but I would not for that reason advise you never to quit the style of dispute and contention. As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies. I would recommend it to you, therefore, sometimes to single out a fine passage of history; sometimes to exercise yourself in the epistolary style, and sometimes the poetical. For it frequently happens, that in pleading one has occasion to make use not only of historical, but even poetical descriptions; as by the epistolary manner of writing you will acquire a close and easy expression. It will be extremely proper also to unbend your mind with poetry; when I say so, I do not mean that species of it which turns upon subjects of great length (for that is fit only for persons of much leisure), but those little pieces of the epigrammatic kind, which serve as proper reliefs to, and are consistent with employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of Poetical Amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature. In this manner the greatest men, as well as the greatest orators, used either to exercise or amuse themselves, or rather indeed did both. It is surprising how much the mind is entertained and enlivened by these little poetical compositions, as they turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers. And now, perhaps, I have troubled you upon this subject longer than you desired; however, there is one thing which I have omitted, I have not told you what kind of authors you should read, though indeed that was sufficiently implied when I mentioned what subjects I would recommend for your compositions. You will remember, that the most approved writers of each sort are to be carefully chosen; for, as it has been well observed, "though we should read much, we should not read many books." Who those authors are is so clearly settled, and so generally known, that I need not point them out to you: besides, I have already extended this letter to such an immoderate length, that I have interrupted, I fear, too long those studies I have been recommending. I will here resign you therefore to your papers, which you will now resume: and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewell.

LETTER XXVII.

To Romanus.

Have you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus?* as I never heard you mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered with venerable and shady cypress-trees, a spring issues out, which, gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious bason, so extremely clear that you may see the

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below the village of Campello in Ombria. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion that its waters are attended with a supernatural property, imagining it makes the cattle white that drink of it: a quality for which it is likewise celebrated by many of the Latin poets. See Addison's Travels.

pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it,* as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity of the ground, as by its own strength and fulness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other, as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labour and ease is exceedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too. Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river-god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently testify. Several little chapels are scattered round, dedicated to particular gods, distinguished by different names, and some of them too presiding over different fountains. For, besides the principal one, which is as it were the parent of all the rest, there are several other lesser streams, which, taking their rise from various sources, lose themselves in the river: over which a bridge is built, that separates the sacred part from that which lies open to common use. Vessels are allowed to come above this bridge, but no person is permitted to swim except below it.† The Hispalletes,‡ to whom Augustus gave this place, furnish a public bath, and likewise entertain all strangers at their own expense. Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this river, are situated upon its borders. In short, every object that presents itself will afford you entertainment. You may also amuse yourself with numberless inscriptions, that are fixed upon the pillars and walls by different persons, celebrating the virtues of the fountain, and the divinity that presides over it. There are many of them you will greatly admire, as there are some that will make you laugh; but I must correct myself when I say so: you are too humane, I know, to laugh upon such an occasion. Farewell.

* The heads of considerable rivers, hot springs, large bodies of standing water, &c. were esteemed holy among the Romans, and cultivated with religious ceremonies. "Magnorum fluminum," says Seneca, "capita reveremur; subita et ex abdito vasti amnis eruptio aras habet; coluntur aquaram calentium fontes, et stagna quædam, vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo sacravit."* Ep. 41. It was customary to throw little pieces of money into those fountains, lakes, &c., which had the reputation of being sacred, as a mark of veneration for those places, and to render the presiding deities propitious. Suetonius mentions this practice in the annual vows which he says the Roman people made for the health of Augustus.

* "We reverence the heads of great rivers: the sudden eruption of a large stream from the earth has its altars; warm springs are worshipped, and some ponds are sacred either from their great depth or their darkness."

† The touch of a naked body was thought to pollute these consecrated waters, as appears from a passage in Tacitus, l. 14. an. c. 22

‡ Inhabitants of a town in Ombria, now called Spello.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Minutianus.

I beg you would excuse me this one day: Titinius Capito is to recite a performance of his, and I know not whether it is most my inclination or my duty to attend him. He is a man of a most amiable disposition, and justly to be numbered

among the brightest ornaments of our age: he studiously cultivates the polite arts himself, and generously admires and encourages them in others. To several who have distinguished themselves by their compositions, he has been the defence, the refuge, and the reward; as he affords a glorious model and example to all in general. In a word, he is the restorer and reformer of learning, now, alas! well nigh grown obsolete and decayed. His house is open to every man of genius who has any works to rehearse; and it is not there alone that he attends these assemblies with the most obliging good nature. I am sure, at least, he never once excused himself from mine, if he happened to be at Rome. I should therefore with a more than ordinary ill grace refuse to return him the same favour, as the occasion of doing it is peculiarly glorious. Should not I think myself obliged to a man, who, if I were engaged in any law-suit, generously attended the cause in which I was interested? And am I less indebted, now that my whole care and business is of the literary kind, for his assiduity in my concerns of this sort? A point which, if not the only, is however the principal instance wherein I can be obliged. But though I owed him no return of this nature; though I were not engaged to him by the reciprocal tie of the same good offices he has done me; yet not only the beauty of his extensive genius, as polite as it is severely correct, but the dignity of his subject would strongly incite me to be of his audience. He has written an account of the deaths of several illustrious persons, some of which were my particular friends. It is a pious office then, it should seem, as I could not be present at their obsequies, to attend, at least, this (as I may call it) their funeral oration; which, though a late, is, however, for that reason, a more unsuspected tribute to their memories. Farewell.

LETTER XXIX.

To Fuscus.

You desire to know in what manner I dispose of my time in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this

changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself; then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution, as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals away imperceptibly. Upon some occasions, I change the order in certain of the articles abovementioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting, but always take my tablets into the field, that though I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their rustic complaints give a zest to my studies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewell.

LETTER XXX.

To Fuscus.

You are much pleased, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I spend the summer season at Tuscum; and desire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentinum in the winter. None at all, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing part of the night in study: and if any cause requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my scheme of life in summer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. As at those times I lose nothing of the day, so I study but little in the night. Farewell.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS,

OF EARLY DATE.

SECTION I.

LETTER I.

Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry.

Sir,

Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an un-

lawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof: and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife.

LETTER II.

A Letter from Lady More to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

Right honourable and my especial good master secretary: in my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shown towards my poor husband and me. I pray Almighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time; wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to show your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

LETTER III.

Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

Master Secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part, I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part, I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him; and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have not deserved it but little, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, which ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us: and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again: wherefore there is the more need to help. But if I were at my liberty, and might choose, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time, I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I would rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, show part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother to be good to us; I dare not write to them,

they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life, I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I: and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, which for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

LETTER IV.

Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or proscription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebels' pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

LETTER V.

Lord Chancellor Egerton to the Earl of Essex.

It is often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and, for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to contemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection; which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other. I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end; if you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go the farther you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better: you are not yet gone so far but that you may well return: the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold. If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave to scorn and contempt: you forsake yourself and overthrow your fortunes, and ruin your honour and reputation: you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have; for what can be more welcome and pleasing news than to

hear that her majesty and the realm are maimed of so unworthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quelled and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid; and, lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori*:* and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ*.† The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and ye take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty, my good lord, is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this, and God will be pleased, her majesty (no doubt) well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom. If I have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*.‡ Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable poor friend.

LETTER VI.

The Earl's Answer.

My very good lord, though there is

* He does well who yields to circumstances.
† We must yield to fortune.

‡ The error of love and not the love of error.

not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself; yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aking head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced to be an humorous discontent); and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate; natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unseasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I any thing for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself, because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruinate mine honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour? Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no, I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them. As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign; I answer, That if my country had at this time any need of my public service, her majesty that governeth it would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds; one public, to discharge carefully and industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcass, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by her majesty: of the other, nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself, but I will meet it half way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto her majesty, the service of an earl and of marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk, but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave. But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith, We must give way to fortune: I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive: I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say, I must yield and submit: I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my impri-

sonment, lately laid upon me, to be just: I owe so much to the Author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as Fimbria his complaint: for I did *totum telum corpore accipere;** I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me. Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever comes, all the powers on earth can never show more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me. Your lordship in the beginning of your letter makes me a player, and yourself a looker-on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune leave to use a crooked style. But whatsoever my style is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected, towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend.

* Receive the whole dart in my body.

LETTER VII.

Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Philip Sidney, at School at Shrewsbury, an. 1566, 9 *Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years.*

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it will be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing

that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty; and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth, for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think, that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip), this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

LETTER VIII.

Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

My dearest lord,

Since this gentleman, Sir Nicholas Arnold, doth now repair into England to render account of his long and painful service, lest my silence might be an argument of my condemnation of him, I thought good to accompany him with these my letters, certifying your lordship, by the same, that I find he hath been a marvellous painful man, and very diligent in inquiry for the queen's advantage, and in proceeding in the same more severe than I would have wished him, or would have been myself in semblable service; but he saith he followed his instructions.

Doubtless the things which he did deal in are very dark and intricate, by reason of the long time passed without account; and he greatly impeached, for lack of an auditor, as I take it. In truth, what will fall out of it, I cannot say; but I fear he hath written too affirmatively upon Birmingham's information: it is reported by some of his adversaries, that he should triumph greatly upon a letter, supposed to be sent him lately from your lordship, as though, by the same, he should be encouraged to proceed more vehemently against the earl of Sussex, and to make his abode longer here than else he would. And that he should use this bravery, either by showing this letter, or by speech to me and to others. My lord, I believe the whole of this to be untrue; and, for so much as concerneth myself, I assure your lordship is a stark lie; for albeit he hath showed me, as I believe, all the letters your lordship hath sent him, since my arrival here, and a good many sent before, yet in none of them is there any such matter contained; neither yet did he to me, or to my knowledge to any other, of any letter sent by your lordship, make any such bravery, or like construction, as is reported.

My dearest lord and brother, without any respect of me, or any brother-like love borne me by you, but even for our natural country's cause (whereunto, of late, not a little to your far spreading fame, you show yourself most willingly to put your indefatigable and much helping hand), help to revoke me from this regiment, for being not credited, this realm will ruin under my rule, perhaps to my shame, but undoubtedly to England's harm: yea, and will under any man whom the queen shall send, though he have the force of Hercules, the magnanimity of Cæsar, the diligence of Alexander, and the eloquence of Tully; her highness withdrawing her gracious countenance. Yea if it be but thought that her highness hath not a resolute and unremoveable liking of him; as for no tale she will direct him to sail by any other compass than his own; his ship of regiment, whosoever he be, shall sooner rush on a rock, than rest in a haven. I write not this, as though I thought governors here could not err, and so err, as they should be revoked. For I know and confess, that any one may so err, yea, without any evil intent to her highness's crown or country, as it shall be convenient and necessary to revoke him; but let it be done then with speed. Yet if it be but conceived, that he be insufficient to govern here, I mean of the sovereign, or magistrates, retire him, and send a new man to the helm. *Episcopatum ejus accipiat alter:** so as my counsel is (and you shall find it the soundest) that the governor's continuance here, and his continuance there, be concurrent and correlative. For while her highness will employ any man here, all the countenance, all the credit, all the commendation, yea, and most absolute trust that may be, is little enough. Cause once appearing to withdraw that opinion, withdraw him, too, if it be possible, even in that instant. Of this I would write more largely and more particularly, and to the queen's majesty, and to all my lords, were it not that my many letters in this form already written, together with sundry arguments of my crazy credit there, did put me in hope of a speedy redemption from this my miserable thraldom. A resolution of which my hope, my dearest lord, procure me with speed: I have no more, but *sub umbra alarum tuarum protegat me Deus.*† In haste I take my leave of

* His bishopric let another take.

† May God protect me under the shadow of thy wings.

your lordship, wishing to the same present, increasing, and immortal felicity. From Kilmainham, the 28th of June, 1566. Your lordship's bounden, fast, and obedient brother.

P. S. I assure your lordship I do know that sir Nicholas Arnold hath spent, above all his entertainment, 500*l.* sterling in this realm. I mean he hath spent so much in this realm.

LETTER IX.

Sir Henry Sidney to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

My dearest lord,

I received not your letter of the 25th of November until the 24th of this January, by James Prescot, who was seven times at the sea, and put back again, before he could recover this coast.

I trust I have satisfied your lordship with my writing, and others by my procurement, sent by Pakenham, touching the false and malicious bruit of the earl of Essex's poisoning. If not, what you will have more done, shall be done. I am sorry I hear not how you like of that I have done, and the more, for that I am advertised of Pagnaney's arrival there. I would not have doubted to have made Knell to have retracted his inconsiderate and foolish speech and writing; but God hath prevented me by taking him away, dying of the same disease that the earl died, which, most certainly, was free from any poison, and a mere flux; a disease appropriated to this country, and whereof there died many in the latter part of the last year, and some out of mine own household; and yet free from any suspicion of poison.

And for my lord of Ormond's causes, I humbly beseech your lordship be my pawn, that I will to him justice as indifferently and speedily as I will to any man, considering the cause and necessary circumstances incident to the same; but for love and loving offices, I will do as I find cause. I crave nothing at his hand, but that which he oweth to the queen, and that which her great liberality, beside natural duty, bindeth him to. And if he will have of me that I owe him not, as he hath had, he cannot win it by crossing me, as I hear he doth in the court; and as I have cause to deem he doth in this country. In fine, my lord, I am ready to accord with him; but, my most dear lord and brother, be you upon your keeping for him, for if Essex had lived, you should have found him as violent an enemy, as his heart, power, and cunning, would have served him to have been; and for that their malice, I take God to record, I could brook nothing of them both.

Your lordship's latter written letter I received the same day I did the first, together with one from my lord of Pembroke to your lordship; by both which I find, to my exceeding great comfort, the likelihood of a marriage between his lordship and my daughter, which great honour to me, my mean lineage and kin, I attribute to my match in your noble house; for which I acknowledge myself bound to honour and serve the same, to the uttermost of my power; yea, so joyfully have I at heart, that my dear child's so happy an advancement as this is, as, in truth, I would lie a year in close prison rather than it should break. But, alas! my dearest lord, mine ability answereth not my hearty desire. I am poor; mine estate, as well in livelihood and moveable, is not unknown to your lordship, which wanteth much to make me able to equal that, which I know my lord of Pembroke may have. Two thousand pounds I confess I have bequeathed her, which your lord-

ship knoweth I might better spare her when I were dead, than one thousand living; and in truth, my lord, I have it not, but borrow it I must, and so I will: and if your lordship will get me leave, that I may feed my eyes with that joyful sight of their coupling, I will give her a cup worth five hundred pounds. Good my lord, bear with my poverty, for if I had it, little would I regard any sum of money, but willingly would give it, protesting before the Almighty God, that if he, and all the powers on earth, would give me my choice for a husband for her, I would choose the earl of Pembroke. I writ to my lord of Pembroke, which herewith I send your lordship; and thus I end, in answering your most welcome and honourable letter, with my hearty prayer to Almighty God to perfect your lordship's good work, and requite you for the same, for I am not able. For myself, I am in great despair to obtain the fee farm of my small leases, which grieveth me more for the discredit, during mine own time, than the lack of the gain to my succession, be it as God will.

I find, by divers means, that there is great expectation of my wishing her majesty's treasure appointed for the service of this country; and, in truth, no man living would fainer nourish it than I; and, in proof thereof, I will abate one thousand pounds of the quarterage due the last of March, so as I may have the other four thousand due, then delivered to the treasurer's assign, together with that due the last of December last; and, if I can, I will abate every quarter one thousand pounds. The actual rebellion of the Clanricardines, the O'Connors, and O'Mores, the sums of money delivered in discharge of those soldiers which were of my lord of Essex's regiment, and the great sums impressed in the beginning of my charge, well considered; it may and will appear a good offer; and, I pray your lordship, let it have your favourable recommendation.

Now, my dearest lord, I have a suit unto you for a necessary and honest servant of mine, Hercules Rainsford, whose father, and whole lineage, are devout followers to your lordship and family. My suit is, that whereas by composition with James Wingfield, he is constable of the castle of Dublin, and therein both painfully and carefully serveth, that it would please your lordship to obtain it for him during his life. Truly, my lord, like as you should bind the poor gentleman, and all his honest friends, always to serve you, for your bounty done to him; so shall I take it as a great mercy done to myself; for truly I have found him a faithful and profitable servant, and beside, he hath married a good and old servant of my wife's. Good my lord, send Philip to me; there was never father had more need of his son, than I have of him. Once again, good my lord, let me have him.

For the state of this country, it may please you to give credit to Prescot.

I am now, even now, deadly weary of writing, and therefore I end, praying to the Almighty to bless you with all your noble heart's desires. From Dundalk, this 4th of February, 1576. Your most assured brother at commandment.

LETTER X.

Sir Henry Sidney to Queen Elizabeth.

May it please your most excellent majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your highness con-

ferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your majesty, that good care were had, that the church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the University of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government, and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the lord archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him) the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient finding for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to your majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserve your highness to reign over us, your majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September, 1576. Your majesty's most humble, faithful, and obedient servant.

LETTER XI.

Sir Henry Sidney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, concerning the Reports of the Earl of Essex's Death.

Sir,

Immediately upon my return out of Connaught to this city, which was the 13th of this present October, and knowing of the death of the earl of Essex, which I did not certainly till I came within thirty miles of this town, and that his body was gone to be buried at Carmarthen, and hearing besides, that letters had been sent over, as well before his death as after, that he died of poison, I thought good to examine the matter as far as I could learn, and certify you, to the end you might impart the same to the lords, and both satisfy them therein, and all others whom it might please you to participate the same unto, and would believe the truth. For, in truth, there was no appearance or cause of suspicion that could be gathered that he died of poison. For the manner of his disease was this; a flux took him on the Thursday at night, being the 30th of August last past, in his own house, where he had that day both supped and dined; the day following he rode to the archbishop of Dublin's, and there supped and lodged; the next morning following he rode to the viscount of Baltinglass, and there did lie one night, and from thence returned back to this city; all these days he travelled hastily, fed

three times a day, without finding any fault, either through inflammation of his body or alteration of taste; but often he would complain of grief in his belly, and sometimes say, that he had never hearty grief of mind, but that a flux would accompany the same. After he returned from this journey he grew from day to day sicker and sicker, and having an Irish physician sent to him by the earl of Ormond, doctor Trevor, an Oxford man, and my physician, Mr. Chaloner, secretary of this state, and not unlearned in physic, and one that often, for good will, giveth counsel to his friends in cases of sickness, and one Mr. Knell, an honest preacher in this city, and a chaplain of his own, and a professor of physic, continually with him, they never ministered any thing to him against poison. The Irish physician affirmed before good witnesses that he was not poisoned; what the others do say of that matter, by their own writings, which herewith I send you, you shall perceive. And drawing towards his end, being especially asked by the archbishop of Dublin whether he thought that he was poisoned or no, constantly affirmed that he thought he was not; nor that he felt in himself any cause why he should conjecture so to be: in his sickness his colour rather bettered than impaired; no hair of his body shed, no nail altered, nor tooth loosed, nor any part of his skin blemished. And when he was opened it could not appear that any entrail within his body, at any time, had been infected with any poison. And yet I find a bruit there was that he was poisoned; and that arose by some words spoken by himself, and yet not originally at the first conceived of himself, as it is thought by the wisest here, and those that were continually about him; but one that was very near him at that time, and whom he entirely trusted, seeing him in extreme pain with flux and gripings in his belly, by reason of the same, said to him, By the mass, my lord, you are poisoned; whereupon the yeoman of his cellar was presently sent for to him, and mildly and lovingly he questioned with him, saying, that he sent not for him to burden him, but to excuse him. The fellow constantly answered, that if he had taken any hurt by his wine he was guilty of it; for, my lord (saith he), since you gave me warning in England to be careful of your drink, you have drank none but it passed my hands. Then it was bruited, that the boiled water which he continually drank with his wine should be made of water wherein flax or hemp should be steeped, which the yeoman of his cellar flatly denied, affirming the water which he always boiled for him was perfect good. Then it was imputed to the sugar; he answered, he could get no better at the steward's hands, and fair though it were not, yet wholesome enough, or else it had been likely that a great many should have had a shrewd turn; for my household and many more have occupied of the same almost these twelve months. The physicians were asked what they thought, that they spoke doubtfully, saying it might be that he was poisoned, alleging that this thing or that thing might poison him, since they never gave him medicine for it; they constantly affirm that they never thought it but for argument's sake, and partly to please the earl. He had two gentlewomen that night at supper with him that the disease took him, and they coming after to visit him, and he hearing that they were troubled with some looseness, said that he feared that they and he had tasted of one drug, and his page (who was gone with his body over before I returned). The women upon his words were afraid, but never sick, and are in as good a state of health as they were before

they supped with him. Upon suspicion of his being poisoned, Mr. Knell (as it was told to me) gave him sundry times of unicorn's horns, upon which sometimes he vomited, as at other times he did, when he took it not. Thus I have delivered unto you as much as I can learn of the sickness and death of this noble peer, whom I left when I left Dublin, in all appearance a lusty, strong, and pleasant man; and before I returned his breath was out of his body, and his body out of this country, and undoubtedly his soul in heaven; for in my life I never heard of a man to die in such perfectness; he was sick twenty or twenty-one days, and most of those days tormented with pangs intolerable; but in all that time, and all that torture, he was never heard speak an idle or angry word; after he yielded to die, he desired much to have his friends come to him, and to abide with him, which they did of sundry sorts, unto whom he showed such arguments of hearty repentance of his life passed, so sound charity with all the world, such assurance to be partaker of the joys of heaven through the merits of Christ's passion, such a joyful desire, speedily to be dissolved, and to enjoy the same, which he would sometimes say, That it pleased the Almighty to reveal unto him that he should be partaker of (as was to the exceeding admiration of all that heard it). He had continually about him folks of sundry degrees, as men of the clergy, gentlemen, gentlewomen, citizens, and servants, unto all which he would use so godly exhortations and grave admonitions, and that so aptly for the persons he spake unto, as in all his life he never seemed to be half so wise, learned, nor eloquent, nor of so good memory as at his death. He forgot not to send weighty warnings to some of his absent friends by message. Oft-times, when grievous pangs had driven him out of slumbers, he would make such show of comfort in spirit, and express it with such words, as many about him thought he saw and heard some heavenly voice and vision. Many times after bitter pangs he would with cheerful countenance cry, Courage! courage! I have fought a good fight, and thus ought every true soldier to do, that fighteth under the standard of his captain and patron Jesus Christ. About eleven of the clock before noon, on the 22d of September, with the name of Jesus issuing out of his mouth, he left to speak any more, and shortly after lifting up his hand to the name of Jesus, when he could not speak it himself; he ceased to move any more, but sweetly and mildly his ghost departed, by all Christians to be hoped into heavenly bliss. The Almighty grant that all professing Christ in their life, may at their death make such testimony of Christianity as this noble earl did. And thus ending my tedious letter, with the doleful (and yet comfortable) end of this noble man, I wish you from the bottom of my heart, good life and long; and the joy of heaven at the end. From the castle of Dublin this 20th day of October, 1576. Your assured loving friend.

LETTER XII.

Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

Your several letters of the 17th of September and the 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent

parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more, or can be more, to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague, and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the pope and us. I think the princes and potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the king of that realm: and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the princes' courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those kings' courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge, by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him. I hear you are fallen into concert and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as yet to mislike nothing in you; for which I like you a great deal the better; and I hope I shall hear further of your commendation from him, which will be to my comfort. I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me; and if you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent order to Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you; and this I look and order that it shall serve you till the last of March, 1580. Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive this letter you will be at or near Strasburgh, from which resolve not to depart till the middle of April come twelve-month; nor then I will not that you do, unless you so apply your study, as by that time you do conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and have the tongues of Latin, French, and Dutch; which I know you may have, if you will apply your will and wit to it. I am sure you cannot but find what lack in learning you have by your often departing from Oxford; and the like, and greater loss shall you find, if you resolve not to remain continually for the time appointed in Strasburgh. Write to me monthly, and of your charges particularly; and either in Latin or French. I take in good part that you have kept promise with me; and on my blessing I charge you to write truly to me from time to time, whether you keep it or no; and if you break it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. Do no dishonest thing for any respect. Love Mr. Languet with reverence, unto whom in most hearty manner commend me; and to Doctor Lubetius, and Mr. Doctor Sturmius. Farewell. If you will follow my counsel you shall be my sweet boy. From Baynard's Castle in London, this 25th of March, 1578. Your loving father.

LETTER XIII.

Sir Philip Sidney to his Father Sir Henry Sidney.

Right honourable my singular good lord and father,

So strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point: but must needs sometimes after his course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your lordship's case to whom of late I wrote, wishing your lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befal, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style, and write to your lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day, I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only showing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your lordship to weigh the particularities of

your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself; and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here) this is your best way. At least whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April, 1578.

LETTER XIV.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland.

My good Ned,

Never since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters I have received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundus.* Commend me to my lord president; to the noble sir Nicholas, whom I bear special good-will to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health; sir Nicholas Bagnol: Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewell. From Court, this 28th April, 1578. Your very loving friend.

LETTER XV.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Molineux, Esq. Secretary to his Father as Lord Deputy.

Mr. Molineux,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewell. From Court, this last day of May, 1578.

LETTER XVI.

Edward Molineux, Esq. to Philip Sidney, in answer to the abovesaid letter.

Sir,

I have received a letter from you, which, as it is the first, so the same is the sharpest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better some-

where, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet just ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time; and mine innocency, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure so is expressed, that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure so great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit, if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter, with a far less penalty. From the Castle of Dublin, the 1st of July, 1578. Yours, when it shall please you better to conceive of me, humbly to command.

LETTER XVII.

Sir Philip Sidney to William Lord Burleigh.

Right honourable, my singular good lord,

I have from my childhood been much bound to your lordship, which as the means of my fortune keeps me from ability to requite, so gives it me daily cause to make the bond greater, by seeking and using your favour towards me.

The queen, at my lord of Warwick's request, hath been moved to join me in his office of ordnance; and, as I learn, her majesty yields gracious hearing unto it. My suit is, your lordship will favour and further it; which I truly affirm unto your lordship, I much more desire, for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable experience, than for any other commodity, which I think is but small, that can arise of it.

I conclude your lordship's trouble with this, that I have no reason to be thus bold with your lordship, but the presuming of your honourable goodwill towards me, which I cannot deserve, but I can and will greatly esteem. I humbly take my leave, and pray for your long and prosperous life. At Court, this 27th of January, 1582. Your lordship's most humble at commandment.

LETTER XVIII.

Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Edward Stafford.

Sir,

The cause of my sending at this time this bearer, Mr. Burnham will tell you. Only let me salute you in the kindest manner that one near friend can do another.

I would gladly know how you and your noble lady do, and what you do in this absence of the king's.

We are here all *solito*. Methinks you should do well to begin betimes to demand something of her majesty as might be found fit for you. And let folks chafe as well when you ask, as when you do not. Her majesty seems affected to deal in the Low Country matters, but I think nothing will come of it. We are half persuaded to enter into the journey of sir Humphrey Gilbert very eagerly; whereunto your Mr. Hackluit hath served for a very good trumpet.

I can write no more, but that I pray for your long and happy life. And so I commit you both to the giver of it. At Court, this 21st of July, 1584. Yours assuredly.

LETTER XIX.

Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Sir Philip Sidney.

Philip,

By the letters you sent me by Sackford, you have discovered unto me your intention to go over into the Low Countries, to accompany duke Cassimier, who hath with so noble offers and by so honourable means invited you: which disposition of your virtuous mind, as I must needs much commend in you, so when I enter into the consideration of mine own estate, and call to mind what practices, informations, and malicious accusations are devised against me; and what an assistance in the defence of those causes your presence would be unto me, reposing myself so much both upon your help and judgment, I strive betwixt honour and necessity, what allowance I may best give of that motion for your going: howbeit, if you think not my matters of that weight and difficulty (as I hope they be not), but that they may be well enough by myself, without your assistance or any other, be brought to an honourable end, I will not be against your determination. Yet would wish you, before your departure, that you come to me to the water-side* about the latter end of this month, to take your leave of me, and so from thence to depart towards your intended journey. You must now bear with me, that I write not this unto you with mine own hand, which I would have done, if the indisposition of my body had not been such I could not. God prosper you in that you shall go about, and send you to win much credit and honour. And I send you my daily blessing. Your very loving father.

The 1st of August, 1578.

* His house was at Baynard's Castle, by the water side near St. Paul's.

LETTER XX.

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molineux, Esq.

Molineux,

I thought good to put you in remembrance to move my lord chamberlain, in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber, for my lord to have his resort unto, as he was wont to have; or else my lord will be greatly troubled when he shall have any matters of dispatch; my lodging, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick, and not able to be much out of my bed. For the night time one roof, with God's grace, shall serve us; for the day time the queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for her majesty's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship, trusting to no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for want of a convenient place for the dispatch of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's own name, move my lord of Sussex for a room for that purpose, and I will have it hanged and lined for him with stuff from hens. I wish you not to be unmindful hereof: and so for this time I leave you to the Almighty. From Chiswick, this 11th of October, 1578. Your very assured loving mistress and friend.

LETTER XXI.

Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

Robin,

I hear well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage

usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers; but take your place promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright, with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who with great discretion, to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman; and do it indeed, and send for Mr. White; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send you now by Stephen 30*l.* which you call arrearages: term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter; and 20*l.* of that, as Griffin Madox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you at or before Frankfort mart 60*l.*, either to bring you home or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at Michaelmas; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man than I hear of him; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20*l.* yearly, and you your 100*l.*, and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martern skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassymyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me; and after that sort you may write to him: but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the doctor Simeon's father. I love the boy well. I have no more; but God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October, 1578. Your very loving father.

LETTER XXII.

Thomas Lord Buckhurst, to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

My very good lord,

With great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her majesty and the whole realm besides do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and

how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her majesty seemeth resolute to call home your lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, her majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your lordship, I rest your lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3d of November, 1586. Your lordship's most assured to command.

LETTER XXIII.

Robert Earl of Leicester, to his Daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the Death of the Earl her Husband, who lost his Life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the Battle of Newberry, 20th September, 1643.

My dear Doll,

I know it is no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer no diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that beside the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself, and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, re-

posed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again: but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you. It is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorize the present passion which possesseth you: and you may say, that our Saviour himself did weep for the death of one he loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion could make him sin; but it is not so with us. He was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

Robert Earl of Leicester to the Queen, at Oxford, desiring to know why he was dismissed from the Office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Madam,

Suffer yourself, I beseech you, to receive from a person, happy heretofore in your majesty's good opinion, this humble petition: That whereas the king hath conferred a great honour upon me, which now he hath taken from me, after a long and expenseful attendance for my dispatch; and after his majesty had divers times signified, not only to me, but to my lord Percy also, his intention to send me into Ireland; since which, I cannot imagine what I have done to alter his majesty's just and gracious purpose towards me.

And whereas it hath pleased the king to tell me lately that he had both acquainted your majesty at the first, with his intention to give me that employment, and since, that he would deprive me of it; I humbly conceive it to be very likely, that the king hath also told your majesty the cause that moved him to it; for I presume, that upon a servant of his and yours, recommended to his favour by your majesty, he would not put such a disgrace without telling your ma-

jesty the reason why he did it; but, as I could never flatter myself with any conceit that I had deserved that honour, so I cannot accuse myself neither of having deserved to be dispossessed of it in a manner so extraordinary, and so unusual to the king, to punish without showing the causes of his displeasure.

In all humility, therefore, I beseech your majesty to let me know my fault, which I am confident I shall acknowledge, as soon as I may see it; for though it be too late to offer such satisfaction as, being graciously accepted, might have prevented the misfortune which has fallen upon me; yet I may present the testimonies of my sorrow for having given any just cause of offence to either of your majesties.

I seek not to recover my office, madam, but your good opinion; or to obtain your pardon, if my fault be but of error; and that I may either have the happiness to satisfy your majesties that I have not offended, and so justify my first innocence, or gain repentance, which I may call a second innocence. I must confess, this is a great importunity; but, I presume, your majesty will forgive it, if you please to consider how much I am concerned in that which brings instant destruction to my fortune, present dishonour to myself, and the same, for ever, to my poor family; for I might have passed away unregarded and unremembered. But now, having been raised to an eminent place, and dispossessed of it otherwise than I think any of my predecessors in that place have been, the usual time being not expired, no offence objected, nor any recompense assigned; I shall be transmitted to the knowledge of following times with a mark of distrust, which I cannot but think an infamy, full of grief to myself, and of prejudice to my posterity.

For these reasons I humbly beseech your majesty to make my offence to appear, that I may undeceive myself, and see that it was but a false integrity which I have boasted and presumed upon, that others may know that which yet they can but suspect; and that I may no longer shelter myself under the vain protection of a pretended affection to the king and your majesty's service, nor under the excuse of ignorance or infirmity: but let me bear the whole burden of disloyalty and ingratitude, which admits no protection nor excuse. And I humbly promise your majesty, that if either of those crimes be proved against me, I never will be so impudent as to importune you for my pardon. But if I be no otherwise guilty than a misinformation, or misfortune, many times makes men in this world; then I beg leave to think still, that I have been a faithful subject and servant to the king. And though I renounce all other worldly contentments, whilst the miseries of these times endure, wherein the king, your majesty, and the whole kingdom suffer so much that it would be a shame for any private man to be happy, and a sin to think himself so; yet there is one happiness that I may justify; therefore I aspire unto it, and humbly desire it of your majesty, that you will be pleased to think of me as of your majesty's most faithful and most obedient creature.

9th December, 1643.

LETTER XXV.

Algernon Sidney to his Father Robert Earl of Leicester.

My lord,

The passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the king of

Sweden at Nycopin in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had, of sending to condole with your lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family; of which my sense was not so much diminished in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we that for a while are left in the world are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment; thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for.

LETTER XXVI.

Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury Fort.

I remember, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the earl of Leicester at Tilbury camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master, the earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your grace.

The queen, lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old lord treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by sir Francis Drake, which examination the earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, said the lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics. He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to Hell. Yea, but said the lords, What meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships). What? said he; we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic king and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris, then lord marshal, and divers other great lords, where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure I was commanded to redeliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:—

"My loving people, we have been

persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject: not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

This I thought would delight your grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

LETTER XXVII.

Lord Bacon to James I.

It may please your most excellent majesty,

I do many times with gladness, and for a remedy of my other labours, revolve in my mind the great happiness which God (of his singular goodness) hath accumulated upon your majesty every way; and how complete the same would be, if the state of your means were once rectified and well ordered; your people military and obedient, fit for war, used to peace; your church enlightened with good preachers, as in heaven with stars; your judges learned, and learning from you; just, and just by your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, no oppressors of the people, no overshadowers of the crown; your council full of tributes of care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply your royal mandates to the nature of their several counties, but ready to obey; your servants in awe of your wisdom, in hope of your goodness; the fields growing every day, by the improvement and recovery of grounds, from the desert to the garden; the city grown from wood to brick; your sea-walls, or *pomerium* of your island surveyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world, east, west, north, and south; the times giving you peace, and yet offering you opportunities of action abroad; and, lastly, your excellent royal issue entailing these blessings and favours of God to descend to all posterity. It resteth, therefore, that God having done so great things for your majesty, and you for others, you would do so much for yourself as to go through (according to your good beginnings)

with the rectifying and settling of your estate and means, which only is wanting. *Hoc rebus defuit unum.* I, therefore, whom only love and duty to your majesty and your royal line hath made a financier, do intend to present unto your majesty a perfect book of your estate, like a perspective glass, to draw your estate near to your sight; beseeching your majesty to conceive, that if I have not attained to that that I would do in this which is not proper for me, nor in my element, I shall make your majesty amends in some other thing in which I am better bred. God ever preserve, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir Walter Raleigh to James I.

It is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know not, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, how your majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary; and I took as great comfort to behold your majesty, and always learned some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your sovereign majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who, under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your majesty to leave the word *merciful* out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your majesty, and become your greatness, than the word *invincible*. It is true, that the laws of England are no less jealous of the kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected he condemned her. For myself, I protest before Almighty God, and I speak it to my master and sovereign, that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum, a quibus non possum evadere,** unless by your majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances, doth give this charitable advice to the king her supreme, *Non solum sapiens esse sed et misericors*, &c. *Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordiæ quam judicii.*† I do, therefore, on the knees of my heart beseech your majesty, from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, to remember that I have served your majesty twenty years, for which your majesty hath yet given me no reward: and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Car.

Sir,

After many losses and many years'

* Into the hands of those from whom I cannot escape.

† Not only to be wise but merciful, &c. Since it is easier to give a reason for mercy than for justice.

sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions: neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance which have interest therein); and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

LETTER XXX.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.

May it please your highness,

The following lines are addressed to your highness from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations: but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of Heaven.

Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince, let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, sir, your highness's most faithful servant.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

LETTER XXXI.

Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace.

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

In the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years' prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same

nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfulest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your majesty; but contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches, of affections and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished, but only the better to express my downfal?

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half* old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in

* Therefore this was written near the middle of the year 1622.

question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu deseris, perimus.**

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened: so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are creator-like, factive not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that favoured of an hard heart: as on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me.† And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin: for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they know they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies: not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majes-

* If you leave us, we perish.

† Vouchsafe to express towards me.

ty's poor ancient servant and bedsman.

LETTER XXXII.

Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud.

May it please your grace,

I am gotten hither to a poor house I have, having been this last week almost feasted to death at York. In truth, for any thing I can find, they were not ill pleased to see me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongst my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to that which I both profess and owe to the person of his sacred majesty. Lord! with what quietness in myself could I live in comparison of that noise and labour I met with elsewhere; and I protest put up more crowns in my purse at the year's end too. But we'll let that pass. For I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth. And therefore my resolution is set, to endure and struggle with it so long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the silent grave, where both all these (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myself in) and myself are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I persuade myself *exuto lepido* I am able to lay them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your grace's most humbly to be commanded.

Gawthorp, the 17th of Aug. 1636.

LETTER XXXIII.

Charles I. to Lord Wentworth.

Wentworth,

Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a servant as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies; for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say No, they will make you leave to care for any thing in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants; this is, not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to show their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it; otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: Never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

Lindhurst, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my lord marshal, as you have armed me, so I warrant you.

LETTER XXXIV.

Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford.

Strafford,

The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and

able a servant as you have showed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant faithful friend.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

LETTER XXXV.

Earl of Strafford to his Son.

My dearest Will,

These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it to her also both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of a man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively, for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church, the proper teachers, therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me; and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father.

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my lady Clare, your grand-mother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

LETTER XXXVI.

Charles II. to the Duke of York.

Dear brother,

I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuit's college, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

LETTER XXXVII.

Oliver Cromwell to his Son Henry Cromwell.

Son,

I have seen your letter written un-

to Mr. secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards yourself and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontent as they have opportunity; but this should not make too great impressions on you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which for the present seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you: which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lies in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the council as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion; and therefore I would have you move the council, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest your affectionate father.

21 Nov. 1655.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell.

Dear brother,

Your kind letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have of you, who truly I think none that knows you but you may justly claim it from. I must confess myself in a great fault in the omitting of writing to you and your dear wife so long a time; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause, which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in; the Lord tell us his * * * * in it, and settle us, and make us what he would have us to be. I suppose you heard of the breaking off the business, and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it, which is this; After a quarter of a year's admissions, my father and my lord Warwick began to treat about the estate, and it seems my lord did not offer that that my father expected. I need not name particulars, for I suppose you may have had it from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances, and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play and such like things, which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match. My sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it, and truly did find all the reports to be false that were raised of him; and to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, that she could not think of breaking of it off; so that my sister engaged me, and all the friends she had, who truly were

very few, to speak in her behalf to my father; which we did, but could not be heard to any purpose; only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off, which she was satisfied with; but after this there was a second treaty, and my lord Warwick desired my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him; so my father upon this made new propositions, which my lord Warwick has answered as much as he can; but it seems there is five hundred pounds a year in my lord Rich's hands, which he has power to sell; and there are some people that persuaded his highness, that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude of it without these five hundred pounds a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death, and my lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not as bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father, it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, that he was made a fool on by my lord Rich; which the truth is, how it should be, I cannot understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far engaged, as the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution when she did it. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do; and all I think ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing, which I must say truly, she was put upon by the * * * * of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble, and believe me, that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother, your affectionate sister and servant.

June 23, 1656.

LETTER XXXIX.

Henry Cromwell to Lord Faulconberg.

Sept. 3, 1658.

My lord,

Although the last letters brought a very sad memento of mortality, yet I was not well enough prepared to receive yours by this post, without (it may be) too much consternation. I know the highest griefs arising from my natural affection to my dear father ought so far to give way, as to let me remember my present station; but I see more of this kind than I am able to practise; and truly when I recollect myself, and consider the desperate distractions which so nearly threaten us, I am quite lost in the way to the remedy. For I may truly tell your lordship, that either through the design or unfaithfulness of my friends, or through their ignorance and incompetency for a work of that nature, I have never been acquainted with the inside either of things or persons, but fobbed off with intelligence about as much differing from Mabbot, as he from a Diurnall; so that I can contribute little to prevent our danger, more than by my prayers, and keeping the army and people under my charge in a good frame. I wish yours may be so kept in England. Methinks some begin their meetings very early. It may be they intend to give the law; but if they do not keep to what is honest, they may meet with disappointments. I do heartily thank your lordship for your freedom and confidence in me. I am sure I cannot plead merit, but shall be glad to cherish that sympathy, or whatever else it is that makes me yours. I hope I shall always be just to your lordship. Some late letters do a little revive us, and give hopes of his highness's recovery; yet my trouble is exceeding great. I remain, &c.

LETTER XL.

Henry Cromwell to Richard Cromwell, Protector.

Sept. 21, 1658.

May it please your highness,

I received a letter from your highness by Mr. Underwood, who, according to your commands, hath given me a particular account of the sickness and death of his late highness, my dear father, which was such an amazing stroke that it did deeply affect the heart of every man, much more may it do those of a nearer relation. And indeed, for my own part, I am so astonished at it, that I know not what to say or write upon this so sad and grievous occasion. I know it is our duties upon all accounts to give submission to the will of God, and to be awakened by this mighty noise from the Lord to look into our own hearts and ways, and to put our mouths in the dust, acknowledging our own vileness and sinfulness before him; that so, if possible, we may thereby yet obtain mercy from him for ourselves and these poor nations. As this stroke was very stupendous, so the happy news of his late highness leaving us so hopeful a foundation for our future peace, in appointing your highness his successor, coming along with it to us, did not a little allay the other. For my part I can truly say I was relieved by it, not only upon the public consideration, but even upon the account of the goodness of God to our poor family, who hath preserved us from the contempt of our enemy. I gave a late account to Mr. secretary Thurloe of what passed about the proclaiming your highness here, which, I may say without vanity, was with as great joy and general satisfaction, as I believe in the best affected places in England. I doubt not but to give your highness as good an account of the rest of the places in Ireland, so soon as the proclamations are returned. I did also give some account of the speedy compliance of the army, whose obedience your highness may justly require at my hands. Now, that the God and Father of your late father and mine, and your highness's predecessor, would support you, and by pouring down a double portion of the same spirit which was so eminently upon him, would enable you to walk in his steps, and to do worthily for his name, cause, and people, and continually preserve you in so doing, is and shall be the fervent and daily prayer of yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

The Hon. Algernon Sidney to his Friend.

Sir,

I am sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood; but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now likely to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed, all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would

have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition! Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions.—Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers; let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved but advanced themselves in those dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which if it were to be preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world! and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery: a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it. The honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it, to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! Cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves, led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means: when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have

been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live when they are put to death? If I might live, and employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude; the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewell. My thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.

My dear sister,

If I were of those scribblers' humour who love to put themselves to one trouble, to put their friends to another; and who weekly break their silence, only to acquaint us with their unwillingness to keep it; I must confess I had much oftener written you letters not worth the reading. But having ever looked upon silence and respect as things as near of kin as importunity and affection, I elected rather to trust to your good opinion, to your good-nature, than your patience with my letters: for which to suppose a welcome, must have presumed a greater kindness, than they could have exprest. For I am grown so perfect a villager, and live so removed, not only from the roads, but from the very bye-paths of intelligence; that to entertain you with our country discourse, would have extremely puzzled me, since your children have not the rickets nor the measles; and as for news, I could not have sent you so much as that of my being well. To beseech you not to forget me, were but a bad compliment to your constancy; and to tell you I remember you, were a worse to my own judgment; and compliments of the other nature it were not easy for me to write from Stalbridge, and less easy to write to you: so that wanting all themes and strains, that might enable me to fill my letters with any thing that might pay the

patience of reading them, I thought it pardonabler to say nothing by a respectuous silence, than by idle words. But the causes being just so many excuses of that silence, I should have more need to apologize for my letters, if these seemed not necessary to prevent the misconstruction of their unfrequency; and if I did not send up the antidote with them, in the company of my brother Frank; by whom it were equally incongruous and unseasonable to send you no epistle, and to send you a long one; which (latter) that this may not prove, I must hasten to assure you, that though I have not very lately written you any common letters, it is not long since I was writing you a dedicatory one, which may (possibly) have the happiness to convey your name to posterity; and having told you this, I shall next take post to beseech you to believe, that whensoever you shall please to vouchsafe me the honour of your commands, my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can esteem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that style me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, R. B.

Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.

My sister,

I have ever counted it amongst the highest infelicities of friendship, that it increasingly reflects upon us our imparted griefs; for if our friends appear unconcerned in them, that indifference offends us, and if they resent them, sympathy afflicts us. This consideration, concurring with my native disposition, has made me shy of disclosing my afflictions, where I could not expect their redress; being too proud to seek a relief in the being thought to need it, and too good a friend to find a satisfaction in their griefs I love, or to remit of the ill-natured consolation of seeing others wretched as well as I. This humour may in part inform you of the cause of my silence, and, I hope, in part excuse it; but I am not now at leisure to make apologies, though I will assure you I decline the employment for want of time, not justice. Since I wrote to you last, I was unlikely enough ever to be in a condition to write to you again; and my danger was so sudden and unexpected, that nothing could transcend it, except theirs, whose dilatory conversion makes them trust eternity to the uncertain improvement of a future contingent minute of a life obnoxious to numerous casualties, as impossible (almost) to be numbered as avoided. What God has decreed of me, himself best knows; for my part, I shall still pray for a perfect resignation to his blessed will, and a resembling acquiescence in it; and I hope his Spirit will so conform me to his dispensations, that I may cheerfully, by his assignment, either continue my work, or ascend to receive my wages. And in this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there. These three or four weeks I have been troubled with the visits of a quotidian ague, which yet had not the power to hinder me from three or four journeys to serve Frank, and wait upon my dear Broghill, nor from continuing my Vulcanian feet; and, in the intervals of my fits, I both began and made some progress in the promised discourse of Public Spiritedness; but now truly weakness, and

the doctor's prescription, have cast my pen into the fire; though, in spite of their menaces, I sometimes presume to snatch it out a while, and blot some paper with it. My present employment is, the reviewing some consolatory thoughts on the loss of friends, which my poor lady Susan's death obliged me to entertain myself with, and which I am now recruiting. If ever I finish them, I shall trouble you to read them; and if I do not, beseech you to make use of them. The melancholy, which some have been pleased to misrepresent to you as the cause of my distemper, is certainly much more the effect of them: neither is it either of that quality or that degree you apprehend, but much more just than dangerous: yet, to obey you, I shall endeavour a divorce; and, as the properest means, endeavour to wait upon you; in order to which, I came this night in a litter to this town, whence I intend not to dislodge, till God's blessing upon the remedies enable me to do it on horseback. The kindness you expressed, in the letter I received this morning, has brought me so high a consolation, that I should think it cheaply purchased by the occasion of it, if I had ignored that the sole want of suitable opportunities restrained the frequency of resembling strains; and if I were not too well acquainted with the greatness of your goodness, not to derive a higher joy from your obliging proffers, as they are effects of your friendship, than testimonies of it. But though I value the blessing of your company at the rate of having the happiness of more than an indifferent acquaintance with you, I cannot consent to purchase my felicity (if such a thing could be done) by your disquiet: for your remove will not more certainly discompose your family, than it will be useless or unnecessary to me; the nature of my disease being such, that it will either frustrate your visit, or allow me to do so; for if in a very short time it destroy not, it will leave me strength enough to fetch a perfect cure of it at London, whither in spite of my present distempers, which are not small, nor (I fear) very fugitive, the physicians would persuade me that, by God's assistance, I may be able to crawl in a short time. I shall beseech you therefore not to stir, until you hear further either from me, or of me; and to believe, that though your visits are favours of too precious a quality to be fully receivable from your intention only, yet my concern in your quiet will make me (in the purposed journey) more welcomely resent your design than your presence. I hope you will pardon the disorder of this scribble to that of the writer, who is not only weary of his journey, but is at present troubled with a fit of his ague, which yet being but a sickness, cannot impair an affection, which will be sure to keep me really and unalterably till death, my dearest, dearest, dearest sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant, R. B.

Bath, August 2, 1649, late at night.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.

My sister,

I must confess that I should be as much in debt for your letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditor's, who for two angels has paid back but two shillings: for certainly, if any where, it is in the ductions of the mind, that the quality ought to measure extent, and assign number and equity to multiply excellency, where wit has contracted it. I could easily evince this truth, and the justness of the application too,

did I not apprehend that your modesty would make you mind me, that the nature of my disease forbids all strains. I am here, God be praised, upon the mending hand, though not yet exempted from either pain or fears; the latter of which I could wish (but believe not) as much enemies to my reason, as I find the former to my quiet. I intend notwithstanding, by God's blessing, as soon as I have here recruited and refreshed my purse and self, to accomplish my designed removal to London: my hoped arrival at which I look on with more joy, as a fruit of my recovery, than a testimony of it. Sir William and his son went hence this morning, having by the favour (or rather charity) of a visit, made me some compensation for the many I have lately received from persons, whose visitations (I think I may call them), in spite of my averseness to physic, make me find a greater trouble in the congratulations, than the instruments of my recovery. You will pardon, perhaps, the bitterness of this expression, when I have told you, that having spent most of this week in drawing (for my particular use) a quintessence of wormwood, those disturbers of my work might easily shake some few drops into my ink. I will not now presume to entertain you with those moral speculations, with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this last sickness had not diverted me, I had before this presented you with a discourse (which my vanity made me hope would not have displeased you) of the theological use of natural philosophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the instruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has so thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improving the creatures have been very much displaced by those of leaving them. Nor has my disease been more guilty of my oblivion, than my employment since it has begun to release me: for Vulcan has so transported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taste in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elysium, so as if the threshold of it possessed the quality the poets ascribed to that Lethe, their fictions made men taste of before their entrance into those seats of bliss, I there forget my standish and my books, and almost all things, but the unchangeable resolution I have made of continuing till death, sister, your R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the last, 1649.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill.

My dearest governor,

I receive in our separation as much of happiness as is consistent with it, in hearing of you in so glorious, and from you in so obliging a way; and in being assured, by your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Parthenissa, your successes have so happily emulated or continued the story of Artabanes; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleased, to see you as good at reducing towns in Munster as Assyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with masters of garrisons as mistresses of hearts; for I esteem the former both much the difficulter conquest, and more the usefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprizes; but, for my part, I think that such a celebration would extremely misbecome a friendship, to which your goodness and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has ra-

ther given the occasion than degree. Besides that I have so great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the presumption of my own modesty does, as well as the greatness of yours, silence my praises. And truly that which most endears your acquisitions to me is, that they have cost you so little blood. For besides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own single virtue, and the interest it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thousand men to help you, and share as much the honour of your successes as they contribute to them; besides this consideration, I say, certainly though a laurel crown were more glorious amongst the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodless victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Christian, who is tied by the bindingest principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards those that profess it; to use towards delinquents as much gentleness as infringes not the just rights of the innocent: and to be very tender of spilling their blood, for whom Christ shed his. But I am less delighted to learn your successes in the world, than to find (by your letter to my sister Ranelagh) that you mean not that they shall tie you to it: and are resolved, as soon as your affairs and reputation will permit you, to divest your public employment, and retire to a quiet privacy, where you may enjoy yourself, and have leisure to consider the vanity of that posthume glory, which has nothing in it of certain but the uselessness. That, in the hurry of businesses that distract you, you could find leisure to bless me with your letters, is a favour, which, though it amaze me not, does highly satisfy me. The kindness they express is welcomer to me for what it argues, than for what it promises; and I am much more pleased to see you in a condition of making promises, than I should be with their accomplishment. I shall only, in general, desire your countenance for those that manage my fortune in your province, whither I should wait upon my dearest lady M. if black Betty did not; and seriously, the jade arrived very seasonably to save me a journey; for which I was but slenderly provided; for having not yet been able to put off my L. Goring's statute, I am kept in this town, to do penance for my transgression of that precept, "My son, put money in thy purse." But the term assigned my expiation is, I hope, near expired; and I despair not to see myself shortly in a condition to make you a visit, that shall prevent the spring's. I shall implore, for my lady Pegg, the selfsame passage I shall wish for myself, and solemnize the first easterly gale with a

Farewell, fair saint, may not the seas and wind, &c.

But I am so entirely taken up with the contemplation of her and you, that I had forgot that I have to write this night more letters than the four-and-twenty of the alphabet. My next shall give you an account of my transactions, my studies, and my amours; of the latter of which, black Betty will tell you as many lies as circumstances; but hope you know too well what she is, and whence she comes, not to take all her stories for fictions, almost as great as is the truth that styles me, my dearest brother, your most affectionate brother, and humble servant, R. B.

London, this 20th of Dec. 1649.

LETTER XLVI.

Sir William Temple to Sir William Coventry.

Sir,

I am to acknowledge both the honour and obligation I received by

yours of November the 9th; the last of which seems so great in that light you give it, and by those circumstances I now see attend it, that had it come from any other hands I should have wished a thousand time never to have received it; for, there are very few I desire much to be obliged to; having always thought that a sort of debt which ought as duly to be paid as that of money, with more interest, and much greater difficulty of casting up. But knowing that all generous persons are apt to favour and esteem their own, rather such whom they oblige, than such as serve them; I am extremely glad to have my name enter into the knowledge of his royal highness, by his bounty and favour in the grant of those passports, rather than any other way I could have taken; and beg of you, that with my humble thanks, his royal highness may know I enter into his service with this advance of wages, which it shall be always my endeavour, as it is my duty, to deserve it. I owe, and should say a great deal to yourself upon this occasion, but that with my thanks for the thing itself, I am to join my complaints for the manner of it: I mean, that you should trouble yourself to reason me out of any custom or action you would have me leave off, or say any thing upon such a subject, besides, that you wish it had been otherwise; which, I desire you to believe, shall in far greater matters be from your hand persuasion and command enough to me. My presumptions may be great with my friends, but they are the easiliest checked of any man's alive; which is all I shall say upon this occasion as to the future; and for the past, I will only assure you that I should not in the least have offered at what I did, had it not been at the earnest instance of the prince of Munster's resident here; and I am to make it my business abroad, to enter as far as I can into the secrets, and for that end, into the affections of such ministers as I have to deal with; and as some men are to be gained directly by their heart, so are others by their hands: but another fault were easier to be borne than a long excuse; I will not add to it by our news, since, of all I write, I am sure you know as much as you please: only in general, our bishop loses not courage nor strength upon all the great preparations of enemies, or disappointment of friends. The Dutch seem to be plagued by their own God, and to grow unhappy in their own element, the sea having done them in the last storms most extravagant harms; some letters from Amsterdam say to the value of thirty, and others of sixty millions; their case may grow harder yet, if the frosts do so from the Munster side. Our court here is passionate towards the league between the two crowns; as I am in the desires of growing in your friendship and favour, and deserving it by any testimonies I can give of being, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Brussels, Dec. 15, S. N. 1665.

LETTER XLVII.

From Sir William Temple to Dame Augustine Cary.

Madam,

I know not whether the shame of having been so long in your debt, be greater than that of paying it so ill at last, but I am sure it is much harder to be excused, and therefore shall not attempt it, but leave it to father Placid's oratory, though having failed in the substantial part of your business, I have little reason to hope he will succeed better in the ceremonial part of mine. The truth is, there is so great a difference in common sound

between, It is done, and, It will be done, that I was unwilling to acknowledge the honour of having received your ladyship's commands, before I had compassed that of obeying them, which the marquis here hath so often assured me would suddenly fall to my share, that I thought we had both equal reason, his excellency to do it, and I to believe it. This right I must yet do him, that I never pressed him in this concern of your ladyship's, but he told me all my arguments were needless, for the thing should be done; and how to force a man that yields, I never understood: but yet I much doubt that till the result be given upon the gross of this affair, which is and has been sometime under view, your part in particular will hardly be thought ripe for either his justice or favour, which will be rather the style it must run in, if it be a desire of exemption from a general rule given in the case: whatever person (after the father's return) shall be appointed to observe the course of this affair, and pursue the lady's pretensions here, will be sure of all the assistance I can at any time give him; though I think it would prove a more public service to find some way of dissolving your society, and by that means dispersing so much worth about the world, than, by preserving you together, confine it to a corner, and suffer it to shine so much less, and go out so much sooner, than otherwise it would. The ill effects of your retreat appear too much in the ill success of your business; for I cannot think any thing could fail that your ladyship would solicit: but, I presume, nothing in this lower scene is worthy either that, or so much as your desire or care, which are words that enter not your gates, to disturb that perfect quiet and indifferency, which I will believe inhabit there; and by your happiness decide the long dispute, whether the greater lies in wanting nothing, or possessing much.

I cannot but tell you it was unkindly done to refresh the memory of your brother Da Cary's loss, which was not a more general one to mankind, than it was particular to me: but if I can succeed in your ladyship's service, as well as I had the honour once to do in his friendship, I shall think I have lived to good purpose here; and for hereafter, shall leave it to Almighty God, with a submission as abandoned as you can exercise in the low common concernments of this worthless life, which I can hardly imagine was intended us for so great a misery as it is here commonly made, or to betray so large a part of the world to so much greater hereafter as is commonly believed. However, I am obliged to your ladyship for your prayers, which I am sure are well intended me, and shall return you mine, that no ill thoughts of my faith may possess your ladyship with an ill one of my works too; which I am sure cannot fail of being very meritorious, if ever I reach the intentions I have, of expressing myself upon all occasions, madam, your ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Brussels, Feb. 16th, S. N. 1666.

LETTER XLVIII.

Earl of Clarendon to the Duchess of York, on her turning Catholic.

You have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no distance of a place that is between us, in respect of our re-

sidence, or the greater distance in respect of the high condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible advertisement of what reflects upon you, in point of honour, conscience, or discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such advice to you as to my understanding seems reasonable; and which I must still hope will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many months since, upon those reproaches which I told you were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that ill spirit of the times that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, that the same report increases of late very much, and I myself saw the last week a letter from Paris, from a person who said the English ambassador assured him the day before, that the Duchess was become a Roman Catholic; and, which makes greater impressions upon me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction, with the observation of a great change in your course of life, and that constant exercise of that devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration that you used to have for the Church of England; the church in which you was baptized, and the church the best constituted, and the most free from errors of any christian church this day in the world; and that some persons by their insinuations have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves.

It is not yet in my power to believe, that your wit and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than with melancholy reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in; which discredits all religion, and which with equal license breaks into the professors of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches, and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of any church.

I presume you do not entangle yourself in the particular controversies between the Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein: and therefore it must be some fallacious argument of antiquity and universality, confidently urged by men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any doubts and scruples in you; and if you will with equal temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own ears, and shutting your own eyes. There are but two persons in the world who have greater authority with you than I can pretend to; and am sure they both suffer more in this rumour, and would suffer much more if there were ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any man that endeavours to pervert you in your religion. And therefore, I beseech you, let me have so much credit with you, as to persuade you to communicate any doubts or scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an impression upon you.

The common argument that there is no salvation out of the church, and

that the church of Rome is that only true church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many churches in which salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many, even in the Apostles' time; otherwise they would never have directed their epistles to so many several churches, in which there were different opinions received, and very different doctrines taught. There is indeed but one faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation. If the apostles preached true doctrine, the reception and retention of many errors does not destroy the essence of a church; if it did, the church of Rome would be in as ill, if not in a worse condition, than most other christian churches; because its errors are of a greater magnitude, and more destructive to religion. Let not the canting discourses of the universality and extent of the church, which has as little truth as the rest, prevail over you: they who would imitate the greatest part of the world, must turn heathens; for it is generally believed, that above one half of the world is possessed by them, and that the Mahometans possess above one half of the remainder. There is as little question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by christians, one part of four is not of the communion of the church of Rome; and God knows in that very communion there is as great discord in opinion, and in matters of as great moment, as is between the other christians.

I hear you do in public discourses dislike some things in the church of England, as the marriage of the clergy, which is a point which no Roman catholic will pretend to be of the essence of religion, and is in use in many places which are of the communion of the church of Rome; as in Bohemia, and those parts of the Greek church which submit to the Roman: and all men know, that in the late council of Trent, the sacraments of both kinds, and liberty of the clergy to marry, were very passionately pressed both by the emperor and king of France for their dominions; and it was afterwards granted to Germany, though under such conditions as made it ineffectual; which however shows that it was not, nor even can be looked upon as a matter of religion. Christianity was many hundred years old before such a restraint was ever heard of in the church; and when it was endeavoured, it met with great opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the inconveniences which result from thence, will upon a just disquisition be found superior to those which attend the liberty which the christian religion permits. Those arguments which are not strong enough to draw persons from the Roman communion into that of the church of England, when custom and education, and a long stupid resignation of all their faculties, to their teachers, usually shuts out all reason to the contrary; may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptized, and bred, and instructed in the grounds and principles of that religion; which are, in truth, not only founded upon the clear authority of the scriptures, but upon the consent of antiquity, and the practice of the primitive church: and men who look into antiquity, know well by what corruption and violence, and with what constant and continual opposition, those opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the world, and how warrantably the authority of the bishop of Rome, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail; which has no more pretence of authority and power in England, than the bishop

of Paris, or Toledo, can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being matter of catholic religion, that the pope has so much, and no more, to do in France or Spain, or any other catholic dominion, than the crown and laws, and constitutions of several kingdoms give him leave; which makes him so little (if at all) considered in France, and so much in Spain; and therefore the English catholics, which attribute so much to him, make themselves very unwarrantably of another religion than the catholic church professes: and without doubt those who desert the church of England, of which they are members, and become thereby disobedient to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of their country, and therein renounce their subjection to the state, as well as to the church (which are grievous sins), had need of a better excuse, than the meeting with some doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest evidence, that their salvation is desperate in that communion, cannot serve their turn: and they who imagine they have such an evidence, ought rather to suspect that their understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the church, which is replenished with all learning and piety requisite, can betray them to perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will over-rule those ordinary doubts and objections which may be infused into you), that if you change your religion, you renounce all obedience and affection to your father, who loves you so tenderly that such an odious mutation would break his heart; you condemn your father and your mother (whose incomparable virtues, and piety, and devotion, have placed her in heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the church and state, to both which you owe reverence and subjection, to be, in your judgment, antichristian: you bring irreparable dishonour, scandal, and prejudice, to the duke your husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable duty; and who, I presume, is much more precious to you than your own life; and all possible ruin to your children, of whose company and conversation you must look to be deprived; for God forbid, that after such an apostacy you should have any power in the education of your children. You have many enemies, whom you would here abundantly gratify, and some friends whom you will thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict many others who have deserved well of you.

I know you are not inclined to any part of this mischief, and therefore offer these considerations as all those particulars would be infallible consequences of such a conclusion. It is to me the saddest circumstance of my banishment, that I may not be admitted, in such a season as this, to confer with you, when I am confident I would satisfy you in all doubts, and make it appear to you, that there are many absurdities in the Roman religion, inconsistent with your judgment and understanding; and many impieties inconsistent with your conscience; so that before you can submit to the obligations of faith, you must divest yourself of your natural reason and common sense, and captivate the dictates of your conscience, to the impositions of an authority which has not any pretence to oblige or advise you. If you will not with freedom communicate the doubts which occur to you, to those near you, of whose learning and piety you have had such experience, let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my answer before you suffer them to prevail over you. God bless you and yours.

LETTER XLIX.

The Duchess of York to the Earl of Clarendon.

Whereas I have been ever from my infancy bred up in the English protestant religion, and have had very able persons to instruct me in the grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am exposed to the censure of an infinite number of persons, who are astonished at my quitting it, to embrace the religion of the Roman catholics (for which I have ever professed a great aversion); and therefore I have thought fit to give some satisfaction to my friends, by declaring unto them the reasons upon which I have been moved to do it; without engaging myself in long and unprofitable disputes touching the matter.

I protest therefore, before God, that since my coming into England, no person, either man or woman, hath at any time persuaded me to alter my religion, or hath used any discourses to me upon that subject. It hath been only a particular favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the prayers I daily made unto him, both in France and Flanders whilst I was there, that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true church before I died, in case I was not in the right; and it was the devotion I observed in the catholics there, which induced me to make that prayer; although my own devotion during all that time was very slender. I did notwithstanding, all the time I was in those countries, believe I was in the true religion; neither had I the least scruple of it until November last, at which time reading Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but sacrileges; and looking over the reasons therein set down, which caused the separation of the church of England from that of Rome, I read three there, which to me were great impieties. The first was, That Henry VIII. had cast off the pope's authority, because he would not permit him to quit his wife and marry another.

The second, That during the minority of Edward VI. his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was the principal in that alteration, did greatly enrich himself with the goods of the church, which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, That queen Elizabeth, not being rightful heir to the crown, could not keep it, but by renouncing a church which would never have allowed of such injustice. I could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such motives as these were to change religion, and was astonished that the bishops, if they had no other intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII. which was grounded upon such unjustifiable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I began to make some reflections upon the points of doctrine wherein we differed from the catholics; and to that purpose had recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found notwithstanding several points which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were, the real presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally, with two of the most learned bishops of England; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the

church of England had retained several things it altered: as, for example, confession, which without doubt is of divine institution. They told me also, that prayer for the dead had been in use in the primitive church, during the first centuries; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publicly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the catholic religion, he should not have left it; but now being a member of that church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precautions necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that he would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the king's chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in; neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain catholic, who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words, "This is my body;" and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with his institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this to justify the change I have made of my religion; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this, by any worldly interests or motives; neither can the truth of this my protestation be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my friends, and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world, to enjoy the advantages of my present being here, I assure you I found it no difficulty at all to resolve the contrary, for which I render thanks to God, who is the author of all goodness.

My only prayer to him is, that the poor catholics of this kingdom may not be persecuted upon my account, and I beseech God to grant me patience in my afflictions, and that what tribulations soever his goodness has appointed for me, I may so go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for all eternity.

Given at St. James's, the 20th of August, 1670.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS,

OF EARLY DATE, CONTINUED.

SECTION II.

LETTER I.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

London, 26th March, 1618.

Sir,

Being to take leave of England and to launch into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air awhile, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured mother, Oxford; otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up; you for a forgetful friend; she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: you with the best of my most candid affections; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to connect it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of school-language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omers excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters; I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. So with apprecation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you.

LETTER II.

From James Howel, Esq. to Daniel Caldwell, Esq. from Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, 10th April, 1619.

My dear Dan.,

I have made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment

of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it; it is as needful to me as fire and water, as the very air I take in and breathe out: it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you knew, was contracted among the Muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German Ocean; distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhances the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art-like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Browyer, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court; let Jack Toldervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

LETTER III.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. Richard Altham, at his Chamber in Gray's Inn.

Hague, 30th May, 1619.

Dear sir,

Though you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the imagination; and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired object it fixes upon; it is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Plowden; I heard it often said, that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practice. This (I think) made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, like him that, when he could not catch the hare, said, A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go: it is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in

making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it; for if the mathematics, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a perfection; I believe it is not in the power of Plowden to dastardize or cow your spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy; which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the Baron your excellent father was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer: and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that study and profession; and you know as well as I, that logicians, who went under the name of Sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while; I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to sir James Altham, and to my good lady your mother, with the rest to whom it is due in Bishopsgate-street, and elsewhere: so I am yours in the best degree of friendship.

LETTER IV.

From James Howel, Esq. to Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.

Paris, 30th March, 1620.

Sir,

I received two of yours in Rouen, with the bills of exchange there inclosed; and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom, and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul of all four seasons of the year; which I impute first to the position of the city, being built upon an isle (the isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel, and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lies upon a flat; as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts, that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way: so that often-times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass, that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and an university) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such black, unctuous oil, that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the *crot* (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country: this may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great mole-hill of ants; yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about,

and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed; so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean, until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth, and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first: but being pulleyed up with the open air, it receives a crusty kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect free-stone; and before it is sent up from the pit, they can reduce it to any form: of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last king made it so big; that, lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort: for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what state-news France affords; in the interim, and always, I am your humble servant.

LETTER V.

From James Howel, Esq. to Richard Altham, Esq. from Paris.

Paris, 1st May, 1620.

Dear sir,

Love is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the elixir of love; they are the best fuel of affection, and cast a sweeter odour than any frankincense can do: such an odour, such an aromatic perfume, your late letter brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty flowers of eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every line; I mean those sweet expressions of love and wit, which in every period were intermingled with so much art, that they seemed to contend for mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite strains and raptures of love, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the diastole and systole of a heart truly affected; certainly your heart did dictate every syllable you writ, and guided your hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured up in my breast, and answered in like proportion to the full: mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect as love can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad; I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while; I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous*, or night rogues, who drew upon us; and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalier du Guet, an officer, who goes up and down the streets all night on horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us; but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passes but some robbing or murder is committed in this

town; so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the Pont-Neuf (the New Bridge), though Henry the Great himself lies sentinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth, an improper posture methinks to a king on horseback. Not long since, one of the secretaries of state (whereof there are always four), having been invited to the suburbs of St. Germains to supper, left order with one of his lacqueys to bring him his horse about nine; it so happened that a mischance befel the horse, which lamed him as he went a-watering to the Seine, insomuch that the secretary was put to beat the hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the Pont-Neuf, with his lacquey carrying a torch before him, he might overhear a noise of clashing of swords, and fighting, and looking under the torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bade his lacquey to go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed men, with their pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a paper in his hand, which he said he had casually took up in the streets, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they desired the secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment; the secretary took out his spectacles and fell a-reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was, That it should be known to all men, that whosoever did pass over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak, his hat. The secretary starting at this, one of the comrades told him, that he thought that paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en curpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he gives good words to the watch. There is a gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the king intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The favourite Luines strengtheneth himself more and more in his minionship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult: which made a lord of this land say, That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrate a circle, to find out the philosopher's stone, and to speak with the duke of Luines.

I have sent you by Vacandary, the post, the French beaver and tweeses you writ for: beaver hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the king.

Farewell, dear child of virtue and minion of the Muses, and continue to love yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Sir James Crofts, from Paris.

Paris, 12th May, 1620.

I am to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of embarkation at St. Maloes, I must be forced to journey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyrenee hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts at St. Germains, where I met with a French gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late king was slain, and to that where the marquis

of Ancre was shot; and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollanders), was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry IV. fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance), he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, "The King of France with forty thousand men;" and upon a sudden he put his army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come to him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile, to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay jesuit (who had a whole twelve-month watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the king at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel he doubled his thrust, the king with a ruthful voice cried out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood gushed out at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crowned queen of France the day before in great triumph; but in a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch, her sorrow; for according to St. Lewis's law, she was made queen-regent of France, during the king's minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days; but he escaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder, and in the place where the act was done it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump to staunch the blood; whereat he gave a doleful shriek: then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture he scarce showed any sense of pain; but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arm, to staunch the flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, That he thought to have done God good service, to take away that king which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry II., running at tilt with M. Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye: Henry III. not long after was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pre-

tended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly, as he was coming from his close-stool, and so dispatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended the king by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was a king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France, and there is scarce a market town but hath him erected in the market place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry VIII.; and by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion, he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion:" and the cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication: the cardinal was long about the work, and when the king asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, That he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it. It happened, that one day the king took the cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the king asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? "Sir, it is because I want some choice stones."—"No, no," said the king, looking upon the cardinal, "it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome." Another time the old duke of Main, who was used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck, in a posture to make the king merry, it happened the king was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close stool, and clapped it on his bald sconce, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off my head, and wear it on your own; but this of my tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the count of Soissons (who had 100,000 francs a year pension from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for his majesty, which he would do heartily: this answer being brought to the king, he replied, "Will my cousin, the count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? tell him, that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 *per annum*."

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout; and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his majesty so lame, he answered, "As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your master the king of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the genius of this sprightly prince: I could make many more instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a letter. When I am in Spain,

you shall hear further from me: and if you can think on any thing wherein I may serve you, believe it, sir, that any employment from you shall be welcome to your much obliged servant.

LETTER VII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. Thomas Porter, after Captain Porter, from Barcelona.

Barcelona, 10th Nov. 1620.

My dear Tom,

I had no sooner set foot upon this soil, and breathed Spanish air, but my thoughts presently reflected upon you; of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here; you were the prime object of my speculation; methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force, that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working, it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding; it quickeneth the fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate them all; I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time that my memory is fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was, that I remember I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so exactly well. I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country, and the good instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valentia to Alicant, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galleys, and passing through the *churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were; every one excused himself; one saying, That he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the duke asking him what he was in for, "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragone, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company;" so he was freed, and the rest remained still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to Signior Camillo, and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you; and when you go aboard the ship behind the Exchange, think upon yours.

LETTER VIII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Francis Mansel, from Valentia.

Valentia, 1st March, 1620.

Sir,

Though it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere: though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and

our pomegranates; your hops, and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honey-suckle fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either shade in summer, or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the noblest cities in all Spain, situate in a large *vega* or valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongst others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

LETTER IX.

From James Howel, Esq. to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn.

Alicant, 27th March, 1621.

I am now (thanks be to God) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* by letters of credit from master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valentia. This barillia is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows no where upon the surface of the earth in that perfection, as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist; for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: It is a round thick earthy shrub that bears berries like barberries betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay; then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs, they take the tuffs and put fire to them, and when the flame comes to the berries, they melt and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barillia juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarcely malleable; it is sold at one hundred crowns a ton, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious

flower called gazull, that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food hath been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nutriture this deep sanguine Alicant grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder and engender odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter, your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest your constant friend.

LETTER X.

From James Howel, Esq. to Robert Brown, Esq. at the Middle Temple, from Venice.

Venice, 12th August, 1621.

Robin,

I have now enough of the maiden city, and this week am to go further into Italy; for though I have been a good while in Venice, yet I cannot say I have hitherto been upon the continent of Italy; for this city is nought else but a knot of islands in the Adriatic sea, joined in one body by bridges, and a good way distant from the firm land. I have lighted upon very choice company, your cousin Brown and Master Webb; and we all take the road of Lombardy, but we made an order among ourselves, that our discourse be always in the language of the country, under penalty of a forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. Randal Syms made us a curious feast lately, where in a cup of the richest Greek we had your health, and I could not tell whether the wine or the remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of aromatic wine, which left a fragrant perfuming kind of farewell behind it. I have sent you a runlet of it in the ship Lion, and if it come safe and unpricked, I pray bestow some bottles upon the lady (you know) with my humble service. When you write next to Mr. Syms, I pray acknowledge the good hospitality and extraordinary civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common saying that is used of this dainty city of Venice:—

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede non te pregia,
Ma chi t'ha troppe veduto te dispreggia.

Englished and rhymed thus (though I know you need no translation, you understand so much of the Italian):—

Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
Who hath seen too much will thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous hexastic which Sannazaro made of this great city, which pleaseth me much better:—

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, arces
Objice et illa tui mœnia Martis ait,
Sic pelago Tibrim præfers urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deus.

When Neptune saw in Adrian surges stand
Venice, and give the sea laws of command:
Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
And Mars' proud walls: this were for to extol
Tiber beyond the main; both towns behold;
Rome, men thou'lt say, Venice the gods did mould.

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark a hundred zecchins for every one of these verses, which amounts to about 300*l*. It would be long before the city of London would do the like; witness that cold reward, or rather those cold drops of water which were cast upon my countryman Sir Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware river through her streets, the most

serviceable and wholesome benefit that ever she received.

The parcel of Italian books that you write for, you shall receive from Mr. Leat, if it please God to send the ship to safe port; and I take it as a favour, that you employ me in any thing that may conduce to your contentment, because I am your serious servitor.

LETTER XI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Christopher Jones, Esq. at Gray's Inn, from Naples.

8th Oct. 1621.

Honoured father,

I must still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford; my mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if among the rest of my friends in England I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, especially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman, your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples: and though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of different temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up and down, have the clearest understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, among other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women; and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance, and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet: and the reason is obvious; for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two nations must needs copulate and mix; insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Among other resemblances, one was in their prosody, and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations, and enforcing of consonant words or syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance. As for example, in Welsh, *Tewgris, todyrris ty'r derryn, gwillt*, &c. so have I seen divers old rhymes in Italian running so; *Donne, O danno, che felo affronto affronta: in selva salvo a me: Piu caro cuore*, &c.

Being lately in Rome, among other pasquils I met with one that was against the Scots: though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion; so that I think if King James saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king; and as the passages were a-reading before him, he often said, that if there were

no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it: at last being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears;

this pleased his majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my soul, so thou shalt for me. thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, master Moor Fortune, and my service to sir Charles Williams: and according to that relation which was betwixt us at Oxford, I rest your constant son to serve you.

LETTER XII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dan. Caldwell, Esq. from the Lord Savage's House in Long Melford.

20th of May, 1619.

My dear Dan.,

Though, considering my former condition of life, I may now be called a countryman, yet you cannot call me a rustic (as you would imply in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a house as any I believe in the land, both for economical government and the choice company; for I never saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my life together; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so neatly kept. Here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage, to cause any nastiness within the body of the house. The kitchen and gutters, and other offices of noise and drudgery, are at the fag end; there is a back gate for the beggars and the meaner sort of swains to come in at; the stables butt upon the park, which for a cheerful rising ground, for groves and browsings for the deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any for its highness in the whole land; it is opposite to the front of the great house, whence from the gallery one may see much of the game when they are a-hunting. Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for ponds, for stately large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England. Here you have your bon christian pear and bergamot in perfection: your muscadel grapes in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the king; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted, and contrived with such dainty conveniences every way, that if you saw the landscape of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a house by. If you come this summer to your manor of Sheriff in Essex, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from St. David's Head to Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion. If you would know who the same is, it is yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Thomas Prichard, at Worcester House.

Paris, 3d Aug. 1621.

Sir,

Friendship is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain. You know this as well as I; therefore, I pray let our friendship, let our love, that nationality of

British love, that virtuous tie of academic love, be still strengthened (as heretofore), and receive daily more and more vigour. I am now in Paris, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of religion to be punctual in this kind of payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a domestic member to that most noble family of the Worcesters, and I hold it to be a very good foundation for future preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them as I know they will be happy in you. France is now barren of news, only there was a shrewd brush lately between the young king and his mother, who, having the duke of Epernon and others for her champions, met him in open field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the worst; such was the rare dutifulness of the king, that he forgave her upon his knees, and pardoned all her accomplices; and now there is an universal peace in this country, which it is thought will not last long, for there is a war intended against them of the reformed religion: for this king, though he be slow in speech, yet he is active in spirit, and loves motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young gentleman, my old acquaintance, who is full of excellent parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding the baron his father gave him, both in the university and in the inns of court; so that for the time I envy no man's happiness. So with my hearty commends, and much endeared love unto you, I rest yours.

LETTER XIV.

From James Howel, Esq. to the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers), at Florence.

London, 24th March, 1622.

Sir,

My love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and farther too, if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the Alps and Appenines to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while: you must now think upon home, as (one said) good men think upon Heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours I understand will be three years: in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts or longing desires to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue, and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation, which your prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the nurse of policy, the theatre of virtue; but though Italy give milk to virtue with one dug, she often suffers vice to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug, for there is an ill-favoured saying, that *Inglese Italionato è diavolo incarnato;* An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble

inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good will of the latter, unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome you may haply see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to Virtue, the other to Honour; and there was no way to enter into the last but through the first. Noble sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My lord, your grandfather, was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: by the next shipping to Leghorn, among other things, he intends to send you a whole brawn in collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr. Bold. For English news, I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor.

LETTER XV.

From James Howel, Esq. to Dr. Prichard.

London, 6th Jan. 1625.

Sir,

Since I was beholden to you for your many favours in Oxford I have not heard from you; I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived, and receive new vigour between us.

My lord chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom: it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him, that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drank the king's health to him in a great silver gift bowl, he gave it for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to king James not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the lord viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*,* and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief Justices of the King's Bench; so hereafter they shall be only Keepers

* Of deep science, and born for the advancement of letters.

of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposeable; but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

LETTER XVI.

From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland, from Stamford.

Stamford, 5th Aug. 1623.

Madam,

I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the postmaster came to my bed's head, and told me the duke of Buckingham was slain. My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and show me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochel was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented. After breakfast the duke going out, colonel Fryer stept before him, and stopped him upon some business; and lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common ten-penny knife over Fryer's arm at the duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife, and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me" (meaning, as some think, colonel Fryer, for there had been some difference betwixt them); so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her nightgeers from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the king four miles off, who be-

ing at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant.

LETTER XVII.

From James Howel, Esq. to J. S. Knight.

London, 25th May, 1628.

Sir,

You writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the north.—There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master; he is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down: when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have a peace both with France and Spain; so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good lady, and at my return from the North I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am your much obliged servitor.

LETTER XVIII.

From James Howel, Esq. to R. S. Esq.

Westminster, 3d Aug. 1629.

Sir,

I am one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-limed kindnesses, which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possible I could be without it: therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasured me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than your humble servitor.

LETTER XIX.

From James Howel, Esq. to his Nephew J. P. at St. John's in Oxford.

Westminster, 1st Aug. 1633.

Nephew,

I had from you lately two letters; the last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so; there was as much difference between

them, as betwixt a Scotch pedlar's pack in Poland, and the magazine of an English merchant in Naples, the one being usually full of taffaty, silks, and satins; the other of calicoes, threads, ribbons, and such poldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vend, if you take the pains: your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already: you are in the best mart in the world to improve them, which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you shall find a good market to expose them, for your own and the public benefit abroad. I have sent you the philosophy books you wrote to me for; any thing that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle.

LETTER XX.

From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Digby.

Westminster, 5th August.

Madam,

It is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam, without vanity be it spoken, such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the veins of my heart, especially through the left ventricle where the most illustrious blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast; nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain, and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies; for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your ladyship will say, these are words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment; but, madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity, you shall quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor.

LETTER XXI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. R. Howard.

Fleet, 14th Feb. 1647.

Sir,

There is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From him whom I trust God defend me; for from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be

sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad: which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing:" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "That he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty, and becomes his slave:" well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such blateroons:

Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi——*

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you.

* I hate them as I would the gates of Hell.

LETTER XXII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Sir K. D. at Rome.

Fleet, 3d March, 1646.

Sir,

Though you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a landloper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt these walls than ever I did before; for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years: for as the wisest of pagan philosophers said that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometrician; if one do so, he need not gad abroad to see fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is one of the paths that leads a man to paradise: it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats: there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many time to be good fellows, and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls I am never less alone than when I am alone; I am oft-times sole, but seldom solitary. Some there are, who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies; but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but

for my part I wonder not at any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual; there is no success, good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other; nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past: for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution; which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the Liturgy is now suppressed, the Missal and the Roman Breviary was used so a hundred years since: if crosses, church windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry: if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our king is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant king as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council table, from his very bedchamber, his greatest favourites: he was driven to be content to pay the expense of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration, that the ground of their quarrel was good; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world; and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm, he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still more faithful humble servitor.

LETTER XXIII.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. En. P. at Paris.

Fleet, 20th Feb. 1646.

Sir,

Since we are both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtle air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demi-castors for beavers: but I know you have so discerning a judgment that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this literal correspondence, I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my

answers to you. Let our letters be as echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the continent have clearer echoes there, witness that in the Thuilleries, especially that at Charenton bridge, which quavers, and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a-going so: you know a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes; but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops' lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there. Boots and shoes are so long snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use: the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where; and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this island since the creation.

I have no more to communicate to you at this time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your banishment, me in my captivity, and give us heaven for our last country, where desires turn to fruition, doubts to certitude, and dark thoughts to clear contemplations. Truly, my dear Don Antonio, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the elements: and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the world, make my last account with nature, and return this small skinful of bones to my common mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so entirely well that my spirit shall visit you, to bring you some tidings from the other world; and if you precede me, I shall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your spirit will be a *bonus genius*. So desiring to know what is become of my manuscript, I kiss your hands, and rest most passionately your most faithful servitor.

LETTER XXIV.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. T. Morgan.

May 12.

Sir,

I received two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me; but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian doctor Dale, who being employed to Flanders by queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the secretary of state two letters, one to the queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was superscribed, "To his dear Wife;" and that for his wife, "To her most excellent Majesty:" so that the queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with sweet-heart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake raised; but the doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to endorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more to you: but you needed not to have done that, for the name *friend* goes sometimes further than brother; and there be more examples of friends that did sacrifice their lives one for another, than of brothers; which the writer doth think he should do for you, if

the case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news (for there is little good stirring now) two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When queen Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements, she told him that he should have 20*s*. *per diem* for his expenses. "Then, madam," said he, "I will spend 19*s*. a-day."—"What will you do with the odd shilling?" the queen replied.—"I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;" meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three; which was when at the overture of the treaty the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress entitled herself Queen of France; "Nay then," said Dr. Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you conjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend.

LETTER XXV.

From James Howel, Esq. to the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

April 8.

Madam,

There is a French saying, that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compared to some kind of flowers, (and they would make a thick posie), but they should be to the flower called life everlasting; or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Ætna in Sicily, which never loses any thing of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago, in the life-time of your incomparable brother Mr. R. Altham (who left us in the flower of his age), methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them; for I distil them in the limbec of my memory, and so turn them to essences.

But, madam, I honour you not so much for favours, as for that precious brood of virtues, which shine in you with that brightness, but especially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven; insomuch, madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest votaries: howsoever, I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant.

LETTER XXVI.

From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. W. Price, at Oxon.

London, 3d February.

My precious nephew,

There could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy: yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ungrateful genius of this age, that if any sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it

much more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby; I am none of those; but touching the ancients, I hold this to be a good moral rule, *laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt:** the older the author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of truth. This makes me think on a Spanish captain, who being invited to a fish dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the table, where the small fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end; thereupon he took one of the little fish, and held it to his ear; his comrades asked him what he meant by that; he answered in a sad tone, "Some thirty years since, my father, passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a storm, and I am asking this little fish whether he could tell any tidings of his body; he answers me, that he is too young to tell me any thing, but those old fish at your end of the table may say something to it:" so by that trick of drollery he got his share of them. The application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old authors; for though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neoterical commentators and self-conceited writers, that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscuriust*.

Give me leave to tell you cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard to the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge. I was told of a countryman, who coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese, and a few dogs that were hard by: being asked the reason, he answered, "That he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin." If some in the world think so much of those irrational poor creatures, that take in University air, what will your friends in the country expect from you, who have the instruments of reason in such a perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention? all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of your truly affectionate uncle.

* Let us praise what they have said well, and pardon what they have said otherwise.

† From obscure to more obscure.

LETTER XXVII.

Lady Russel's Letter to the King Charles II.

(*Indorsed by her:* My letter to the king a few days after my dear lord's death.)

May it please your Majesty,

I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment‡) I often heard him discourse of the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our

‡ The words included in the parenthesis are crossed out.

conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true;* as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he, who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him; which when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your majesty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities (and your majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign; who am with all humility, may it please your majesty, &c.

* It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his lordship concerning his last speech and paper. It is called The Journal, in the History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 562.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I need not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this.† You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will I know bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God which he hath put into our hearts interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition———‡ of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation,

† Lord Russel her husband was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

‡ Two or three words torn out.

not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion, and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them, this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes; and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it: and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do ———* fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted but very faithful servant.

* A word torn off.

LETTER XXIX.

From Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

31st January, 1684-5.

You pursue, good doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense of sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe, to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been; and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Amongst whom my hope is my loved lord is one: and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morning) on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a

kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for sir Thomas Vernon,* his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification. But you want none such in your solitude; and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue, sir, your obliged servant.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement; but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the king will have them discovered: till Monday they have time given them. You had given lady Julian one of those books.

LETTER XXX.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Southampton-house, 17th July, 1685.

Never shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love; so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here, I would have it as it is, and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward: and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it; then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Samuel Barnardiston, 14th February 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions (*inter alia*): "The lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men.—The brave lord Russel is afresh lamented—It is generally said the earl of Essex was murdered—The plot is lost here—The duke of Monmouth said publicly, that he knew my lord Russel was as loyal a subject as any in England, and that his majesty believed the same now—The printer of the late lord Russel's speech was passed over with silence—The sham protestant plot is quite lost and confounded, &c." He was committed for his fine to the King's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate.

token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me, so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend by reason my lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome: they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet, how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on, I know not where it will end. I am, good doctor, with great faithfulness, your affectionate friend to serve you.

LETTER XXXI.

From Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine I make the just allowance for: not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I

possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the Gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If any thing I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you but ease myself, by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of Seraphical Meditations of the bishop of Bath and Wells,* and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, sir, have been welcome to lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the bishop of Ely,† your friend; to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable, or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Christmas before my lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniencies be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of, sir, your obliged friend to serve you.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

* Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper.

† Turner, bishop of Ely, sincere and good-natured, of too quick imagination, and too defective a judgment.

LETTER XXXII.

Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russel.

[From Birch's Life of Tillotson.]

Canterbury, Nov. 21, 1685.

Honoured madam,

When I look back upon the date of your ladyship's letter, I blush to see it hath lain by me so long unanswered. And yet I assure you no day passeth, in which your ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in, in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England.‡ But in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befal the faithful servants of God, before the final downfal of Ba-

‡ The death of her cousin, niece of Mons Ruvigny.

bylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth;" meaning, that they were happy, who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that he hath the care of us. And do not think, madam, that he loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He, whom he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prorogation will carry him into the country before that time. I entreat you to present my most humble service to his lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, madam, your ladyship's most faithful and humble servant.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

15th January, 1685-6.

I presume, doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted.* I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed it is thought; all without exception having a day given them; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I will tell you. The countess du Roy† is permitted with two daughters to go within fourteen

* Henry Booth, lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, solicitor-general, was very violent against him; but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution; in 1690 was created earl of Warrington; and died 1693.

† Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic Charles du Roy, knight of the Elephant, and generalissimo to the king of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, earl of Strafford.

days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that king's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg* and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another: the husband to prison, or the gallies. These are amazing providences, doctor! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you lord Talbot† is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a lord Roffe, the other lord is Dungan; Walgrave that married the king's daughter is made a lord.‡ The brief for the poor Protestants was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be: the chancellor bid it be laid by when it was offered him to seal. I am very really, doctor, your affectionate friend and servant.

* Frederic de Schomberg, marshal of France, was created by king William, duke Schomberg, &c. 1689, killed at the battle of the Boyne, 1st July, 1690. He was son of count Schomberg, by lord Dudley's daughter. The count was killed, with several sons, at the battle of Prague, 1620. The duke was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct; of true judgment, exact probity, and an humble obliging temper. The persecution of the Protestants induced him to leave France and enter into king William's service. He was 82 years old at his death. His son Charles was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsiglia, 24th Sept. 1693.

† Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards earl of Tyrconnel, a papist.

‡ Henry lord Waldgrave of Chewton married the lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to king James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

22d January, 1685-6.

I have received and read your letters, good doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do: and all you say, that concerns your private affairs, is justly and wisely weighed; so let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face; and perhaps I do so, doctor, but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it, excellently possess past calamities: but he who took upon him our nature, felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fulness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague house was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but, being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bed-fellow very wil-

lingly, lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt in a blanket. Lady Devonshire* came towards morning and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident: Her brother, lord Arran,† who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared, so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset house, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family: and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O I could heartily cry out, "When will longed-for eternity come!" but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor‡ since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair.§

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you, I believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young lady tells me lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady Russel to Lady Sunderland.

I think I understand almost less than any body, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my lady Sunderland's letters; or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly, madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favours you direct to me, an unfortunate useless creature in the world, yet your ladyship owns me as one had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow, I was hearty in wishing you

* Mary, daughter to James Butler, duke of Ormond; married to William Cavendish, earl, afterwards duke, of Devonshire.

† He died January 26, 1685-6.

‡ George lord Jefferies, baron of Wem, very inveterate against lord Russel: He was, says Burnet, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate, and, when lord chief justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18, 1689.

§ Dr. afterwards bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, doctor, Charity is above rubrics."

ease, and if I had an occasion for it, I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at any thing of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank him for all the hard things I suffer, as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and if what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, 28th August, 1690.

I assure you, good doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought that I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of August you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it, so I deferred it till I had learnt that. I sent to Mrs. Smith, she could not tell; I bid John send to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton, for I know lady Gainsborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By report I fear poor lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can: indeed, doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things, to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which enforces us to conserve life; and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham.* But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor any other at this time. That I might be certain not

* Ejected as a nonjuror.

to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my lady; I had done myself the honour to write to her, just as I believe she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour; either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business I know is an attendant of the last. I am, sir, your constant friend and servant.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dean Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.

Hon. madam,

Since I had the honour of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together.* But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my lady Russel, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your ladyship. On Sunday last the king commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favour to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured, that all that storm which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the Church of England was upon my account, and that the bishop of L——— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what, I call God to witness, I would not have. And I told his majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak. For I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it; with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that in obedience to his majesty's commands I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled and said, "You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are." Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a

* The death of her sister, the countess of Montague, and of her nephew, Wriothesley Baptist, earl of Gainsborough.

plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and, on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the king affected in the case of my lord Shrewsbury,* I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which he sees and knows to be best, for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the king would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours. I am, honoured madam, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady Russel to the Dean of St. Paul's.

About the middle of October, 1690.

Your letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, over-burdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, Friends and acquaintances thou hast hid out of my sight; but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had begun their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace; I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distress, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public and private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts is every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission* you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to. I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it: I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the king guesses right, you toil more now. But this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgins of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies compass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make; and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you: there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can: consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not

* When the earl resigned the post of secretary of state, about 1690; to divert him from which, dean Tillotson had been sent to his lordship by the king.

* Submission alludes to Tillotson's letter to lord Russel against resistance:—a shrewd hint of the dean's endeavours to persuade lord Russel to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience.

turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff, if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the king: and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with.

I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy; but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the Throne of Grace for you, in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady Russel to ——— (*supposed the Bishop of Salisbury.*)

16th October, 1690.

I have, my lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just, sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no

more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied, that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle: but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

LETTER XL.

Lady Russel to Lord Cavendish.

29th October, 1690.

Though I know my letters do lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons both very near and dear to me had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses, and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that an happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.

June 23, 1691.*

Honoured madam,

I received your ladyship's letter, together with that to Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my lord of Bedford, and to let his lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney-general and Mr. Solicitor, and then from my lord ———, that several persons, upon the account of publishing and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution. Upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them that nobody might be punished upon my account: that this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it.† None of them said any

* From his draught in short-hand.

† Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death he put no other inscription than this; "These are libels; I pray God forgive the authors: I do."

thing to me of my lord Russel, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say, is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies; and, as I find by the letter to Mr. Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think it very fit for my lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been beforehand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand of it would have been to have told you, that whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find, that I bear the burden I dreaded so much a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind, "Who am I, O Lord God, or what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto; and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God."* I hope that the same providence of God which hath once overruled me in this thing will some way or other turn it to good.

The queen's extraordinary favour to me, to a degree much beyond my expectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes, that my friends will continue their kindness to me; especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less so to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours, and particularly at this time to give my lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together. I am, madam, your most faithful and humble servant.

* I Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

LETTER XLII.

Lady Russel to ——— (*supposed Archbishop Tillotson.*)

24th July, 1691.

In wants and distresses of all kinds, one naturally flies to a sure friend, if one is blessed with any such. This is the reason of the present address to you, which is burthened with this request, if you think it fit, to give the enclosed to the queen. My letter is a petition to her majesty, to bestow upon a gentleman a place, that is now fallen by the death of Mr. Herbert; it is auditor of Wales, value about 400*l.* a year. He is, if I do not extremely mistake, fit for it, and worthy of it; he is knight of the shire for Carmarthenshire; it would please me on several accounts, if I obtain it. Now every thing is so soon chopt upon and gone, that a slow way would defeat me, if nothing else does; and that I fear from lord Devonshire if he was in town; besides, I should not so distinctly know the queen's answer, and my success, as I shall I know do by your means, if you have no scruple to deliver my letter; if you have, pray use me as I do you, and in the integrity of your heart tell me so. I could send it to lady Darby; it is only the certainty of some answer makes me pitch as I do. Nay perhaps it were more proper to send it to the queen's secretary; but I am not versed in the court ways, it is so lately since I have loved them. Therefore be free, and do as you think most fit.

I intend not to detain you long; but the many public and signal mercies we have of late received are so reviving, notwithstanding the black and dismal scenes which are constantly before me, and particularly on these sad months, I must feel the compassions of a wise and good God, to these late sinking nations, and to the Protestant interest all the world over, and all good people also. I raise my spirits all I can, and labour to rejoice in the prospect of more happy days, for the time to come, than some ages have been blessed with. The goodness of those instruments God has called forth to work this great work by, swells one's hopes.

LETTER XLIII.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

July 21st, 1692.

I will but say very little for myself, why you are so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last letter: not but I should be very sorry indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you; I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reasons you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a day to Arlington House, where I stayed till twelve and one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband: it was the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God and submission to all his providences that I can rejoice in: however, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left): and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope through mercy to meet at the same happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this side heaven goes so near it; and being where God is, it is heaven. If he be in our hearts there will be peace and satisfaction, when one recollects the happiness of such a state (which, if my heart deceives me not, I hope is mine); and I will try to experience more and more that blessed promise, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you ease." This day, and this subject, induces me to be very long, and might to another be too tedious; but I know it is not so to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in the house of mourning. However, my time to open my chamber door is near; and I take some care not to affect in these retirements. In all circumstances I remain, sir, your constantly obliged friend and servant.

LETTER XLIV.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Lambeth House, August 26th, 1693.

Madam,

Though nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your ladyship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and good manners, been due upon this great occasion. But now that busy time is in a good measure over, I cannot forbear after so many as, I am sure, have been before me, to congratulate with your ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but look upon it as part of the comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you; and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I entreat my lord Ross and his lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me: and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I entreat you to give my humble service to my lord of Bedford, and my lord of Cavendish and his lady. I could upon several accounts be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your ladyship, and all the good family at Woborne, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life. I am, with all true respect and esteem, madam, your ladyship s most faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER XLV.

Archbishop Tillotson to Lady Russel.

Lambeth House, October 13th, 1693.

I have forborne, madam, hitherto, even to acknowledge the receipt of your ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me: so that I should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon to Woborne, to have inquired of your ladyship's health, having but newly heard, that since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seized upon you. But yesterday morning, at council, I happily met with Mr. Russel, who, to my great joy, told me that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you had been in, and in so sickly a season.

The king's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust he will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world had I so much reason to value my friends.

In the condition I now am I can have no new ones, or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at a distance believe that the upper end of the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe no ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg of you to spare them for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good lord of Bedford, and to all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all, I remain, madam, your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant.*

LETTER XLVI.

The Bishop of Salisbury to Lady Russel.

Salisbury, 31st October, 1696.

I do heartily congratulate with your ladyship for this new blessing. God has now heard your prayers with relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them in due time with relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children, God grant you may likewise see peace upon Israel. And now that God hath so built up your house, I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honour of his name.

You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation.

I do not think of coming up yet this fortnight, if I am not called for.† I humbly thank your ladyship for giving me this early notice of so great a blessing to you. I hope it shall soon be completed by my lady Ross's full recovery. Mrs. Burnet is very sensible of the honour your ladyship does her in thinking of her, and does particularly rejoice in God's goodness to you. I am, with the highest sense of gratitude and respect possible, madam, your ladyship's most humble, most obedient, and most obliged servant.

LETTER XLVII.

Lady Russel to King William.

Sir,

I rather choose to trouble your ma-

* The archbishop's correspondence with lady Russel had been interrupted on her part for many months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing to such a degree, that she was obliged, on the 27th of June, 1694, to submit to the operation of couching. Upon this occasion his grace drew up a prayer two days after, in which he touched upon the death of her husband, "whom the holy and righteous Providence," says he, "permitted [under a colour of law and justice] to be [unjustly] cut off from the land of the living." But over the words between the brackets, after the first writing, he drew a line, as intending to erase them, probably from a reflection that they might be too strong, or less suitable to a prayer. June 28th he wrote to the bishop of Salisbury, "I cannot forbear to tell you, that my lady Russel's eye was couched yesterday morning with very good success; God be praised for it."

† The marquis of Halifax said of bishop Burnet, "He makes many enemies, by setting an ill natured example of living, which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty, his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions, so as to make them suit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder then if they are angry, since it is in their own defence; or that, from a principle of self-preservation, they should endeavour to suppress a man whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them." Both he and Tillotson, as well as many other Christian bishops, were averse to pluralities and non-residence.

jesty with a letter, than be wanting in my duty, in the most submissive manner imaginable, to acknowledge the honour and favour I am told your majesty designs for lord Rutland and his family, in which I am so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, sir, in you; and the generous manner you have been pleased to promise it in, makes the honour, if possible, greater. As you will lay an eternal obligation on that family, be pleased to allow me to answer for all those I am related to; they will look on themselves equally honoured with lord Rutland, by your favour to his family, and I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first and early honoured with the marks of your favour. And I hope I may live to see your majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your majesty, nor I trust ever will be: and that as his years increase, his performances will better declare the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of your majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obedient servant.

N. B. *Lady Russel's endorsement on the foregoing letter is in these words:*

To the King, 1701-2, about first of March, and found in his pocket when dead.

LETTER XLVIII.

*Lady Russel to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway.**

June, 1711.

Alas! my dear lord Galway, my thoughts are all yet disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then, with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and

* Lady Russel's only son Wriothesley, duke of Bedford, died of the small-pox in May, 1711, in the 31st year of his age, upon which occasion this letter was written. To this affliction succeeded, in November, 1711, the loss of her daughter the duchess of Rutland, who died in childbed. Lady Russel, after seeing her in the coffin, went to her other daughter, married to the duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal her grief, she being at that time in childbed likewise; therefore she assumed a cheerful air, and with astonishing resolution, agreeable to truth, answered her anxious daughter's inquiries with these words; "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but, loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

London, Sept. 20th, 1692.

Sir,

There being nothing that I think of so much value as the acquaintance and friendship of knowing and worthy men, you may easily guess how much I find myself obliged, I will not say by the offer of it, but by the gift you have made me of yours. That which confirms me in the assurance of it, is the little pretence I have to it. For, knowing myself as I do, I cannot think so vainly of myself, as to imagine that you should make such overtures and expressions of kindness to me for any other end, but merely as the pledges and exercise of it. I return you therefore my thanks, as for the greatest and most acceptable present you could have made me; and desire you to believe, that since I cannot hope that the returns which I made you of mine should be of any great use to you, I shall endeavour to make it up as well as I can, with an high esteem and perfect sincerity. You must therefore expect to have me live with you hereafter, with all the liberty and assurance of a settled friendship. For meeting with but few men in the world whose acquaintance I find much reason to covet, I make more than ordinary haste into the familiarity of a rational inquirer after, and lover of truth, whenever I can light on any such. There are beauties of the mind, as well as of the body, that take and prevail at first sight; and wherever I have met with this, I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation. Wonder not, therefore, if, having been thus wrought on, I begin to converse with you with as much freedom as if we had begun our acquaintance when you were in Holland; and desire your advice and assistance about a second edition of my Essay, the former being now dispersed. You have, I perceive, read it over so carefully, more than once, that I know nobody I can more reasonably consult about the mistakes and defects of it. And I expect a great deal more from any objections you should make, who comprehend the whole design and compass of it, than from one who has read but a part of it, or measures it, upon a slight reading, by his own prejudices. You will find, by my epistle to the reader, that I was not insensible of the fault I committed by being too long upon some points, and the repetitions that by my way of writing of it, had got in, I let it pass with, but not without advice so to do. But now that my notions are got into the world, and have in some measure bustled through the opposition and difficulty they were like to meet with from the received opinion, and that prepossession which might hinder them from being understood upon a short proposal; I ask you whether it would not be better now to pare off, in a second edition, a great part of that which cannot but appear superfluous to an intelligent and attentive reader. If you are of that mind, I shall beg the favour of you to mark to me those passages which you would think fittest to be left out. If there be any thing wherein you think me mistaken, I beg you to deal freely with me, that either I may clear it up to you, or reform it in the next edition. For I flatter myself that I am so sin-

cere a lover of truth, that it is very indifferent to me, so I am possessed of it, whether it be my own or any other's discovery. For I count any parcel of this gold not the less to be valued, nor not the less enriching, because I wrought it not out of the mine myself. I think every one ought to contribute to the common stock, and to have no other scruple or shyness about the receiving of truth, but that he be not imposed on, and take counterfeit, and what will not bear the touch, for genuine and real truth. I doubt not, but to one of your largeness of thought, that in the reading of my book you miss several things, that perhaps belong to my subject, and you would think belongs to the system: if in this part too you will communicate your thoughts, you will do me a favour. For though I will not so flatter myself, as to undertake to fill up the gaps which you may observe in it; yet it may be of use, where mine is at a stand, to suggest to others matter of farther contemplation. This I often find, that what men by thinking have made clear to themselves, they are apt to think that upon the first suggestion it should be so to others, and so let it go not sufficiently explained; not considering what may be very clear to themselves, may be very obscure to others. Your penetration and quickness hinders me from expecting from you many complaints of this kind. But if you have met with any thing, in your reading of my book, which at first sight you stuck at, I shall think it a sufficient reason, in the next edition, to amend it for the benefit of meaner readers.

The remarks of that learned gentleman you mention, which you say you have in your hands, I shall receive as a favour from you.

Though by the view I had of moral ideas, whilst I was considering that subject, I thought I saw that morality might be demonstratively made out; yet whether I am able so to make it out, is another question. Every one could not have demonstrated what Mr. Newton's book hath shown to be demonstrable: but to show my readiness to obey your commands, I shall not decline, the first leisure I can get, to employ some thoughts that way; unless I find what I have said in my Essay shall have stirred up some abler man to prevent me, and effectually to do that service to the world.

We had here, the 8th instant, a very sensible earthquake, there being scarce an house wherein it was not by some body or other felt. We have news of it at several places from Cologn, as far as Bristol. Whether it reached you, I have not heard. If it did, I would be glad to know what was the exact time it was felt, if any body observed it. By the queen's pendulum at Kensington, which the shake stopped from going, it was two hours *post meridiem*. At Whitehall, where I observed it, it was by my watch two hours five minutes *post meridiem*: which, supposing the queen's pendulum went exact, and adding the equation of that day, will fall near the time marked by my watch, or a little later. If there could be found people that, in the whole extent of it, did by well adjusted clocks exactly observe the time, one might see whether it were all one shock, or proceeded gradually from one place to another.

I thank you for having taken Dr Sibelius into your protection. I desire you, with my service, to present my most humble thanks to your brother, for the favour of his letter; to which, though I have not time this post to return an answer, I shall not long delay my acknowledgments.

I hope you will see, by the freedom I have here taken with you, that I begin to reckon myself amongst your acquaintance. Use me so, I beseech you. If there be any service I can

do you here, employ me, with an assurance that I am, sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER L.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

London, 28th March, 1693.

Sir,

Your silence had spared me a great deal of fear and uneasiness, by concealing from me your sickness till it was well over, is abundantly made amends for, by the joy it brings me in the news of your recovery. You have given me those marks of your kindness to me, that you will not think it strange that I count you amongst my friends; and with those desiring to live with the ease and freedom of a perfect confidence, I never accuse them to myself of neglect or coldness when I fail to hear from them so soon as I expected or desired; though had I known you so well before as I do now, since your last letter, I should not have avoided being in pain upon account of your health.

I cannot at all doubt the sincerity of any thing you say to me; but yet give me leave to think, that it is an excess of kindness alone could excuse it from looking like compliment. But I am convinced you love your friends extremely, where you have made choice of them, and then believe you can never think nor speak too well of them. I know not whether it belongs to a man who gets once in print, to read in his book that it is perfect, and that the author is infallible. Had I had such an opinion of my own sufficiency before I writ, my Essay would have brought me to another, and given me such a sight of the weakness of my understanding, that I could not fail to suspect myself of error and mistake in many things I had writ, and to desire all the light I could get from others to set me right. I have found you one of the likeliest to afford it me; your clearness and candour gave me the confidence to ask your judgment; and I take it for no small assurance of your friendship that you have given it me, and have condescended to advise me of the printer's faults, which gives me hopes you have not concealed any you have observed in the work itself. The marginal summaries you desire of the paragraphs, I shall take care to have added, were it only for your sake; but I think too it will make the book the more useful.

That request of yours you press so earnestly upon me, makes me bemoan the distance you are from me, which deprives me of the assistance I might have from your opinion and judgment, before I ventured any thing into the public. It is so hard to find impartial freedom in one's friends, or an unbiassed judgment any where, that amongst all the helps of conversation and acquaintance, I know none more wanted, nor more useful, than speaking freely and candidly one's opinion upon the thoughts and compositions of another intended for the press. Experience has taught me that you are a friend of this rank, and therefore I cannot but heartily wish that a sea between us did not hinder me from the advantage of this good office. Had you been within reach, I should have begged your severe examination of what is now gone to the printer at your instance; I had rather I could have said upon your perusal, and with your correction. I am not, in my nature, a lover of novelty nor contradiction; but my notions in this Treatise have run me so far out of the common road and practice, that I could have been glad to have had them allowed by so sober a judgment as yours, or stopped, if they had appeared impracticable or extravagant,

from going any farther. That which your brother tells you on this occasion, is not wholly beside the matter. The main of what I now publish, is but what was contained in several letters to a friend of mine, the greatest part whereof were writ out of Holland. How your brother came to know of it I have clearly forgot, and do not remember that ever I communicated it to any body there. These letters, or at least some of them, have been seen by some of my acquaintance here, who would needs persuade me it would be of use to publish them: your impatience to see them has not, I assure you, slackened my hand, or kept me in suspense; and I wish now they were out, that you might the sooner see them, and I the sooner have your opinion of them. I know not yet whether I shall set my name to this discourse, and therefore shall desire you to conceal it. You see I make you my confessor, for you have made yourself my friend.

LETTER LI.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, April 18th, 1693.

Sir,

I have lately received farther testimonies of your kindness and friendship to me in your last of March 28th, which brings withal the welcome news of your having committed your work Of Education to the press; than which I know not any thing that I ever expected with a more earnest desire. What my brother told me relating to that treatise, he had from yourself in Holland; but, perhaps, you might have forgot what passed between you on that occasion. I perceive you fear the novelty of some notions therein may seem extravagant; but, if I may venture to judge of the author, I fear no such thing from him. I doubt not but the work will be new and peculiar, as his other performances; and this it is that renders them estimable and pleasant. He that travels the beaten roads, may chance indeed to have company; but he that takes his liberty, and manages it with judgment, is the man that makes useful discoveries, and most beneficial to those that follow him. Had Columbus never ventured farther than his predecessors, we had yet been ignorant of a vast part of our earth, preferable (as some say) to all the other three. And if none may be allowed to try the ocean of philosophy farther than our ancestors, we shall have but little advancements or discoveries made in the *mundus intellectualis*;* wherein, I believe, there is much more unknown than what we have yet found out.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, August 12th, 1693.

Sir,

Yours of July 15th came to my hands about a fortnight since; and I had, ere this, acknowledged the favour thereof, but that I waited the arrival of your much desired piece, Of Education, which came not to me till about three days ago. I immediately set myself to read it, as all things from its author, with the utmost attention; and I find it answerable to the highest expectations I had of it. And since, with your usual modesty, you are pleased to require my thoughts more particularly concerning it, I shall, with all freedom, but at the same time with all deference, propose them to you, not doubting of your favourable interpretation and pardon, where you see it

* The intellectual world.

needful. And first, in general, I think you propose nothing in your whole book but what is very reasonable, and very practicable, except only in one particular, which seems to bear hard on the tender spirits of children, and the natural affections of parents: it is pages 117, 118, where you advise, "That a child should never be suffered to have what he craves, or so much as he speaks for, much less if he cries for it." I acknowledge what you say in explaining this rule, sect. 101. in relation to natural wants, especially that of hunger, may be well enough allowed; but in sect. 102. where you come to apply it to wants of fancy and affectation, you seem too strict and severe. You say indeed, "This will teach them to stifle their desires, and to practise modesty and temperance:" but for teaching these virtues, I conceive we shall have occasions enough in relation to their hurtful desires, without abridging them so wholly in matters indifferent and innocent, that tend only to divert and please their busy spirits. You allow indeed, "That it would be inhumanity to deny them those things one perceives would delight them:" if so, I see no reason why, in a modestway, and with submission to the wills of their superiors, they may not be allowed to declare what will delight them. No, say you; "But in all wants of fancy and affectation, they should never, if once declared, be hearkened to or complied with." This I can never agree to, it being to deny that liberty between a child and its parents, as we desire, and have granted us, between man and his Creator. And as in this case man is allowed to declare his wants, and with submission to recommend his requests to God; so I think children may be allowed, by their parents or governors. And as between the creature and the Creator all manner of repining, upon denial or disappointment, is forbidden; so in the case of children, all frowardness or discontent, upon a refusal, is severely to be reprimanded. But thus far I agree with you in the whole, "That whether it be in wants natural or fanciful, that they express their desires in a froward humoursome manner, there they should be surely denied them." A farther reason for my allowing children a liberty of expressing their innocent desires is, that the contrary is impracticable; and you must have the children almost moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else you must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man alive, I leave you to judge. And besides, were it an easy task for any adult person to study the fancy, the unaccountable fancy, and diversion of children, the whole year round; yet it would not prove delightful to a child, being not his own choice. But this, you will say, is what you would have imprinted on them, "That they are not to choose for themselves;" but why not in harmless things, and plays or sports, I see no reason. In all things of moment, let them live by the conduct of others wiser than themselves.

This, sir, is all, that in your whole book I stick at; to all the rest I could subscribe. And I am not a little pleased, when I consider that my own management of my only little one has hitherto been agreeable, in the main, to your rules, save only in what relates to his hardy breeding; which I was cautious in, because he is come from a tender and sickly mother; but the child himself is hitherto (God be thanked) very healthful, though not very strong.

The rules you give for the correcting of children, and implanting in their minds an early sense of praise or dispraise, of repute and dishonour are certainly very just.

The contrivances you propose for teaching them to read and write, are very ingenious. And because I have practised one much of the same nature, I will venture to describe it. "It is by writing syllables and words in print-hand, on the face of a pack of cards, with figures or ciphers adjoined to each word; by which I can form twenty several sorts of games, that shall teach children both to read and count at the same time; and this with great variety." One thing more I shall venture to add to what you direct concerning writing; that is, I will have my son taught short-hand; I do not mean to that perfection as to copy a speech from the mouth of a ready speaker, but to be able to write it readily for his own private business. Believe me, sir, it is as useful a knack as a man of business, or any scholar, can be master of; and I have found the want of it myself, and seen the advantage of it in others frequently.

You are certainly in the right of it, relating to the manner of acquiring languages, French, Latin, &c. and in what you lay down concerning grammar-schools, themes, verses, and other learning. But above all, what you direct in every particular, for the forming of children's minds, and giving them an early turn to morality, virtue, religion, &c. is most excellent.

And I can only say in general, that I can give no better proof of my liking your book in all these precepts, than by a strict observance of them in the education of my own son, which I shall pursue (God willing) as exactly as I can. One thing I fear I shall be at a loss in, that is, a tutor agreeable to the character you prescribe. But in this, neither shall my endeavours be wanting, though I leave him the worse estate, to leave him the better mind.

I could heartily have wished you had been more particular in naming the authors you would advise gentlemen to read, and be conversant in, in the several parts of learning you recommend to their study. Had you done this, I know no logic that deserves to be named, but the Essay of Human Understanding. So that I fear you would rather have left that head open, than recommend your own work.

The last thing I shall take notice of, is what mightily pleases me, it being the very thought of my own mind these many years; which is, your "recommending a manual trade to all gentlemen." This I have ever been for, and have wondered how it comes to pass that it is so generally neglected; but the lazy effeminate luxuriousness, that over-runs the nation, occasions the neglect thereof. Painting I have ever designed for my son; but you have raised two objections against it, that are not easily answered; especially its taking up so much time to attain a mastery in it.

I have now given you my opinion of your book, and now I am obliged to thank you for sending me a present which I so highly value.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, 23d August, 1693.

Sir,

Yours of August 12th, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble, suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully, by the length and kindness, and let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the ap-

probation you so largely give to my book is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts, will have removed, before I say any thing to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affection of a kind father should startle at it, at first reading, and think it very severe, that children should not be suffered to express their desires; for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint, you fear, would be apt to mope them and hinder their diversion. But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not be indulged, or complied with in any thing their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say, That children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge; seems to intimate as if you understood that children should do nothing but by the prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing, for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would, as much as possible, have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed; and when you have put that together, judge, whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that: for when they have either done what their governor thinks enough in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should of course be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as you can be; and upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but you will find me so. But being allowed that, as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires or importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like, especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad? the other strait has a mind to do it too. Has such an one new or fine clothes, or play-things? they, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with, if they have it not. This being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families in the world than one. This should be suppressed in its very first rise; and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should by constant use learn to be very modest in owning their desires, and careful not to ask any thing of their parents, but what

they have reason to think their parents will approve of; and a reprimand upon their ill bearing a refusal comes too late when the fault is committed and allowed; and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied: so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and think then the fittest time for a cure, and, I think, the surest and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children, that is in grown men; and how often do we find men take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for, if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any farther in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child, which in some cases should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general, is only to show what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances, as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about; you say your son is not very strong; to make him strong, you must use him hardily, as I have directed; but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the Spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet: and the cough, which threatened him under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents' constant apprehension, as it was.

I am of your mind as to short-hand: I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ; as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things, which might have been said on this subject. But it was only at first a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done unless one knew the child's temper, and what he was designed to.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, 28th March, 1695.

Dear sir,

You will, I fear, think me frozen up with this long winter, or else with a negligence colder than that, having two very obliging letters of yours by me, the one ever since January, the other February last, I make you no answer to either, till thus far in March. The truth is, expecting ever since I received your last letter, an account from London, concerning something I had a mind to put into my letter, and after writing four times about it, being yet delayed, I can forbear no longer to return you my thanks, and to beg your pardon that I have been so slow in it. If you interpret it right, you will look upon it as the effect of a friendship got past formalities, and that has confidence enough to make bold with you, where it is without neglect of you, or prejudice to either. I was not a little rejoiced with the news you sent me, in the first of your letters, of your safe recovery of a fever. Had I known it before the danger was over, that you had been ill, it would have been no small fright and pain to me; for I must assure you,

that amongst all the friends your kindness or worth has procured you, there is not any one who values you more than I do, or does more interest himself in all your concerns. This makes me, that though I have a long time extremely desired to see you, and propose to myself an infinite satisfaction in a free conversation with you; yet what you tell me, that you were coming last summer into England to make me a visit, makes me dread the satisfaction of my own wishes. And methinks I ought not to purchase one of the greatest happinesses I can propose to myself at so dear and dangerous a rate. I have received many and great obligations from you before, but they were such as, though I had no title to, I thought I might accept from one whom I love, and therefore was glad to find kind to me. But when I reflect on the length of the way, and the sea between us, the danger of the one, and the fatigue of both, and your no very robust constitution, as I imagine, I cannot consent you should venture so much for my sake. If any harm should happen to you in the journey, I could never forgive it myself, to be the occasion of so great a loss to the world and myself. And if you should come safe, the greatness of the hazard, and an obligation out of all proportion to what I either ought to receive, or was capable to return, would overwhelm me with shame, and hinder my enjoyment. And yet, if I may confess my secret thoughts, there is not any thing which I would not give that some other unavoidable occasion would draw you into England. A rational free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is so rare a thing, that I almost worship such a friend; but when friendship is joined to it, and these are brought into a free conversation, where they meet, and can be together, what is there can have equal charms? I cannot but exceedingly wish for that happy day when I may see a man I have so often longed to have in my embraces. But yet, though it would endear the gift to receive it from his kindness, I cannot but wish rather that fortune alone would throw him into my arms.

This cold winter has kept me so close a prisoner within doors, that, till yesterday, I have been abroad but once these three months, and that only a mile in a coach. And the inability I am in to breathe London air in cold weather, has hindered me yet from the happiness of waiting on Dr. Ashe; but I hope to get to London before he leaves it, that I may, to a person whom you have an esteem for, pay some part of the respects I owe you. I had last week the honour of a visit from an ingenious gentleman, a member of your college at Dublin, lately returned from Turkey. He told me he was a kinsman of yours; and, though his other good qualities might have made him welcome any where, he was not, you may be sure, the less welcome to me, for being known and related to you. He seems to me to have been very diligent and curious in making observations while he has been abroad, and more inquisitive than most of our people that go into those parts: and by the discourse I had with him the little time we were together, I promise myself we shall have a more exact account of those parts, in what I hope he intends to publish, than hitherto is extant. Dr. Huntingdon, who was formerly at Aleppo, and is my old acquaintance, and now my neighbour in this country, brought Mr. Smith hither with him from his house: but yet I must acknowledge the favour to you, and desire you to thank him for it, when he returns to Dublin; for the friendship he knew you had for me, was, I take it, the great inducement that made him give himself the trouble of coming six or seven miles in a dirty country.

You do so attack me on every side with your kindness to my book, to me, to my shadow, that I cannot but be ashamed I am not in a capacity to make you any other acknowledgment, but in a very full and deep sense of it. I return you my thanks for the corrections you have sent me, which I will take all the care of I can in the next edition, which my bookseller tells me he thinks will be this summer: and if any other fall under your observation, I shall desire the continuance of your favour in communicating them.

I must own to you, that I have been solicited from beyond sea to put my Essay into Latin; but you guess right, I have not the leisure to do it. It was once translated by a young man in Holland into Latin; but he was so little master of the English or Latin tongue, that when it was showed me, which he did not till he had quite done it, I satisfied him that it would be very little for his credit to publish it, and so that was laid by. Since that, my bookseller was, and had been for some time seeking for a translator, whom he would have treated with to have undertaken it, and have satisfied for his pains: but a little before the coming of your letter, he writ me word he had been disappointed, where he expected to have found one who would have done it, and was now at a loss. So that what you call a bold, is not only the kindest, but the most seasonable proposal you could have made. You understand my thoughts as well as I do myself, and can be a fit judge whether the translator has expressed them well in Latin or no, and can direct him where to omit or contract any thing, where you think I have been more large than needed. And though in this I know you intend, as you say, some good to the world, yet I cannot but take it as a very particular obligation to myself, and shall not be a little satisfied to have my book go abroad into the world with the strokes of your judicious hand to it; for, as to omitting, adding, altering, transposing any thing in it, I permit it wholly to your judgment. And if there be any thing in it defective, or which you think may be added with advantage to the design of the whole work, if you will let me know, I shall endeavour to supply that defect the best I can. The chapter of Identity and Diversity, which owes its birth wholly to your putting me upon it, will be an encouragement to you to lay any the like commands upon me. I have had some thoughts myself, that it would not be possibly amiss to add, in *lib.* iv. *cap.* 18. something about Enthusiasm, or to make a chapter of it by itself. If you are of the same mind, and that it will not be foreign to the business of my Essay, I promise you, before the translator you shall employ shall be got so far, I will send you my thoughts on that subject, so that it may be put into the Latin edition. I have also examined P. Malebranche's opinion, concerning "Seeing all things in God," and to my own satisfaction laid open the vanity, inconsistency, and unintelligibleness, of that way of explaining human understanding. I have gone almost, but not quite through it, and know not whether I now ever shall finish it, being fully satisfied myself about it. You cannot think how often I regret the distance that is between us; I envy Dublin for what I every day want in London. Were you in my neighbourhood, you would every day be troubled with the proposal of some of my thoughts to you. I find mine generally so much out of the way of the books I meet with, or men led by books, that were I not conscious to myself that I impartially seek truth, I should be discouraged from letting my thoughts loose, which commonly lead me out of the beaten track.

However, I want somebody near me, to whom I could freely communicate them, and without reserve lay them open. I should find security and ease in such a friend as you, were you within distance; for your judgment would confirm and set me at rest, where it approved, and your candour would excuse what your judgment corrected, and set me right in. As to your request you now repeat to me, I desire you to believe that there is nothing in your letters which I pass over slightly, or without taking notice of; and if I formerly said nothing to it, think it to be, that I thought it the best way of answering a friend whom I was resolved to deny nothing that was in my power. There are some particular obligations that tie me up in the point, and which have drawn on me some displeasure for a time from some of my friends, who made me a somewhat like demand. But I expect to find you more reasonable, and give you this assurance, that you shall be the first that shall be satisfied in that point. I am not forgetful of what you so kindly put me upon. I think nobody ought to live only to eat and drink, and count the days he spends idly. The small remainder of a crazy life, I shall, as much as my health will permit, apply to the search of truth, and shall not neglect to propose to myself those that may be most useful. My paper is more than done, and, I suppose, you tired; and yet I can scarce give off. I am, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, April 26, 1695.

Sir,

You look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and overvaluings of good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself; I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quo libet ente*;* to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder

* About any thing.

not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could show him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, 2d July, 1695.

Dear sir,

Did I not assure myself that our friendship were grown beyond suspicion of compliment, I should think I should have need to make excuses to you for my long silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither forgetfulness nor negligence. The specimen of the translation you sent me gave me some reason to apprehend that Mr. Mullart's style would lay too great a burden on your kindness, by often needing the correction of your hand, to make it express my sense with that clearness and easiness which I know you desire. My bookseller therefore having before told me of one who had offered to undertake the translation of my Essay, I have been ever since endeavouring to get from him a specimen, that I might send it you, and have your opinion which is like to do best; and so if this man had a talent that way, you might be eased of the trouble which your friendship to me and zeal to the work, I foresee, is likely to lay upon you. But having the last post received this account from Mr. Churchill, that the gentleman proposed is in the country, and must have a book sent him down on purpose before we can expect to see any thing from him, and this being all to be managed by a third hand, who is not every day to be met with, I have resolved to lose no more time on that thought, but accepting of your kind offer, put that whole matter into your hands, to be ordered as you shall think best, and shall spend no more time in other inquiries, since the gentleman you propose will (as I remember you told me) be about this time at leisure to set himself in earnest to it. There is one thing I would offer, which may be of advantage to him and the work too; and that is, that he would constantly and sedulously read Tully, especially his philosophical works, which will insensibly work him into a good Latin style. I have heard it reported of Bishop Sanderson, that being asked how he came to write Latin so well, as appears in the treatises he published in that tongue; he answered, "by ordering his studies so that he read over all Tully's works every year." I leave it to you whether you will think fit to mention this to Mr. Mullart.

The Abridgment of my Essay is quite finished: it is done by a very ingenious man of Oxford, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his learning and virtue, who has a great many pupils. It is done with the same design you had in view when you mentioned it. He has generally

(as far as I could remember) made use of my words: he very civilly sent it me when it was done, and upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. Churchill's hands, and will be printed as soon as the third edition of my Essay, which is now in the press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good effects of my method on your son. I should be glad to know the particulars: for though I have seen the success of it in a child of the lady in whose house I am (whose mother has taught him Latin without knowing it herself when she began), yet I would be glad to have other instances, because some men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the world by a new method, object, I hear, that my way of education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the child abovementioned, but nine years old in June last, has learned to read and write very well; is now reading Quintus Curtius with his mother; understands geography and chronology very well, and the Copernican system of our vortex; is able to multiply well and divide a little; and all this without ever having one blow for his book. The third edition is now out; I have ordered Mr. Churchill to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your opinion of the additions, which have much increased the bulk of the book. And though I think all that I have said right, yet you are the man I depend on for a fair and free censure, not inclined either to flatter or quarrel. You know not of what value a knowing man, that is a sincere lover of truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not, therefore, if I place a great part of my happiness in your friendship, and wish every day you were my neighbour; you would then find what use I should make of it. But not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the advantage I can at this distance. Read the additions and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the world. Pray let me know whether the doctor, your brother, has any children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my books of Education.

With my treatise of Education, I believe you will receive another little one concerning Interest and Coinage. It is one of the fatherless children which the world lay at my door; but whoever be the author, I shall be glad to know your opinion of it.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, 10th Jan. 1697-8.

Dear sir,

Your gentle and kind reproof of my silence has greater marks of true friendship in it than can be expressed in the most elaborate professions, or be sufficiently acknowledged by a man who has not the opportunity nor ability to make those returns he would. Though I have had less health and more business since I writ to you last than ever I had for so long together in my life, yet neither the one nor the other had kept me so long a truant, had not the concurrence of other causes drilled me on from day to day, in a neglect of what I frequently purposed, and always thought myself obliged to do. Perhaps, the listlessness my indispositions constantly keep me in made me too easily hearken to such excuses; but the expectation of hearing every day from Mons. Le Clerk, that I might send you his answer; and the thoughts that I should be able to send your brother an account, that his curious treatise concerning the Chafers in Ireland was printed; were

at least the pretences that served to humour my laziness. Business kept me in town longer than was convenient for my health: all the day from my rising was commonly spent in that; and when I came home at night, my shortness of breath, and panting for want of it, made me ordinarily so uneasy, that I had no heart to do any thing; so that the usual diversion of my vacant hours forsook me, and reading itself was a burden to me. In this estate I lingered along in town to December, till I betook myself to my wonted refuge, in the more favourable air and retirement of this place. That gave me presently relief against the constant oppression of my lungs, while I sit still; but I find such a weakness of them still remain, that if I stir ever so little, I am immediately out of breath, and the very dressing or undressing me is a labour that I am fain to rest after to recover my breath; and I have not been once out of my house since I came last hither. I wish nevertheless that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find, that, sitting by the fire's side, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with. Do not therefore figure to yourself, that I am languishing away my last hours under an unsociable despondency and the weight of my infirmity. It is true, I do not count upon years of life to come, but I thank God I have not many uneasy hours here in the four-and-twenty; and if I can have the wit to keep myself out of the stifling air of London, I see no reason but, by the grace of God, I may get over this winter, and that terrible enemy of mine may use me no worse than the last did, which, as severe and as long as it was, let me yet see another summer.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

Oates, 6th April, 1698.

Dear sir,

There is none of the letters that ever I received from you gave me so much trouble as your last of March 15. I was told that you resolved to come into England early in the spring, and lived in the hopes of it more than you can imagine. I do not mean that I had greater hopes of it than you can imagine; but it enlivened me, and contributed to the support of my spirits more than you can think. But your letter has quite dejected me again. The thing I above all things long for, is to see, and embrace, and have some discourse with you before I go out of this world. I meet with so few capable of truth, or worthy of a free conversation, such as becomes lovers of truth, that you cannot think it strange if I wish for some time with you for the exposing, sifting, and rectifying of my thoughts. If they have gone any thing farther in the discovery of truth than what I have already published, it must be by your encouragement that I must go on to finish some things which I have already begun; and with you I hoped to discourse my other yet crude and imperfect thoughts, in which, if there were any thing useful to mankind, if they were opened and deposited with you, I know them safe lodged for the advantage of truth some time or other: for I am in doubt, whether it be fit for me to trouble the press with any new matter; or if I did, I look on my life as so near worn out, that it would be folly to hope to finish

any thing of moment in the small remainder of it. I hoped therefore, as I said, to have seen you, and unravelled to you that which lying in the lump unexplicated in my mind, I scarce yet know what it is myself; for I have often had experience that a man cannot well judge of his own notions till, either by setting them down in paper, or in discoursing them to a friend, he has drawn them out, and as it were spread them fairly before himself. As for writing, my ill health gives me little heart or opportunity for it; and of seeing you I begin now to despair; and that which very much adds to my affliction in the case is, that you neglect your own health on considerations, I am sure, that are not worth your health; for nothing, if expectations were certainties, can be worth it. I see no likelihood of the parliament's rising yet this good while; and when they are up, who knows whether the man you expect to relieve you, will come to you presently or at all? You must therefore lay by that business for a while which detains you, or get some other body into it, if you will take that care of your health this summer which you designed, and it seems to require; and if you defer it till the next, who knows but your care of it may then come too late? There is nothing that we are such spendthrifts of as health; we spare every thing sooner than that, though whatever we sacrifice it to is worth nothing without it. Pardon me the liberty I take with you; you have given me an interest in you; and it is a thing of too much value to me to look coldly on whilst you are running into any inconvenience or danger, and say nothing. If that could be any spur to you to hasten your journey hither, I would tell you I have an Answer ready for the press, which I should be glad you should see first. It is too long: the plenty of matter of all sorts which the gentleman affords me, is the cause of its too great length, though I have passed by many things worthy of remarks; but what may be spared of what there is, I would be glad should be blotted out by your hand. But this between us.

Amongst other things I would be glad to talk with you about before I die, is that which you suggest at the bottom of the first page of your letter. I am mightily concerned for the place meant in the question you say you will ask the author of the treatise you mention, and wish extremely well to it; and would be very glad to be informed by you what would be best for it, and debate with you the ways to compose it. But this cannot be done by letters; the subject is of too great extent, the views too large, and the particulars too many to be so managed. Come therefore yourself, and come as well prepared in that matter as you can. But if you talk with others on that point there, mention not me to any body on that subject; only let you and I try what good we can do for those whom we wish well to. Great things have sometimes been brought about from small beginnings well laid together.

Pray present my most humble service to your brother: I should be glad of an opportunity to do him some service. That which he thanks me for in my care about his discourse concerning the Chafers, was a service to the public, and he owes me no thanks for it. I am, dear sir, your faithful and most humble servant.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1698.

Honoured dear sir,

I arrived here safely the 15th instant; and now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever un-

der in my life; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts, makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. It is with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you give my most humble respects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little pressed by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival; to which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, sir, your most obliged, and entirely affectionate friend and servant.

LETTER LX.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Molyneux.

London, Sept. 29th, 1693.

Dear sir,

Yours of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weather-cock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on the other side the water. But pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read.

I find you were beset with business when you wrote your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with a perfect affection, dear sir, your most humble and most faithful servant.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. Locke to Mr. Burridge.

Oates, Oct. 27th, 1698.

Sir,

You guessed not amiss when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter; for I have received few letters in my life the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in

a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time; but it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss in an eternal farewell in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments; a fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it in any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake (his father has more than once talked to me of him) as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing wherein I at this distance may be any way serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to show that my friendship died not with him.

Pray give my most humble service to Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, sir, your faithful and humble servant.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, August 27th, 1692.

Sir,

I am very sensible of your great civility, in remembering me upon so short an acquaintance as I had with you in Holland so long time since; and I assure you, without any compliment, I reckon it amongst the most fortunate accidents of my life, my so luckily falling into your conversation, which was so candid, diverting, and instructive, that I still reap the benefit and satisfaction of it. Some years after I left you in Holland, upon my return for England, I contracted no small intimacy with Dr. Sydenham, on the account of having been known to you his much esteemed friend; and I found him so accurate an observer of diseases, so thoroughly skilled in all useful knowledge of his profession, and withal so communicative, that his acquaintance was a very great advantage to me: and all this I chiefly owe to you, sir, besides the information of many useful truths, and a great deal of very pleasing entertainment I have met with in the perusal of your lately published writings: so that on many accounts I must needs say there are very few men in the world, to whom I can with the like sincerity profess myself to be, as I am, dear sir, your most real friend, and very humble and obliged servant.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Oates, Jan. 20th, 1692-3.

Sir,

I must acknowledge the care you take of my health, in a way wherein you so kindly apply to my mind; and if I could persuade myself that my weak constitution was owing to that strength of mind you ascribe to me, or accompanied with it, I should find therein, if not a remedy, yet a great relief against the infirmities of my body. However, I am not the less obliged to you for so friendly an application; and if the cordial you prescribe be not to be had (for I know none equal to a judicious and capacious mind), your kindness is not to be blamed, who I am confident wish me that satisfaction, or any thing else that could contribute to my health.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Oates, 27th October, 1693.

Sir,

Death has with a violent hand hastily snatched from you a dear brother. I doubt not but on this occasion you need all the consolation can be given to one unexpectedly bereft of so worthy and near a relation. Whatever inclination I may have to alleviate your sorrow, I bear too great a share in the loss, and am too sensibly touched with it myself, to be in a condition to discourse you on this subject, or do any thing but mingle my tears with yours. I have lost in your brother, not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed; but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved: and what a loss that is, those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure. He has left a son who I know was dear to him, and deserved to be so as much as was possible for one of his age. I cannot think myself wholly incapacitated from paying some of the affection and service was due from me to my dear friend, as long as he has a child or a brother in the world. If therefore there be any thing at this distance wherein I in my little sphere may be able to serve your nephew or you, I beg you, by the memory of our deceased friend, to let me know it; that you may see, that one who loved him so well cannot but be tenderly concerned for his son, nor be otherwise than I am, sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant.

LETTER LXV.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1693.

Sir,

For a-while I deferred making any return for the favour of your last letter, on the account I understood by one of yours to my brother, that I was suddenly to expect another obligation from you, by the receipt of your Treatise of Education, which yesterday first came to my hands; and now I return you my hearty thanks for both your kindnesses together: of which, should I express the real thoughts I have, I should seem to run either into extravagant compliment, or gross flattery: but thus much I must needs say, that as your letter certainly contains, in short, the only true method for the prosecuting the curing part of the practice of physic, and the sure way of improving it; a matter of the chiefest good in relation to men's bodies; so your book of Education lays down such rules for the breeding of youth, as if followed must necessarily prove of the greatest advantage to the better part of man, the mind; by insensibly disposing it to an habitual exercise of what is virtuous and laudable, and the acquisition of all such knowledge as is necessary for one's own good, or that of others whom we are to converse with. Whence I cannot but think, had those of our own countries but a thorough persuasion, and a right sense of the great benefit that redounds from a careful education, so as universally to put it in practice, without question we should soon become a nation as remarkably different from the rest of the world for the inward endowments of our minds, and the rectitude of our manners, as the negroes are from the rest of mankind for their outward shape and colour of body. But this I fear is a

happiness only to be wished for; however, he that makes it his endeavour to promote so great a good, by showing the certain way to it, if they would follow him, justly deserves the high esteem of all that know how to value a truly public spirit.

I hope, sir, you have your health better, and that we may suddenly have abroad your Essay of Human Understanding, with those farther additions and alterations you have some while since designed for the press: I am confident it is impatiently expected by all that are acquainted with your writings, and that peculiar clear manner of delivering truth you are so much master of, but by none more than, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. Molyneux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, November 26th, 1698.

Sir,

As you have a true sense of every thing, so you were very much in the right, when you tell me in the letter you favoured me with of the 27th of last month, that I needed all the consolation could be given one that had lost so unexpectedly a dear and only brother. His death indeed has been a severe affliction to me; and though I have you, and many more that bear a great share with me in my sorrow; yet this does no way alleviate it, but makes it fall the heavier upon me; for it doubles my grief to think what an unspeakable loss he must be to so near a relation, that is so much lamented by those that were only acquainted with him. I could not believe that mortality could have made so deep an impression on me, whose profession leads into so thorough a familiarity with it; but I find a passionate affection surmounts all this, and the *tecum obeam lubens*, though it was the expression of a poet, yet I am sensible was a very natural one where we love extremely, and the Indians prove it no less in fact. Could any outward circumstance of his life have increased that brotherly affection I had for him, it must have been that he had so great a part in your friendship, who must be allowed to have a nice judgment in discerning the true characters and worth of men. He frequently in his life-time has expressed to me with great complacency of mind, how happy he thought himself in your acquaintance, and he spoke of you several times during his short sickness, with great respect. With his own hand he has writ this clause in his will: "I give and bequeath to my excellent friend John Locke, Esquire, author of the Essay concerning Human Understanding, the sum of five pounds to buy him a ring, in memory of the value and esteem I had for him." This I shall take care to send you in a bill by Mr. Churchill's hands, when he states the account as it stands between him and my brother. The only child he has left behind him is under my care and management. I shall endeavour to discharge this trust, with all the regard to my brother's memory, and the advantage of his child, I can: but it grieves me to think that I must surely fall very much short of that extraordinary application and prudence his father would have shown in his education; for he made it the chiefest, and indeed the only business of his life. I have made his little son as sensible as his tender age would allow, how much he is obliged to you, his father's friend, for your earnest desire to serve him: I wish you may both prolong your lives so, as he may one day be more thankful and capable of your kindness, by profiting much from your good instructions and advice. And since you so earnestly press me, by the me-

mory of your deceased friend, to let you know wherein you might oblige me, I will venture to break the bounds of modesty so far, as to tell you I should be extremely pleased to receive from yourself the last edition of your incomparable Essay of Human Understanding, and such other pieces of your works as you shall think fit; for all which, as I have a great esteem, so I should have a more particular regard coming from yourself, as a private memorial of my dear brother's friend, and of a person for whom I have such an extraordinary value; as I shall ever be proud of owning myself, sir, your truly affectionate and humble servant.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Locke to Dr. Molyneux.

Oates, 25th January, 1698-9.

Sir,

I have been slower in returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter of the 26th of November, and the civilities you express to me in it, than perhaps I should have been. But the truth is, my thoughts never look towards Dublin now, without casting such a cloud upon my mind, and laying such a load of fresh sorrow on me for the loss of my dear friend, your brother, that I cannot without displeasure turn them that way; and when I do it, I find myself very unfit for conversation and the entertainment of a friend. It is therefore not without pain that I bring myself to write you a scurvy letter. What there wants in it of expression, you must make up out of the esteem I have for the memory of our common friend; and I desire you not to think my respects to you the less, because the loss of your brother makes me not able to speak them as I would.

Since you are pleased to put such a value on my trifles, I have given order to Mr. Churchill to send you my last reply to the bishop of Worcester, and the last edition of my Treatise of Education, which came forth since Mr. Molyneux's death. I send this with the more confidence to you because your brother told me more than once, that he followed the method I therein offer to the world, in the breeding of his son. I wish you may find it fit to be continued to him, and useful to you in his education; for I cannot but be mightily concerned for the son of such a father, and wish that he may grow up into that esteem and character which his father left behind him amongst all good men who knew him. As for my Essay concerning Human Understanding, it is now out of print; and if it were not, I think I should make you but an ill compliment in sending it you less perfect than I design it should be in the next edition, in which I shall make many additions to it; and when it is as perfect as I can make it, I know not whether in sending it you I shall not load you with a troublesome and useless present. But since by desiring it you seem to promise me your acceptance, I shall as soon as it is reprinted take the liberty to thrust it into your study. I am, sir, your most humble and faithful servant.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Lord Shaftesbury to* ———.

Feb. 24th, 1706-7.

I accept kindly the offer of your correspondence, and chiefly as it comes from you with heartiness and (the best of characters) simplicity. When this disposition of heart attends our searches into learning and philosophy, we need not fear being

* These letters were written before the Characteristics, which were first published 1711.

"vainly puffed up," or falling into that false way of wisdom, which the Scripture calls "vain philosophy." When the improvement of our minds, and the advancement of our reason, is all we aim at; and this only to fit us for a perfecter, more rational, and worthier service of God; we can have no scruples whether or no the work be an acceptable one to him. But where neither our duty to mankind, nor obedience to our Creator, is any way the end or object of our studies or exercises, be they ever so curious or exquisite, they may be justly styled "vain;" and often the vainer, for carrying with them the false show of excellence and superiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous even towards divinity than logics, metaphysics, and what we call university-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforewarned, or, what is worse, prepossessed with the excellency of such learning: as if all wisdom lay in the solution of those riddles of the schoolmen, who in the last ages of the church, found out an excellent way to destroy religion by philosophy, and render reason and philosophy ridiculous, under that garb they had put on it. If your circumstances or condition suffer you to enter into the world by a university, well is it for you that you have prevented such prepossession.

However, I am not sorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Essay of Human Understanding, which may as well qualify for business and the world, as for the sciences and a university. No one has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort; who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning. And above all, I wonder to hear him censured so much by any Church-of-England men, for advancing reason and bringing the use of it so much into religion; when it is by this only that we fight against the enthusiasts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat those visionaries, who in the last age broke in so foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at least) esteemed so terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of those who, in these truly happy times, esteem our church as wholly out of danger; yet should we hearken to those men who disclaim this use of reason in religion, we must lay ourselves open afresh to all fanatics. For what else is fanaticism? Where does the stress of their cause lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the spirit; their unexpressible pretended feelings, apprehensions, and lights within; their inspirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c.; are not these, I say, the foundations on which they build their cause? Are not our cold dead reasonings (as they call them) a reproach and stumbling-block to them? if you will believe their leaders, who are instantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts and spirits, and supernatural graces, if they are once brought to the test of cool reason and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cause, by giving up reason? Shall we give them up our Tillotsons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what less is it to give up this way of reason so much decried by those condemners of Mr. Locke? But such is the spirit of some men in controversial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Master Locke, has (I am lately told) turned rigid Calvinist, as to all the points of predestination, free grace, &c.; and not only this cler-

gyman, but several more in the university of that high party, who ran as high in opposition to Calvinism but one reign or two since. The reason of this is but too obvious. Our bishops and dignified churchmen (the most worthily and justly dignified of any in any age) are, as they ever were, inclinable to moderation in the high Calvinistic points. But they are also inclinable to moderation in other points.

They are for toleration, inviolable toleration (as our queen nobly and Christianly said it, in her speech a year or two since); and this is itself intolerable with our high gentlemen, who despise the gentleness of their Lord and Master, and the sweet mild government of our queen, preferring rather that abominable blasphemous representative of church power, attended with the worst of temporal governments, as we see it in perfection of each kind in France. From this, and from its abettors of every kind, and in every way, I pray God deliver us, whilst we are daily thankful for what in his providence he has already done towards it, and to the happiness and glory of our excellent queen and country. So farewell. I am your good friend to serve you.

LETTER LXIX.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

May 10th, 1707.

Since your disposition inclines you so strongly towards university-learning, and your sound exercise of your reason, and the integrity of your heart, give good assurance against the narrow principles and contagious manner of those corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated; I shall not be wanting to you on my part, when I shall see the fruit of your studies, life, and conversation, answerable to those good seeds of principles you seem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reason and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep; especially since your desires and natural inclinations are towards so serious a station in life, which others undertake too slightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; assuring yourself that the highest principle, which is the love of God, is best attained, not by dark speculations and monkish philosophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a study of their interests: the chief of which, and that which only raises them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reason in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world. Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, or soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a people, they are soon reduced to that base and brutal state, both in their understandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, must be supported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot consist but with a right knowledge of man's great interests, and of the only ways and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and essential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done, and am your good friend to serve you.

LETTER LXX.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

November 19th, 1707.

Truly if your heart correspond en-

tirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel those good principles you have expressed, I cannot but have a great increase of kindness and esteem for you.

Imagine not that I suspect you of so mean a thing as hypocrisy or affected virtue: I am fully satisfied you mean and intend what you write. But, alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is such, that it is a thousand times easier to frame the highest ideas of virtue and goodness, than to practise the least part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons why virtue is so ill practised; because the impressions, which seem so strong at first, are too far relied on. We are apt to think, that what appears so fair, and strikes us so forcibly, at the first view, will surely hold with us. We launch forth into speculation; and after a time, when we look back and see how slowly practice comes up to it, we are the sooner led to despondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to restrain yourself within due bounds; and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable of practising. For there is a sort of spiritual ambition; and in reading those truly divine authors whom you have sometimes cited to me, I have observed many to have miscarried by too fervent and eager a pursuit of such perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of those dull souls that are incapable of any spiritual refinement. I rejoice to see you raise yourself above the rank of sordid and sensual spirits, who, though set apart and destined to spirituals, understand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little scholarship and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to see that you think of other preparations, and another discipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongst that indolent and supine race of men.

You are sensible, I perceive, that there is another sort of study, a profounder meditation, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor, illiterate, and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the Divine Goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with, where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, *viz.* that we are made to contemplate and love God entirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you will see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men, and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means,

without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which can never burn towards God till those other fires are extinct.

God grant that since you know this better way, this chaste and holy discipline, you may still pursue it with that just and pious jealousy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your senses, may be led away to serve themselves, or any thing but that Creator who made them for his service, and in whom alone is happiness and rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad to hear still of you.

LETTER LXXI.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

April 2d, 1708.

I have received yours every week, and am highly satisfied with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expressing them; for in this I would have you keep an entire freedom, and deliver your sentiments still nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for: and though the ornaments of style are what you are obliged to study and practise on other occasions, the less you regard them, and the greater simplicity you discover in writing privately to myself, the greater my satisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleased with your thoughts and reasonings on Christian liberty, and the zeal you show for that noble principle, by which we cease to be slaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of those precepts and injunctions, which tend absolutely to our good and happiness in every respect, we become liberal servants and children of God.

A mind thus released and set at liberty, if it once sees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or disheartened in the pursuit, whatever discouragement surrounds it. It is the inward enemy alone can stop it. For when a mind, set free from voluntary error and self-darkening conceit, aspires to what is generous and deserving, nothing but what is vile and slavish from within can deaden it; nothing but a base love of inward slavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to effect this.

In some, who are horridly degenerate, this submission is wholly voluntary. Self-interest leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in society and confederacy with some faction or party, to the support of temporal ends. In this case it carries a specious show of public good; whether it be in church or state. And thus it is often the occasion of an open denial of reason, and of a bare-faced opposition to the glorious search of truth.

In others, it is mere sloth and laziness, or sordid appetite and lust, which, bringing them under the power of sin and ignorance, fit them for political servitude by moral prostitution. For when the tyranny of lust and passion can be indulgently permitted, and even esteemed a happiness, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little esteem. Every thing civil or spiritual of this kind must needs be disregarded, or rather looked upon with jealousy and apprehension.

For one tyranny supports another: one slavery helps and ministers to another. Vice ministers to superstition; and a gainful ministress she is: superstition on the other hand returns the kindness, and will not be ungrateful. Superstition sup-

ports persecution, and persecution superstition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward persecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is first held in unrighteousness, and the γνοϛον, "reason knowable, the intelligible, the divine part," is persecuted and imprisoned. Those who submit to this tyranny, in time not only come to it, but plead for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and against nature.

So in the absolute governments of the world: nations, that submit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government: if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itself, knows neither law nor order.

In this state the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reason, as an antagonist to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once lost her interest with the soul by opposing every favourite passion, she will then be soon expelled another province, and lie under suspicion for every attempt she makes upon the mind. She is presently miscalled and abused. She is thought notional in the understanding, whimsical in company, seditious in the state, heretical in the church. Even in philosophy, her own proper dominion, she is looked upon as none of the best of companions; and here also authority is respected as the most convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and sense, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is easily seen by those who see those places, and can but make use of their eyes to observe manners and morals.

It is pretty visible indeed that the original of all is in those sordid vices of sloth, laziness, and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how should these be so illustriously maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that those mother vices are so indulgently treated in those places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free, and has asserted his inward liberty, can see truth thus held, reason and ingenuity suppressed, without some secret abhorrence and detestation?

But this you are happily apprised of; nor can you miscarry or be turned aside by imposture, or assuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: use it and be free. But use it as becomes you, with all due meekness and submission as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and rescued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preserve yourself from the contagion, and it is enough: a great task it is, and will appear so to you, if you are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itself, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and self-conceit, which finds this way to screen itself and manage undiscovered.

Keep your virtue and honesty to yourself; for if it be truly such, it will be in no pain for being kept secret. And thus you may be safe, and in due time, perhaps, useful also to others. Learn to discourse and reason with yourself, or, as you honestly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to show your sentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to such as can neither bare them, nor those whom they suspect to be in possession of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all liberty; and subdue early your

own temper and appetites. It will then be time for higher speculations, when those wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and subdued. Religion then will have no enemy opposed to her; and in spite of superstition, and all spiritual tyrannies of the world, will soon be found a joyful task, the pleasantest of all lives, quite other than is commonly represented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for this is always permitted you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and business and attendance required. The more you are a servant in this sense, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and submission. And thus even they who perhaps, by their haughtiness and harshness, would render you a slave, and awe you into servile thoughts, will most of all contribute to your manumission; if by their sad example they teach you (in meekness still and humility) to detest the more their narrow, persecuting, and bitter spirit, supported by their vices, and show you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be exercised but by one who is already a slave."

Be assured, therefore, that where the heart disdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend: and by delivering it from all spiritual bondage, will qualify it for a further progress, rewarding virtue by itself. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the same kind with itself; nothing can be superadded to it: and even heaven itself can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; by which we may still more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and highest excellence, the Giver and Dispenser of all: to whom I commit you, and pray your studies may be effectual. So farewell.

LETTER LXXII.

From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

January 28th, 1708-9.

I was that morning thinking with myself what was become of you; and almost resolved to have you inquired of at your father's; when I received your very surprising letter, which brought so good an account of yourself, and a proof how well you had spent your time, during this your long silence.

It was providential, surely, that I should happen once to speak to you of the Greek language, when you asked concerning the foundations of learning, and the source and fountain of those lights we have, whether in morality or divinity. It was not possible for me to answer you deceitfully or slightly. I could not but point out to you where the springhead lay. But, as well as I can remember, I bad you not be discouraged; for by other channels, derived from those fountains, you would be sufficiently supplied with the knowledge necessary for the solemn character that lay before you.

You hearkened to me, it seems, with great attention and belief, and did resolve to take no middle way. But little could I have thought that you dared to have made your attempt on the other side, instead of drawing in your forces, and collecting your strength and the remainder of your precious time for what lay on this hither side. But since God would have it so, so be it: and I pray God prosper you in your daring attempt, and bless you with true modesty and simplicity in all the other endeavours and practices of your life,

as you have had courage and mighty boldness in this one.

And so indeed it may naturally happen by the same good providence; since at the instant that you began this enterprise, you have fallen into such excellent reading. And if, as you show by your letter, Simplicius's Comment be your delight, even that alone is a sufficient earnest of your soul's improvement as well as of your mind's, if such a distinction may well be made: for alas! all that we call improvement of our minds in dry and empty speculation, all learning or whatever else, either in theology or other science, which has not a direct tendency to render us honester, milder, juster, and better, is far from being justly so called. And even all that philosophy which is built on the comparison and compounding of ideas, complex, implex, reflex, and all that din and noise of metaphysics; all that pretended study and science of nature called natural philosophy, Aristotelian, Cartesian, or whatever else it be; all those high contemplations of stars, and spheres, and planets; and all the other inquisitive curious parts of learning, are so far from being necessary improvements of the mind, that without the utmost care they serve only to blow it up in conceit and folly, and render men more stiff in their ignorance and vices.

And this brings into my thoughts a small piece of true learning, which I think is generally bound up with Simplicius and Epictetus: it is the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic, and elder disciple of Plato. This golden piece I would have you study, and have by heart; the Greek too being pure and excellent: and by this picture you will better understand my hint, and know the true learning from that which falsely passes under the name of wisdom and science.

As for the divine Plato, I would not wish you, as yet, to go beyond a dialogue or two; and let those be the first and second Alcibiades: for now I will direct and assist you all I can, that you may gradually proceed, and not meet with stumbling-blocks in your way, or what instead of forwarding may retard you.

Read these pieces again and again. Suspend for a while the reading of Epictetus, and read of Marcus Antoninus only what you perfectly understand. Look into no commentator; though he has two very learned ones, Gataker and Casaubon: and by no means study or so much as think on any of the passages that create any difficulty or hesitation: but, as I tell you, keep to the plain and easy passages, which you may mark or write out, and so use on occasion, as you walk or go about. For I reckon you are a good improver of your time, and that you manage every moment to advantage; else you could never have thus suddenly advanced so far as you have done.

But, in this case, you must take care of your health, by moving and using exercise, which makes me speak of walking. For the mind must suffer, in some sense, when the body does. And students who are over-eager, and neglect this duty, hurt both their health and temper: the latter of which has a sad influence on their minds; and makes them, like ill vessels, sour whatever is put into them, though of ever so good a kind. For never do we more need a just cheerfulness, good humour, or alacrity of mind, than when we are contemplating God and virtue. So that it may be assigned as one cause of the austerity and harshness of some men's divinity, that in their habit of mind, and by that very morose and sour temper, which they contract with their hard studies, they make the idea of God so much af-

ter the pattern of their own bitter spirit.

But, as I was saying concerning your progress, it is better for you to read in a small compass what is good and excellent, and of easy conception (without stop or difficulty, as to the speculation), than to read much in many.

And having thus confined you, as to three of your authors mentioned, and set your bounds; I proceed to the fourth, which is Lucian; with whom, for a very different reason, I would have you also read but here and there. For though he is one of the politest writers of the latter age; he only has set himself out like the jay in the fable, with the spoils of those excellent and divine works by way of dialogue (which was the way that anciently all the philosophers wrote in); most of which works are now lost and perished: and I fear the true reason why Lucian was preserved, instead of any of the other, was because of the envy of the Christian church, which soon began to be so corrupt; and finding this author to be so truly profane, and a scoffer of his own and all religions, they were contented to bear his immorality and dissolute style and manners, only for the satisfaction of seeing the heathen religion ridiculed by a heathen, and the good and pious writers (unjustly styled profane) most monstrously abused by a wretch, who was truly the most profane and impious: and who, at the same time, even in the pieces that are left of him in the same book, treats both Moses and our Saviour, and the whole Christian religion, as contemptibly as he does his own. Therefore, as his dialogues of his courtezans are horridly vicious and licentious, and against all good manners; and as his dialogues of the gods are mere buffoonery, and his abuse of Plato, Socrates, and the rest of those divine heathens, as unjust and wicked, as really they are mean and ridiculous, I would not by any means have you to learn Greek at such a cost. There are some dialogues bound up, which are not of Lucian's: and these are the best. One concerning the cynics (whom he elsewhere so abuses) is of that number, as I take it: and some pleasant treatises there are besides, all in pure Greek.

But here is the great and essential matter, of the last consequence to our souls and minds, to keep them from the contagion of pleasure. And to show you that I am not by this an imitator of the severe ascetic monastic race of divines, or an admirer of any thing that looks like restraint in knowledge, or learning, or speculation; consider of this that I am going to say to you, and carry your reflection as far back as to that first little glimmering of ingenuity, which showed itself in you in your childhood; I mean the art of painting. Had you been to have made one of those artists of the nobler kind, who paint history, and actions, and nature; and had you been sent by me into Italy, or elsewhere, to learn the style and manner of the great masters; what advice, think you, should I have given you? I say, what advice? not as a Christian, or philosopher, or man of virtue; but merely as a lover of the art: supposing I had ever been of a very vicious life; and had had no other end in sending you abroad, than to have procured pictures, and have got you a masterly hand in that kind, and to have employed you afterwards for my own use, and for the ornament of my house; most certainly my advice must have been this (and thus any other master or patron of common sense would have accosted you):

"You are now going to learn what is excellent and beautiful in the way of painting. You will go where there are many pictures of many different hands, and quite contrary in their

manner and style. You will find many judges of different opinions; and the worst masters, the worst pieces, the worst styles and manners, will have their admirers. How is it you should form your relish? By what means shall you come to have a right admiration yourself, and praise and imitate only what is truly exquisite and good in the kind? If you follow your sudden fancy and bent; if you fix your eye on that which most strikes and pleases you at the first sight; you will most certainly never come to have a good eye at all. You will be led aside, and have a florid, gay, foolish fancy; and any lewd tawdry piece of daubing will make a stronger impression on you, than the most majestic chaste piece of the soberest master; and a Flemish or a French manner will more prevail with you than a true Italian.

"How shall we do then in this case?—Why even thus: (for what way is there else?) make it a solemn rule to yourself, to check your own eye and fancy, which naturally leads to gaiety, and turn it strongly on that which it cares not at first to dwell upon. Be sure that you pass by, on every occasion, whatever little idle piece of a negligent loose kind may be apt to detain your eye; and fix yourself upon the nobler, more masterly and studied pieces of such as were known virtuous, and admired by all such. If you find no grace or charm at the first looking, look on; continue to observe all that you possibly can; and when you have got one glimpse, improve it, copy it, cultivate the idea, and labour till you have worked yourself into a right taste, and formed a relish and understanding of what is truly beautiful in the kind."

This is what an ordinary master or patron of common good sense would have said to you upon your enterprise on painting: and this is what I now say to you on your great enterprise on knowledge and learning. This is the reason I cry out to you against pleasure; to beware of those paths which lead to a wrong knowledge, a wrong judgment of what is supremely beautiful and good.

Your endeavour and hope is to know God and goodness, in which alone there is true enjoyment and good. The way to this is not to put out your eyes, or hoodwink yourself, or lie in the dark, expecting to see visions. No, you need not apologize for yourself (as you do) for desiring to read Origen, the good Father, and best of all those they call so. You shall not only, by my consent, read Origen, but even Celsus himself, who was a heathen and writ zealously against the Christians, whom Origen defends: so far am I from bidding you fly heretical or heathen books, where good manners, honesty, and fair reason show themselves. But where vice, ill manners, abusive wit, and buffoonery appear, the prejudice is just; pronounce against such authors, fly them, and condemn them.

Preserve yourself, and keep your eye and judgment clear. But if the eye be not open to all fair and handsome spectacles, how should you learn what is fair and handsome? You would praise God: But how would you praise him? and for what? Know you, as yet, what true excellence is? The attributes, as you call them, which you have learnt in your catechism, or in the higher schools of the school-men and divines;—the attributes, I say, of justice, goodness, wisdom, and the like, are they really understood by you? or do you talk of these by rote? If so; what is this but giving words to God, not praise, nor honour, nor glory? If the Apostle appeals to whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is honest (or comely), whatsoever is virtue, or praise-worthiness; how shall we un-

derstand his appeal till we have studied? Or do we know these things from our cradles? For since we were men, we never vouchsafed to inquire; but took for granted that we were knowing in the matter; which yet, without philosophy, it is impossible we should be; so that when, without philosophy, we make use of these high terms, and praise God in these philosophical characters, we may be very good and pious, and well-meaning; but indeed we are little better than parrots in devotion.

To return therefore to the picture, and the advice I am to give you in your study of that great and masterly hand which has drawn all things, and exhibited this great master-piece of nature, this world or universe. The first thing is, that you prepare and clear your sight; that your eye be simple, pure, uncorrupted, and ready and fit to receive that light which is to shine into it. This is done by virtue, meekness, modesty, sincerity. And way being thus made, your resolution standing towards truth, and you being conscious to yourself, that whilst you seek truth you cannot offend the God of truth; be not afraid of viewing all and comparing all. For without comparison of the false with the true, of the ugly with the beauteous, of the dark and obscure with the bright and shining, we can measure nothing, nor apprehend any thing that is excellent. We may be as well pagan, heathen, Turk, or any thing else; if being at Constantinople, Ispahan, or wherever the seat of any great empire is we refuse to look on Christian authors, or hear their sober apologists, as being contrary to the history imposed on us, with an utter destruction and cancelling of all other history or philosophy whatsoever.

But this fear being set aside, which is so wholly unworthy of God, and so debasing to his standard of reason which he has placed in us; our next concern is, to look impartially into all authors, and upon all nations, and into all parts of learning and human life; to seek and find out the true *pulchrum*, the *honestum*, the καλὸν:* by which standard and measure we may know God; and know how to praise him, when we have learnt what is praiseworthy.

Be this your search, and by these means, and by this way I have shown you. Seek for the καλὸν in every thing, beginning as low as the plants, the fields, or even the common arts of mankind, to see what is beauteous, and what contrary. Thus, and by the original fountains you are arrived to, you will, under Providence, attain beauty and true wisdom for yourself, being true to virtue; and so God prosper you.

LETTER LXXIII.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

February 8, 1709.

I commend your honest liberty: and therefore in the use of it recommend to you the pursuit of the same thoughts, that you have so honestly and naturally grafted upon the stock afforded you: to which God grant a true life and increase.

Time will be, when your greatest disturbance will arise from that ancient difficulty πόθεν τὸ κακὸν.† But when you have well inured yourself to the precepts and speculation which give the view of its noble contrary (τὸ καλὸν), you will rest satisfied. But be persuaded, in the mean time, that wisdom is more from the heart, than from the head. Feel goodness, and you will see all things fair and good.

Let it be your chief endeavour to make acquaintance with what is

* The fair, the honourable, and the good.

† The origin of evil.

good: that by seeing perfectly, by the help of reason, what good is, and what ill, you may prove whether that which is from revelation be not perfectly good and conformable to this standard. For, if so, the very end of the Gospel proves its truth. And that which to the vulgar is only knowable by miracles, and teachable by positive precepts and commands, to the wise and virtuous is demonstrable by the nature of the thing. So that how can we forbear to give our assent to those doctrines, and that revelation, which is delivered to us, and enforced by miracles and wonders? But to us, the very test and proof of the divineness and truth of that revelation is from the excellence of the things revealed: otherwise the wonders themselves would have little effect or power; nor could they be thoroughly depended on, were we even as near to them as those who lived more than a thousand years since, when they were freshly wrought, and strong in the memory of men. This is what alone can justify our easiness of faith; and in this respect we can never be too resigned, too willing, or too complaisant.

Meanwhile let your eye be simple, and turn it from the ἄθεον to the θεῖον.* View God in goodness, and in his works, which have that character. Dwell with honesty, and beauty, and order: study and love what is of this kind; and in time you will know and love the Author. Farewell.

LETTER LXXIV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

May 5, 1709.

I am mightily satisfied with your writing to me as you do: pray continue.

* From Atheism to Deism.

I like your judgment and thoughts on the books you mention: the bishop of Salisbury's Exposition of the Articles is, no doubt, highly worthy of your study. None can better explain the sense of the church, than one who is the greatest pillar of it since the first founders; one who best explained and asserted the Reformation itself, was chiefly instrumental in saving it from popery before and at the Revolution, and is now the truest example of laborious, primitive, pious, and learned episcopacy. The antidote, indeed, recommended to you, was very absurd, as you remark yourself; and pray have little to do with controversy of any sort.

Chillingworth against Popery is sufficient reading for you, and will teach you the best manner of that polemic divinity. It is enough to read what is good; and what you find bad lay aside. The good you read will be a sufficient prevention and anticipation against any evil that may chance come across you imperceptibly. Fill yourself with good; and you will carry within you sufficient answer to the bad; and by a sort of instinct soon discern the one from the other.

Trust your own heart whilst you keep it honest, and can lift it up to the God of truth, as seeking that, and that only. But keep yourself from wrangling, and a controversial spirit; for more harm is taken by a fierce, sour answer to an ill book, than from the book itself, be it ever so ill. Therefore remember, I charge you to avoid controversial writers.

If the ancients in their purity are as yet out of your reach, search the moderns that are nearest to them. If you cannot converse with the most ancient, use the most modern. For the authors of the middle age, and all that sort of philosophy, as well as divinity, will be of little advantage to

you. Gain the purity of the English, your own tongue; and read whatever is esteemed polite or well writ that comes abroad. You may give me an account of this.

Meanwhile I am glad you read those modern divines of our nation who lived in this age, and were remarkable for moderation, and the Christian principle of charity and toleration.

Do as your genius directs you; and if you are virtuous and good, your genius will guide you right. But whatever it be, either ancient or modern, that you choose or read; or however you change your opinion or course of study; communicate, and you shall be heard willingly, and advised the best I am able.

I think your genius has dictated right to you about a little pamphlet, which, it seems, is commonly sold with the reflections lately writ upon it; which, if short, I would not for once debar you from, but have you hear what is said in answer, lest you should seem to yourself mistaken or diffident as to the truth. For my own part, I cannot but think from my heart, that the author of the pamphlet (whatever air of humour he may give himself, the better to take with the polite world) is most sincere to virtue and religion, and even to the interest of our church. For many of our modern assertors of toleration have seemed to leave us destitute of what he calls a public leading, or ministry; which notion he treats as mere enthusiasm, or horrid irreligion. For, in truth, religion cannot be left thus to shift for itself, without the care and countenance of the magistrate. But in the remarks, or reflections, I find the answerers are so far from understanding this plain sense of a leading, that they think it means only a leading by the nose. So excellent are these gentlemen at improving ridicule against themselves. They care not who defends religion, or how it is defended, if it be not in their way. They cry out upon a deluge of scepticism breaking out and overwhelming us, in this witty knowing age; and yet they will allow no remedy proper in the case, no application to the world in a more genteel, polite, open, and free way. They for their parts (witness Dr. A——y against the good Mr. H——y) have asserted virtue upon baser principles, and more false and destructive by far, than Epicurus, Democritus, Aristippus, or any of the ancient atheists. They have subverted all morality, all grounds of honesty, and supplanted the whole doctrine of our Saviour, under pretence of magnifying his revelation. In philosophy they give up all foundations, all principles of society, and the very best arguments to prove the being of a Deity. And, by the way, this pamphlet, which they are so offended at, is so strong on this head, that the author asserts the Deity even on the foundations of his innate idea, and the power of this notion even over atheists themselves, and by the very concession of Epicurus and that sect. But no more now. Continue to inform me of your reading and of new books: and God be with you.

LETTER LXXV.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

December 30, 1709.

I heartily approved your method and design, and continue to do so. Get what you can of the Greek language: it is the fountain of all; not only of polite learning and philosophy, but of divinity also, as being the language of our sacred oracles. For even the Old Testament is in its best and truest language in the Septuagint. All that you can get of leisure from other exercise and the required school-learning, apply to Greek.

The few good books of our divines and moralists, which you have discovered by your own sagacity, will serve you both for language and thought.

Dr. More's *Enchiridion Ethicum* is a right good piece of sound morals; though the doctor himself, in other English pieces, could not abide by it, but made different excursions into other regions, and was perhaps as great an enthusiast as any of those whom he wrote against. However, he was a learned and a good man.

Remember my former cautions and recommendations, and endeavour above all things to avoid the conceit and pride which is almost naturally inherent to the function and calling you are about to undertake. And since we think fit to call it priesthood, see that it be of such a kind, as may not make you say or think of yourself in the presence of another that you are holier than he. It is a solemn part; but see and beware that the solemnity do not abuse you. And remember, that He, whom you own to be your master and legislator, made no laws relating to civil power or interfering with it. So that all the pre-eminence, wealth, or pension, which you receive, or expect to receive, by help of this assumed character, is from the public, whence both the authority and profit is derived, and on which it legally depends; all other pretensions of priests being Jewish and heathenish, and in our state seditious, disloyal, and factious; such as is that spirit which now reigns in our universities, and where the high church-men (as they are called) are prevalent. But to this (thank God) our parliament, interposing at this instant, gives a check, by proceeding against Dr. S——l, and advancing Mr. H——y, of whom I have often spoken to you.

No more now; but God bless your studies and endeavours. Never was more need of a spirit of moderation and Christianity among those who are entering on the ministerial function: since the contrary spirit has possessed almost the whole priesthood beyond all former fanatics. God send you all true Christianity, with that temper, life, and manners, which become it. Farewell.

LETTER LXXVI.

Lord Shaftesbury to ———.

July 10, 1710.

I believed indeed it was your expecting me every day at * * * *, that prevented your writing, since you received orders from the good bishop, my lord of Salisbury; who, as he had done more than any man living for the good and honour of the church of England and the reformed religion, so he now suffers more than any man from the tongues and slander of those ungrateful churchmen; who may well call themselves by that single term of distinction, having no claim to that of Christianity or Protestant, since they have thrown off all the temper of the former, and all concern or interest with the latter.

I hope whatever advice the great and good bishop gave you will sink deeply into your mind: and that your receiving orders from the hands of so worthy a prelate will be one of the circumstances which may help to insure your steadiness in honesty, good principles, moderation, and true Christianity; which are now set at naught and at defiance by the far greater part and numbers of that body of clergy called the Church of England; who no more esteem themselves a Protestant church, or in union with those of Protestant communion; though they pretend to the name of Christian, and would have us judge of the spirit of Christianity from theirs: which God prevent! lest good men should in time

forsake Christianity through their means.

As for my part of kindness and friendship to you, I shall be sufficiently recompensed, if you prove (as you have ever promised) a virtuous, pious, sober, and studious man, as becomes the solemn charge belonging to you. But you have been brought into the world, and come into orders, in the worst times for insolence, riot, pride, and presumption of clergymen that I ever knew, or have read of; though I have searched far into the characters of high churchmen from the first centuries, in which they grew to be dignified with crowns and purple, to the late times of our reformation, and to our present age.

The thorough knowledge you have had of me, and the direction of all my studies and life to the promotion of religion, virtue, and the good of mankind, will (I hope) be of some good example to you; at least it will be a hinderance to your being seduced by infamies and calumnies; such as are thrown upon the men called moderate, and in their style indifferent in religion, heterodox, and heretical.

I pray God to bless you in your new function with all the true virtue, humility, moderation, and meekness, which becomes it. I am your hearty friend.

BOOK THE THIRD.

LETTERS OF THE LAST CENTURY,

AND OF LATE DATE.

SECTION I.

FROM MR. POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704.*

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to our dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.*† Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him; for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and sir William Trumbul, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him.‡ I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party; but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame. And those scribblers, who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; but his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards the setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it: and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion; and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set;

* The author's age then sixteen

† I have only seen Virgil.

‡ He since did so in his Dedication to the duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives' phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition. Pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

March 25, 1705.

When I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet, to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter is not more my duty than my interest, as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me; for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them; but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green essays,* if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an inexperienced writer. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

April 30, 1705.

I cannot contend with you; you must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me: but I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the

* His Pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.

same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom; whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues: as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love—so the friendship between them is more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are,* I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I have now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee house to Windsor forest. I find no other difference than this betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools; that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness; they are commonly known in the world by the name of Honest, Civil Gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught at their coming into the world: whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would natu-

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old: Mr. Pope under seventeen.

rally follow what they are meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here; but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you; and yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

LETTER V.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

April 10, 1706.

By one of yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first volume of your Miscellanies,* which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this: whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of Business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c.), to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions. For though (upon reading them on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an alteration with advantage, yet they would not be changed so much but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces; which are such as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs, and Love-verses: for these will need only to be shortened to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs, and the poems on Laziness and Ignorance; but cannot (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose; so that I must needs desire you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume, of full as good ones; nay, I believe of better than any in Vol. I, which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these; namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: some I have contracted, as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force: some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his successors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop; and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours.* But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse: you may

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

† Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the posthumous editions of Wycherley's Poems, particularly those on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life.

take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Nov. 20, 1707.

Mr. Englefield, being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of sending you the fair copy of the poem on Dulness,* which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefield is ignorant of the contents; and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, or my sake no less than your own: since, if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requests, that your papers were in my hands. No man alive shall ever know any such thing from me, and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any ways assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The Poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures 1, 2, 3, 4. The first contains the Praise of Dulness; and shows how upon several suppositions it passes for, 1, religion; 2, philosophy; 3, example; 4, wit; and, 5, the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the Advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and, 2dly, at court; where the similitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the Happiness of Dulness in all stations; and shows, in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people: that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of wit, with which it concludes.

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very paper. Some thoughts are contracted, where they seemed encompassed with too many words; and some new expressed, or added, where I thought there wanted heightening (as you will see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights†); and the versification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The re-

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other such *brouillons* of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

† These two similies, of the bias of a bowl and the weights of a clock, were at length put into the first book of the Dunciad; and thus we have the history of their birth, fortunes, and final establishment.

peated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet. In the mean time, pray write to me when you can; you cannot too often.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Nov. 29, 1707.

The compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind; and do but tell me, in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself or to any other. For God's sake (my dear friend) think better of me; and believe I desire no sort of favour so much as that of serving you more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces: but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions, I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that blot, alter, and add all I can devise for their improvement; for you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part of yours and my design; there remaining besides to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and versification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixt Life, the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take notice of what you say, of "my pains to make your dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "That the sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians; which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you: to methodize, in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley

April 15, 1710.

I received your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter Monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task, which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so near going into Shropshire (whither I shall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miscarriage of any letters), I must desire your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I

have found from a more serious application to them. Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume; which, if (as you told me last) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may displease you. I have everywhere marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto, however, I have crossed them so as to be legible, because you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume; and the number increases so much, that I believe more shortening will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer. The sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy; which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or esteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is (I am sure) a real truth, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely and with how little care I talk, rather than write to you. This is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed, I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatness of it than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

May 10, 1710.

I am sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no farther than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without farther blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion and desire, that you shall take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary,

you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way, if you please; though truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse;* and this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an easy task to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear sir, your, &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

March 13, 1708.

I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which, being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show respect where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony; and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quiesco.†

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry; and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, If you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be, when you can find leisure to write to your, &c.

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715; but little progress was made in this design, through his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses which had been touched by Mr. P. with CCVIII of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which, having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1782, in octavo, under the title of The Posthumous Works of W. Wycherley, Esq.

† I dine, drink, sing, play, read, sup, and repose.

LETTER XI.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

November 1, 1708.

I have been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, nor inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense,* which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

> You know, when one sense is supprest,
> It but retires into the rest,

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense! So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me; it is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage; and not out of any ambition to spread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or the ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season; so much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest; he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore, henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not;

* His hearing.

and it is with the utmost that I am, sir, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

March 7, 1709.

You had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany,* or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now; but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, that authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the Muses, Mercury, and British Apollo (not to say Jacob's Miscellanies) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence apiece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills, of Blackfriars, has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who, never overabounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you used with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her;—I mean only (as Old Fox in the Plain Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasure which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which you know I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy; though I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer, were first printed.

by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice; but this example of one of the most correct and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

July 17, 1709.

The morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach: a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniences of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman: but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she ate; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and, in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant; her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure. In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of shall never, by any alteration in me, discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the

only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours: and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have showed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure: the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

Aug. 19, 1709.

If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good nature, the other would be but too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature should indispensably receive from mankind in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence, the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic; though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first; and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you

have left your speculative angle in the widow's coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action; for though life, for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a good merry farce, a-G—d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character; for we change our minds as often as they can their parts; and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play: "Pray do me the favour, sir, to inform me,—Is this your tragedy or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my lord chamberlain nor the queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence;—while that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate in the profoundest peace; and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium? What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Haymarket? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

May 10, 1710.

I had not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good nature and friendship as you lately showed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C's., who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you; and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I

must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis; and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well, by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows but travelling and long airing in an open field may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Chee's anger of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

May 17, 1710.

After I had recovered from a dangerous illness, which was first contracted in town about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and paper enclosed,* which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you; promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands; so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you were upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London: if you will do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present living, dead condition, nothing would be properer than "Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,"† but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have con-

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing, done at fourteen years old.

† Forgetful of my friends, and forgotten by them.

ferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them; then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes; I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! if he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those, who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strewing a few flowers over him. In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes:** we saunter to one another's habitation, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain —— *desipere in loco.*† Though you are no papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence) yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, though in a state of separation, yours, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity:

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.‡

* Empty.

† To trifle.

‡ The recollection of a well acted life is most delightful.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

July 20, 1710.

I give you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness; like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places; and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error; what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss that another dissents from my opinion; it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem;* the 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are

above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution, or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say that, "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough, "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him;" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling for money the body of Hector, seems not so proper; it is in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold (Iliad xxiv.); for when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus, forgive me that I quit the corpse of him who killed thee! I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

October 12, 1710.

I deferred answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there; among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life. However, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!**—I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive, by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last: and what they read, floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This I think, however, cannot be said of the love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that nobody will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as

* But, O, how changed!

a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them), it seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses; and have not forgot who promised me Ovid's elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem.* Had Ovid been as long in composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom you tell me you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine than what he told you; and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decernere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.*

By these *epulæ*†, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa*‡ was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients. I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author. I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly your, &c.

* For I remember that I spent long days with you, and with you devoted the evenings to banquets; we share each other's labours and amusements, and relax from our business at a moderate table.

† Banquets.

‡ Moderate table.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.

October 28th, 1710.

I am glad to find by your last letter, that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which, while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry, since I shall do nothing with it, but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon them.—As to Mr. Phillips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is, for the greatest part, a translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp):

Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the chords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are

here: in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12. on the Danish winter; it is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at Will's, who swore it was good: for, though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of the sea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style, which epic poetry requires—"Cui mens divinior, atque os magna sonaturum."* The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such "qui aurem habent Batavam;"† they must not expect "auribus Atticis probari,"‡ I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it, because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town; and till his return he was my servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour; that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety; but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying, or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed; and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me. Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull.§

March 12, 1713.

Though any thing you write i sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own, your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion, that a young scribbler

* Which requires a lofty mind and majestic language.

† Who have a Dutch ear.

‡ To be approved by Attic ears.

§ Secretary of state to king William the Third.

is as ill-pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools; this is, be cajoled with praises. And I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife; "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself; but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all; for fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) the last infirmity of noble minds, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You, sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires, in my present state, terminates in the society and good will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull.

April 30, 1713.

I have been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting; in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer; which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another, may the

most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find the applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue-writer,* who was clapped into a staunch whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.

June 15, 1711.

I send you Dennis's remarks on the Essay;† which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal; for I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines‡ can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose; for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason; and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a *bull* in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough. Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression; they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book cannot answer for itself to the pub-

* Himself.

† On Criticism.

‡ But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

lic, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence), merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known: it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me, what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read, that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for a wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side* on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat!
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!†

* See the ensuing letter.

† What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorned by my foes, abandoned by my friends!
Dryden.

It is however my happiness that you, sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
For you well know that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines detached from their natural places, may show how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort; who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shown himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them; and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line ("A second deluge learning over-run") will be understood of learning in general: and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence: insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error: and his testifying some esteem for the book, just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great ge-

nerosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.

July 18, 1711.

In your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect; and all are damn'd beside)

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows *(Meanly they seek, &c.)* speaks only of wit (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun); for how can the sun of faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect:* and the cautious words *(by each man)* manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promise you, sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it; and if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compass), that stumbling block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heart of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked (for some people can no more provoke than oblige), that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive Christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own: I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them, right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity

can do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.** Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.

July 19, 1711.

The concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics), than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be errors, I grant; but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind, the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hope, a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but, on the contrary, must needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them, I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered; it is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars; you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole

* Where there is charity, there is humility; where there is humility, there is peace.

objection against the simile of wit and faith lay to the word *they:* when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute them), then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body), next the mention of superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards, more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed innocent at first, the two lines about *schismatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith, out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull;* and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * these objections; who assured me, I had said nothing which a Catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I cannot but acquiesce in: that when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a bye-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour; who as he never refused to any one of merit, of any party, the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, though of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty and latitude of principle; which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence: and the rather, because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore, even of liberal education, can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number). You shall find me a true Trojan in any faith and friendship; in both which I will persevere to the end. Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C., Esq.

Dec. 5, 1712.

You have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent: so many things

freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patents, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bayes's province and *pen whispers;* so hasten to conclude.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

June, 18, 1712.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest; and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrefy, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to

all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests, amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude; such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, "Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est." Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the Companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

Dec. 4, 1712.

This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.

I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

ODE.

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

July 20, 1713.

I am more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun,

so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds, was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable, upon these bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on.* I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.* But indeed your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think, in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

LETTER XXX.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

Oct. 20, 1713.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work† you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself, when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from these performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time; and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am, &c.

† The translation of the Iliad.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I have been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the whigs as I got from the tories, that is to say, civility, being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you; it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics. I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων,* who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I thank you for your good offices which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to

* On the composition of words.

appear in, like a modish modern author;

> Picture in the front,
> With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have, expects its gratification from other people. It is not I that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a stayed man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus, well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity;

but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto. Perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I am just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the king.

I admire your whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright*, &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my disposition towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both; to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be ever so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig party than the same liberty. A curse on the word Party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to

the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies: but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax.

Dec. 1, 1714.

My lord,

I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, if it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.

July 15, 1715.

I lay hold of the opportunity given me by my lord duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations are not to be found on this side of the water: for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when Old England is no longer Old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good-humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about whigs and tories, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T—'s and my translation. I (like the tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T— a rank tory: I translated Homer for the public in general; he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord: I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and

masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the grand monarch, who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book: and I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails. L— is dead, and *soupés* are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend."* However it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, that I steal an expression from a secretary of state. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

Methinks when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own fault at first view: as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil:—"When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days' time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a pa-

* Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, published in the Report of the Secret Committee.

pist and a poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.**

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

March 19, 1714-15.

The farce of the What-d'ye-call it† has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets; others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh; and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has, in a very particular manner, come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps.—There are still some sober men, who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface should be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday, Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor, I believe, received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good-humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

April 7, 1715.

Mr. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture: in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church history: the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for the discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary

* I shall be content without riches.

† Written by Gay.

copy of verses.* Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature: for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know, Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a-drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a sixpenny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which he says is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine parts of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused.† Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over burgundy and champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets,—a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, as you know there are in some diseases; and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it.‡ Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the lord chamberlain. Your, &c.

* Called, An Ode on the Longitude: in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

† This curious piece was entitled, A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

‡ In one of his papers called the Grumbler.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.

May 6.

I have the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure

you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind as to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would choose, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one; and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be your, &c.

P. S. By the enclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God, I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

LETTER XLI.

Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarine is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*); its lower parts are adorned with vines

* Afterwards bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philinous, the Minute Philosopher.

and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so they are without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival—a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy: however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase, which shows him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Pope to * * * *

Sept. 17.

The gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit, quærens quem devoret.** But your *circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings—health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable rambler! While (like your fellow-circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the

* He goes about, seeking whom he may devour.

earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens. You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things —a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is, on the contrary, full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S., Lord Chief Justice A., Judge P., and Counsellor B., who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose; but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

The Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope.

You desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: and I think it excuseable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the *belles lettres*), both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other, a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex, for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such (as one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship to rough disputes or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man, who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact: M. d'Acier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe, indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right), but she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if in doing this she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakably charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he, being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation), as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose: knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to outdo M. d'Acier, but endeavoured to outdo Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprise; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration, his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones; I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprise me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean, to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition nobody has less occasion than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an epic poet himself: though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shows so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* since as good a poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs choose that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it), but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as show the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also:—like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable, for being always so very movingly

painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. d'Acier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madame d'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in his prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him, as well as that way is capable of, *viz.* fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is, its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer, any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I am much honoured by your grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer; and I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no farther, his remarks on Horace show more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry more skill and science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes; only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complai-

sance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true proprietor, without observing upon it. If Madame d'Acier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauty of Homer's epic poetry but what he learned from Madame d'Acier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other. But doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the archbishop of Cambray), I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, No disputants, even in divinity, could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interest go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about a variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion; and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your grace is shocked at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to show myself a true commentator, if not a true critic), I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book: and to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I'll show your grace when we next meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at least be so good as to allow the second may. But I can tell your grace, no less a hero than my lord Peterborrow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, show me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I will be as much afraid as any of you." I am your grace's, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distrest courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie

neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Oxford.

October 21, 1721.

My lord,

Your lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you: though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his; I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity, perhaps, which, at least, is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my lord Oxford; and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your lordship will tell my lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you); but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always, my lord, your, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

The Earl of Oxford to Mr. Pope.

Brampton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

Sir,

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory: for it must needs be

very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed! My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me! I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

Edward Blount, Esq. to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 15, 1715.

It is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the north! What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood! and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security's sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say in praying, for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you,

since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity, your, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Jan. 21, 1715-1716.

I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed this, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*

LETTER L.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate

* Let him continue to the end as he began, and be consistent with himself.

spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which, at the best, is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after, leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call Science and Study are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what, without all this solicitude, we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy: we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done, which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion, is often rather a gratification than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *bene nota fides*,* as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said—that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

LETTER LI.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world,

* The well known faith.

with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus, the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me, he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliments; and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the emperor.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Nov. 17, 1717.

The question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden, indeed, it

was; however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such a humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest, perhaps, of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, Esq.

Renscomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

Your kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me as her own sir John was to demolish duke Lancaster. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations and slopes which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times;—"remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more,—that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying I have now a whole family upon my hands; to whom to discharge the part of a friend, I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and, consequently, them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Pope to E. Blount, Esq.

Oct. 21, 1721.

Your very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for what you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die!—I am a poor individual; no creature to wish or to fear for my life or death: it is the only reason I have to repent being a single man: now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres; cast them to dirty people, such as, in the Scripture-phrase, possess the land. Shake off your earth, like the noble animal in Milton:—

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
> And, rampant, shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity your, &c.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Pope to E. Blount, Esq.

June 27, 1723.

You may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family: with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that

* Remember, O Lord, thy servants and handmaidens, &c.

life which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise: and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they who can banish themselves, or, more properly, banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature; but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.

June 2, 1717.

I had pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians.* They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean; most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean; so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better busto for it.

* Asses.

It is something particular in you not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in showing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between queen Anne and king George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute, you took up all my mind; the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present as that noble one of sir Nathaniel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.

London, March 31, 1718.

To convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed; but I have found by experience, that people now a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for king George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill dressed, that men, women, and children hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain glory.

My lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before: talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least,

a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Coleshill, April, 1718.

I have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags among you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the Spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

May 1, 1720.

You will think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which, however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book as in concluding a session of parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only, the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays; one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait

for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque fidem.* I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives' end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing!—my lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticos or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cider.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear sir, I am, &c.

LETTER LX.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

May 21, 1720.

Your letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me: and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle, weak imagination, to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother re-

members me is a very sincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are: from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an 'old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two Essays you mention are not completed: but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedge's breath is beyond all perfume, and the songs of birds we hear as well as you; but though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you were here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must leave my father alone; and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless lady Scudamore comes to Sherborne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico. Your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherborne, July 9, 1720.

The London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health; for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.

July 20, 1720.

Your kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of

Cirencester, whither, I could say, almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good-humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!), by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

> On flowers repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
> Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of king James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and palladio. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Sherborne, July 30.

I congratulate you, dear sir, on the return of the golden age, for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only, as various as those of Nile, arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him, will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? Who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the South Sea, than for the public, which is said to

be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings; since they have shown me your mind is principled with such a sentiment. I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind. Believe me, dear sir, no equipage could show you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself your, &c.

LETTER LXV.

The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Atterbury) to Mr. Pope.

Dec. 1716.

I return your preface,* which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it; and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it, always provided that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter; of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often and patiently to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice; being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning, therefore, to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which, therefore, I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you; or if I do, shall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, your, &c.

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, first printed in 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I hope you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances

(how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself; the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued, became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the directors of those days, resolved that half to be more than the whole.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the city, and hiss them out of their place.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few unrighteous men; but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with the thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says, the government and South Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shows me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased in a great degree; but I assure you, my lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only repair but improve. I am, with the sincerest esteem and most grateful acknowledgment, your, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

The Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found

its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October; by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR
LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.*

To show you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds, of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above—may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.

* To John Dryden, to whom English Poetry owes its force and elegance; and if posterity shall yield him any praise, it is now his due; therefore, &c.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, sir, for your Arabian Tales. Ill as I have been almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of Eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my Northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprise and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expense: for to read those two volumes through, liking them little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do; which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croise* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c., I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect to the South Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned; for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it. But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, Peace be to its manes!

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries: a thought, under which a good and good-natured man, that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever your, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

March, 26, 1721.

You are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your verses;* and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS.† which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is called —what that means in English or French, I cannot say; but all he says is in so loose, and slippery, and ticklish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a demonstration; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise on the weakness of the human understanding: a poor system of scepticism: indeed little other than an abstract from Sextus Empiricus, —WARBURTON.

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes—*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason with a dog for his instinct to-morrow.

LETTER LXIX.

Lord Chancellor Harcourt to Mr. Pope.

December 6, 1722.

I cannot but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship; and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear; *viz.* renounced, deserted, &c. *Deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good nature than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forced to speak.

I cannot perfectly, at least without farther discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week. I am, &c.

LETTER LXX.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year:—what must I expect when

Inversum contristat Aquarius annum ?†

* Vain fool and coward, said the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid:
On others practise thy Ligurian arts,
Thy stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me—nor shalt thou safe retire
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire.
DRYDEN.

† Aquarius saddens the inverted year.

"If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller, and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *a la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows: which ends with the very same rhymes and words *(appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does;—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus:

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements; and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have showed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser; and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! May my lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness; and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

Notwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning; and before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say? I recal that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case: for I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world,—my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: characters which Tully paints so well in one of his epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the

epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprised to find that my lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon: he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy it will be quite off by the beginning of November; a letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought. I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you, therefore, while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakspeare shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text; I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship; in the exchange of which with you, sir, I hope to live and die your, &c.

P. S. Addison's Works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man* to a dead man;† and even that the new patron,‡ to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

Feb. 3, 1721-2.

My lord,

It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*,* but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twit'nam. When I

* Mr. Addison. † Mr. Craggs.
‡ Lord Warwick.
§ The friend of all hours.

went last to town and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your lordship was gone the day before to Bromley; and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of your, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

Permit me, dear sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison;* send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say; but it pleases me to have an opportunity of showing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

March 14, 1721-2.

I was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sin-

cere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger; and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me), but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South Sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed; but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*;* and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner;† and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

March 19, 1721-2.

My lord,

I am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twickenham is a fresh instance of that parti-

* In a corner with a book.

† In his lady's last illness.

ality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to show you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment: for indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion when such as your lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est,* with a picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion).

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station), one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work*)

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should; and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would see lord C—, or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nutshell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the church), your obedient, &c.

* The Paradise Regained.

LETTER LXXVII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

April 6, 1722.

Under all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise: and that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy: however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting; for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things: let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to greatness some time ago, *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.** The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body; but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking: when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I must dislodge: I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow to see how the work goes forward; but if I do I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this but that they tell me it will cost you nothing; and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

* Mind your own business, and I'll take care of mine.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception; which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord —— has pressed me terribly to see him at ——; and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.*† I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like; if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet,

† Live, it says, I fly.

and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like: for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though I know the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself: when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease, else I should not have overflowed at this rate: and yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention, but both in vain; nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries, How you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with lord ——, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him, on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that, at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

Dear sir,

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what

part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things; but I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects: and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

April 20, 1723.

It is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, That I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you, no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world, where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish, of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected; by this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the friend I am, in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me farther prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and

calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public, even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon;* is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead: and I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them; like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me; and every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be but faintly remembered), the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you; in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the bishop of Rochester. I am, &c.

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.

May, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised; and this once I fear will be the last; the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go! If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men, against whom you can have no complaint,—I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the

past? Those whose date is the shortest live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember, it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing: it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great; and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there; higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life,* as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame, as well as happiness, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you; and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction: for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex; and since my return have been again very ill. I went to Lintot, in hopes of hearing of you; but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends; but this I know nothing of, perhaps he may have opened to you; and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two eternal foes to merit), imagine

* The bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself; and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Just as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it; but I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*.* I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it), but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two lady Bridgewaters, a duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*,† which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted so soon; but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a mandarine to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie. I am, &c.

* A nice judge of beauty.

LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

September 23, 1714.

Dear Mr. Gay,
Welcome to your native soil![‡]

† A poem of Mr. Gay's, so entitled.

‡ In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! Whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future. Whether returned a triumphant whig or a desponding tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing of you since the queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits; even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journey I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this, the demand Homer had upon me to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over: come and make merry with me in much feasting: we will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? Or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the king, or prince, or princess. On whatsoever footing you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end; and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you; though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever, your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I am extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the great-

est of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons: because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes.* I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wished you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters; and I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother-poets of these days.

The Duchess, lord Warwick, lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters. Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a whig. My lord Burlington tells me she has as much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before; I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church. Yours, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

* A Poem entitled, "To my ingenious and worthy friend, W. Lowndes, Esq. Author of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL."

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

July 13, 1722.

I was very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge; and that my lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours; and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are

the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and choose honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle doves, instead of princes and court ladies.

By the end of this week Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a playfellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you were here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself than from any expectation or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live, and while I live) your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this—do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time; and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him; every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we began. Adieu! This is my birthday; and this is my reflection upon it:—

With added days, if life give nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more!
Is this a birthday?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year!

Your, &c.

LETTER XC.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

Oct. 6, 1727.

Dear sir,

I have many years ago, magnified, in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court dependence: I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuler and cheerfuler into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes, indeed, and peers (the lackeys of princes), and ladies (the fools of peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give)—liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, to engage them in their passions. He is the greatest favourite who is the falsest; and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my lord Grantham: I presume you writ it not without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to

observe; for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with court omens? Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly speech: while you are nobody's servant, you may be any one's friend, and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling you shall have sixpence; nay, eight pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am, faithfully, your, &c.

LETTER XCI.

The Earl of Peterborow to Mr. Pope.

Whenever you apply as a good Papist to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom, which fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our shepherdess* in voluntary slavery? Why must our dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? And why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption. Your, &c.

* Mrs. H.

LETTER XCII.

Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow.

My lord,

I never knew or heard of any person, so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me, in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe, and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the

church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head; and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead.* I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent: and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all.—Adieu! May you die as happily! Your, &c.

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Bethel.

Aug. 9, 1733.

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant), and going to Cirencester to lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with lord Peterborow. The court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend,† who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in

† Mrs. B.

such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the park as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear); and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.

July 26, 1734.

I thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant, because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses, nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred; so that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters* I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischief in the dark, have seldom the courage

* The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter; and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.*

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

June 18, 1714.

Whatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance I know by experience a letter is a very useful as well as an amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form:

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat:* but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement: and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work; and I shall translate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which, I fear, you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

* Some time before the death of queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

LETTER XCVII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

I am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse keepers in Holland,

who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with such profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabrians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantùm rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.** The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate,

* Now I am not good by rule, but in such a way, that I not only can do right, but cannot do wrong.

and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life; good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed not to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months, on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends; and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love; for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here. *Non sum qualis eram.** I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours; to which, if you add the dulness of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*,† unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as mi-

* I am not what I was.

† On the contempt of the world and the flight of time.

nisters do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by whigs and tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum;* and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way; I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done; they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose companions out of those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet, when he returns to London, I will engage you will find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Operas, and the coffee house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay. I think there are no more *eodem tertios** between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with lord Peterborow, or he with you. I am ever, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.

Nov. 17, 1726.

About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one

* Third persons.

Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week: and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious: and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand: though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed lords and commons *nemine contradicente*;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*;† which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a

* Without opposition.

† With the first swallow.

black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house; which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you; but you are mistaken: we envy those you are with; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER C.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Oct. 2, 1727.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: but the best way of convincing you of my indulgence will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I do not find it did. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that, before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu, for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled. Yours, &c.

LETTER CI.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in; and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home: I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have no where to retire to, therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world; and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state: and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy: yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my license expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me: you could not refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs: to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animum æquum tibi ipse parabis.** You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

* May he give health and wealth—you will find a contented mind for yourself.

LETTER CII.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

March 23, 1727-8.

I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England; wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age; which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar, as Cato said: for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you; and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my Dulness (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum.** Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment; and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking

* In an intimacy of studies.

me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that, it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean that *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows,† it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I have with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my lord lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side, who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland *(Quanquam O);* and for England, I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who hath been my *W–lp–le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the com-

* Retire, ye Roman writers, ye Greeks, retire,
A something rises greater than the Iliad.

† It did in a little time effectually silence them.

mand of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad: but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora**—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satur.*† Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I lived very easily in the country: sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well-bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord lieutenant was only in a common newspaper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious, good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body. Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my lady A—, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord —— who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once

* Have a great run.
† It retires, like a sated guest.

more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris et hirundine prima.** I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? Or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*)† begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought that soothes my mind like this; I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty‡ of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a-year, as well as with 5000*l.*; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly, and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be, in his hands, an original.§ His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead: I do not except Horace. Adieu.

* With the zephyrs and the first swallow.

† There is no true friendship but among the good.

‡ Viz. Reason.

LETTER CVI.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

March 29.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last,

§ Essay on Man.

in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next so long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents *(munuscula)* that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers: this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for her continuing so

long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now, too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. While we do live, we must make the best of life.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,*

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER CVII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1739.

I writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done. I believe my lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and I confess, at the same time, that he had (six times) a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command; and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefulest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it: and, if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eus-

* Let us go on singing, for the journey will be lighter.

den in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I, therefore, sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministers, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my £200. to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance; and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

LETTER CVIII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

Your situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer; and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new

heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput?—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way in all places, except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege, in the third article, of speaking your own mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that, under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the best. My groom tells me that he likes your park; but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I protest that you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company: which, however, I think, was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid; for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the great-

est regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. Gay.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER CIX.

*Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Dec. 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the most of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection have been shown, and continued attendance to this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe, at last, a mortification of the bowels: it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning.—I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years: I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, sir, your, &c.

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; Received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." (This note is endorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.)

LETTER CX.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I received yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long-living hath not hardened me; for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends; one (for instance) to my lord Bolingbroke, another to lord Oxford, and so on. Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change;—and particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty: a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service; I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old; nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am

told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you; she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER CXI.

Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset.

Dec. 30, 1735.

My lord,

Your grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly: that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain; and this arrear I have assigned to Mr. John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris** of two bishoprics; among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club,† to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture:—Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family-house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy, to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes,

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes.

Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation; and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers, even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end.

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

SECTION II.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waryng.**

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

Madam,

I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years; and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer, I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required: however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great

* This letter, Mr. Faulkner says, was written "to a lady of family in the north of Ireland;" and he adds, that it was "supposed to be previous to Dr. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." It was written not long before the time of Stella's fixing her residence in Ireland.

sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover: but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own: all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony: but since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to. I asked, in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost a hundred pounds a year; and I think at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation; neither have all your letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings,* I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery;† but the place of residence for that they have given me, is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close, and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part‡ will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will before that time persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance: but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon: and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that cause, than you have to be angry with my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! my education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam§ asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you,

* Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when one of the lords justices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, which had been previously promised to Dr. Swift: but Mr. Bush, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons best known to himself, laid Dr. Swift aside, unless he would pay him a large sum; which the Doctor refused with the utmost contempt and scorn. Dr. Bolton, who was also minister of St. Werberg's, Dublin, was advanced to the bishopric of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Cashel, Jan. 6, 1729; and died in 1744. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and was particularly skilled in ecclesiastical history.

‡ Meaning lord Berkeley, who was then one of the three lords justices.—The earl of Rochester was appointed lord-lieutenant in September following.

§ Whose daughter, Anne, married a clergyman of the name of Perry.

because it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: —"That I hoped I was no hindrance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued: That you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you: That, if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: That had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? Can you bend your love, esteem, and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a—? Have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I shall be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without —, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER II.

Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave.

Oct. 23, 1679.

My lord,

It was a great satisfaction to me to be anywise instrumental in the gaining of your lordship to our religion,

which I am most firmly persuaded to be the truth; but yet I am, and always was, more concerned that your lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understandings will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of their wills. I remember your lordship once told me, you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man, after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be among the first that should hear of it. Before the time I last waited on your lordship, I had heard something which afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth then to trouble your lordship about it; but having heard the same since from those whom I believe to bear no ill-will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have great command and conduct of yourself, but am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age; and therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to the good principles of your nature and education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please; experience shows us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think to set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad: I hope in God that no temptation hath yet prevailed upon your lordship so far as to be guilty of any lewd act: if it have, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to a habit. The retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed; God is so merciful, that upon our repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future; but I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable and easy to receive good counsel; I shall only desire your lordship to think again and again how great a point of wisdom it is in all our actions to consult the peace of our own minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company: but he that is displeased at himself is unavoidably unhappy, because he hath no way to get rid of himself.

My lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation; and determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition than to gratify the inclinations of youth in any way but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the contentment to be assured from your lordship, either that there hath been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have now only

to beg of your lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will that one man can possibly bear to another.

I pray God every day for your lordship, with the same constancy and fervour of devotion as for myself; and do now more earnestly beg of him, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Earl of Mulgrave to Dr. Tillotson.

Whitehall, March 27, 1689.

Sir,

Nothing in this world is, nor ought to be, so dear to any man as his reputation; and consequently the defence of it is the greatest obligation that one man can lay on another; there are also some circumstances, that render this obligation yet more acceptable and valuable; as when it is conferred generously, without any self-interest, or the least desire of invitation from the person so defended. All this happens to be my case at this time; and therefore I hope you will not be surprised to find I am not the most ungrateful and insensible man living; which certainly I should be, if I did not acknowledge all your industrious concern for me about the business of the ecclesiastical commission, which now makes so much noise in the world. You have, as I am told, so cordially pleaded my cause, that it is almost become your own; and therefore, as unwilling as I am to speak of myself, especially in a business which I cannot wholly excuse, yet I think myself now a little obliged to show my part in this matter, though imprudent enough, yet is not altogether unworthy of so just and so considerable an advocate.

The less a man says of himself, the better; and it is so well known already how I was kept out of all secret councils, that I need not justify myself, nor trouble you as to those matters: only I appeal to the unquestionable testimony of the Spanish ambassador, if I did not zealously and constantly take all occasions to oppose the French interest; because I knew it directly opposite both to the king and kingdom's good, which are indeed things inseparable, and ought to be so accounted, as a fundamental maxim in all councils of princes.

This, I hope, will prepare the way a little for what I have to say concerning my being one of the ecclesiastical commissioners; of which error I am now as sensible as I was at first ignorant, being so unhappily conversant in the midst of a perpetual court flattery, as never to have heard the least word of any illegality in that commission before I was unfortunately engaged in it.

For though my lord of Canterbury had very prudently refused to be of it, yet it was talked at court, it proceeded only from his unwillingness to act at that time, and not from any illegality he suspected in the commission; having excused himself from it the most respectful way, by the infirmities he lay under. Being thus ignorant of the laws, and in such a station at court, I need not desire a man of your judgment and candour to consider the hardness of my case, when I was commanded to serve in a commission with a lord chancellor, a lord chief justice, and two bishops, who had all of them already acted some time there, without showing the least diffidence of their power, or any hesitation in the execution of it; and perhaps a man of more discretion than I can pretend to, might have been easily persuaded to act in such a conjunction, and to think he might do it safely, both in law and conscience; but I need not

say much to show my desire to have avoided, if possible, a troublesome employment, that had not the least temptation of honour or profit to recommend it; and which therefore I continued in upon no account in the world but to serve both king and clergy with the little ability I had, in moderating those councils, which I thought might grow higher if I left my place to be filled by any of those who waited for it greedily, in order to their ill designs.

And I may expect the more credit in this, when it is considered that the two important affairs which passed in that ecclesiastical court, being the bishop of London's suspension, and the incapacitating the members of Magdalen college: the first was done some months before I was a commissioner; and I opposed the last, both in voting and speaking, and with all the interest I was able to make use of, which indeed was but little after that opposition; in which, being outvoted, I seldom came, and never acted in that court after, except to restore the bishop of London, though sent for continually, by reason of my lodging so near it.

And since I have been forced to mention my good-will at least, if not my service, to such learned men of the clergy, who I thought deserved it, it may be allowed me to give this one instance more of it; that although in preferring men to all other places of the household, I ever used to ask permission first, and accordingly was often refused, for the sake of Roman Catholics and others, who were recommended by persons more in favour than myself; yet I was so careful of keeping that considerable part of the family unmixed with mean or unworthy chaplains, whom others, I feared, would have imposed on his majesty, that I constantly filled up those vacancies without giving him the least notice or trouble about it, and supplied them with the ablest approved divines I could possibly find, most commonly recommended to me by the bishops who were not of the court: which I conceived the most proper course, in a matter concerning clergymen, with a king of a different persuasion from theirs, and intended for his real service, believing it had been better for him, as well as the kingdom, if the greater ecclesiastical dignities had been disposed of by others with as much caution.

And thus, sir, I have endeavoured to confirm you in your favourable opinion of me, which must be acknowledged by every body an approbation of such weight, that as I hope it may be an example of authority to many, so it is sufficient of itself to balance the censoriousness of others. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Lewis Atterbury to Bishop Atterbury.*

April ..., 1720.

Dear brother,

It is reported that the archdeacon [of Rochester] is dead; and I have sent my servant to inform me, whether it is so or not. I have since considered all that you said to me yesterday; and both from reason and matter of fact, still am of opinion, that there can be no just matter of exception taken.

I shall only lay down two or three instances which lie uppermost in my thoughts. Your lordship very well knows, that Lanfranc, archbishop of

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, elder brother of the bishop, was born at Caldecot, in the parish of Newport Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, the second of May, 1656. He was educated at Westminster school, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, between whom and our divine's father, Dr. Lewis Atterbury, there was a friendship and intimacy.

Canterbury,* had a brother for his arch-deacon; and that sir Thomas More's father was a puisne judge when he was lord chancellor:† and thus, in the sacred history, did God himself appoint, that the safety and advancement of the patriarchs should be procured by their younger brother; and that they, with their father, should live under the protection and government of Joseph. I instance in those obvious examples, only to let your lordship see that I have canvassed these matters in my own thoughts; and I see no reason but to depend on your kind intentions, intimated in your former letter, to your most affectionate brother, &c.

LETTER V.

Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.

Bromley, Wednesday, April ..., 1720.

Dear brother,

Your letter directed to Westminster found me here this morning. I hope to be at Westminster to-morrow. In the mean time you may assure yourself of any thing that is in my disposal. At present the gentleman‡ you mention is well, and likely to continue so. His distemper is the same as mine, though he has it in a worse degree. However, he is sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am, and may probably therefore outlive me. When he was in danger of late, the first person I thought of was you. But there are objections against that, in point of decency, which, I own, stick with me; and which, after I have laid them before you, you shall allow, or overrule, as you think fit. It had been a much properer post for my nephew,§ if God had pleased to spare his life. You need not mention any thing of this kind to me; for you may depend upon it, you are never out of the thoughts of your ever affectionate brother.

LETTER VI.

Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.

Deanery, Tuesday night.

Dear brother,

I hope you have considered the matter of the archdeaconry, and do at last see it in the same light that I do. I protest to you, I cannot help thinking it the most unseemly indecent thing in the world; and I am very sure the generality of those, whose opinions I regard, will be of that opinion. I was so far from apprehending that such a station, under me, would be in the least welcome to you, that I discoursed of it, and proposed it to another person‖ some time ago, and am entered very far into engagements on that head; and had you not written to me, I do frankly own, that I should never have spoken a word to you about it. Believe me, when I tell you that this is a plain state of the fact; and should you at last come to be of my opinion, I dare say you will not, at long run, think yourself mistaken. I am sure I shall not be at ease till you are in

* From 1070 till 1093. Anschibillus was made archdeacon in 1075.

† On the disgrace of Wolsey, in 1530, the great seal was entrusted to sir Thomas More, who was the first layman that enjoyed that honour, which he resigned in 1533, and was executed in 1535. His father, sir John, outlived him thirty-five years.

‡ Thomas Sprat, M. A. (son to the famous bishop of that name). He was archdeacon of Rochester; and a prebendary of Westminster, Winchester, and Rochester. He died May 10, 1720.

§ Dr. Lewis Atterbury had three sons; of whom the first and second died in their infancy. The third, named Bedingfield Atterbury, was born Jan. 8, 1693, and died of the small-pox, Dec. 27, 1718.

‖ Dr. Brydges. See the next letter.

some good dignity in the church; such as you, and I, and all the world, shall agree, is every way proper for you. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

Bishop Atterbury to his Brother.

May 20, 1720.

Dear brother,

The person, to whom I told you I had gone very far towards engaging myself for the archdeaconry, was Dr. Brydges,* the duke of Chandois's brother; and him I am this day going to collate to it. I hope you are convinced by what I have said and written, that nothing could have been more improper than the placing you in that post, immediately under myself. Could I have been easy under that thought, you may be sure, no man living should have had the preference to you. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Oxford.

[Of uncertain date.]

Dear Obby,

I thank you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom; and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought, in letters, by all means to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves in blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you took the hint of the thought from a poem; and it is no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: with these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says (you know), "My son, give me thy heart"—implying, that without it all other gifts signify nothing: let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good-breeding; I need not tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to

* Dr. Brydges was an old and intimate acquaintance of the bishop. He died May 9, 1723.

the end of it, as much even as I am when I tell you that I am your loving father.

LETTER IX.

Bishop Atterbury to Lord Townend.

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

My lord,

I am thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way; but was in hopes the restraint of an officer's presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness, especially since we have been parted now for near eight months,* and must soon, if the bill takes place,† be parted for ever.

My lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother, and my little family affairs, which cannot with ease, to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be in any degree watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life; and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me). Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

Your lordship, who is known to be a tender father,‡ will feel what I say; and consider how far it is fit to indulge me in so innocent a request.

It is a little thing I ask; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my sad circumstances, which deserve your lordship's compassion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant.

LETTER X.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mrs. Morice.

Montpelier, Sept. 3, 1729.

My dear heart,

I have so much to say to you, that I can hardly say any thing to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears, lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the north of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: for I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice

* The bishop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It passed the house of commons on the 9th of April, and received the royal assent May 27.

‡ This nobleman retired from public business in 1730, and died June, 1738.

about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly; but I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will, in rewarding you, reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of Him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—but I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

LETTER XI.

Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London.

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.

Dear brother,

After a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when she met her father: the only thing, I believe, she had to desire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last; and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it if possible) about an hour and a half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said; "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will: remember me to the duchess of Buckingham!"——This fatal stroke being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpelier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu! Yours, most affectionately.

LETTER XII.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

I venture to thank you for your kind and friendly letter, because I think myself very sure of a safe conveyance; and I am uneasy till I have told you what impressions it made upon me. I will do it with the same simplicity and truth with which I wrote to you from Montpelier upon a very melancholy occasion; the memory of which would have been in the most touching manner awakened by what you writ, had it been entirely laid asleep, as it never will or can be. Time, and a succession of other objects, added to reason and religion (for even these great principles, that should command our nature, want now and then some assistances from it), may divert the attention of my mind from what it loves too much to think of, though it finds no pleasure in such thoughts: they may deaden the quick sense of grief, and prevent

the frequent returns of it; but where it is well fixed, they cannot extinguish it.

LETTER XIII.

The Bishop of Rochester to * * * *.

[Undated.]

Dear sir,

Your endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from resolution. They shall not depress me: but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean; which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system:

Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess,
In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetise, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow; but a sort of comical way of treating things serious, not after the subtle fashions of those you speak of, that would magnify Nature by depressing the Deity; who, setting forth their necessary agreement, make unnecessary strife. With reverence do I mention these things, and know

How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
And universal kindness to thy kind.

I am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer against, extremes. Those symptoms strongly bode a second youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame! It is the enervated arm of Priam impotently raised against the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epistle, my dear friend, shall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece; for I will conclude with answering your last serious question with another scrap of poetry:

Whate'er the soul of nature has design'd,
And wrought on matter, is th' effect of mind;
The form of substance is the former's art,
Hence beauty and design that strike the heart;
There's nought in simple matter to delight,
'Tis the fair workmanship that takes the sight.
The beautiful effect of mind alone
Is comely, and in all things comely shown.
Where mind is not, there horror needs must be,
For matter formless is deformity.

LETTER XIV.

Dr. King to Bishop Atterbury.

1699.

Give me leave, sir, to tell you a secret—that I have spent a whole day upon Dr. Bentley's late volume of scandal and criticism;* for every one may not judge it for his credit to be so employed. He thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; as meanly as I think of his sense, his modesty, or his manners; and yet, for all that, I dare say I have read more than any man in England besides *him* and *me*; for I have read his book all over.

If you have looked into it, sir, you have found, that a person, under the pretence of criticism, may take what freedom he pleases with the reputation and credit of any gentleman; and that he need not have any regard to another man's character, who has once resolved to expose his own.

It was my misfortune once in my life to be in the same place with Dr. Bentley, and a witness to a great deal of his rude and scurrilous language; which he was so liberal of, as to throw it out at random in a public shop; and is so silly now as to call it *eaves-dropping* in me, because he was so noisy, and I was so near, that I could not help hearing it.

You desired me, at some years' distance, to recollect what passed at that meeting, and I obeyed your commands. Shall I reckon it an

* The Dissertation on Phalaris.

advantage, that Dr. Bentley, who disputes the other testimonies, falls in entirely with mine? I would, if I were not apprehensive that on that very account it might be one step farther from being credited.

However, such is his spite to me, that he confirms the truth of all I told you. For the only particular I could call to mind he grants, with some slight difference in the expression. And as to the general account I gave of his rudeness and insolence, he denies it indeed; but in so rude and insolent a manner, that there is no occasion for me to justify myself on that head.

I had declared, it seems, that he said, "the MS. of Phalaris would be worth nothing if it were collated." He sets me right; and avers, the expression was, "That, after the various lections were once taken, and printed, the MS. would be like a squeezed orange, and little worth for the future." The similitude of "a squeezed orange," is indeed a considerable circumstance, which I had forgotten; as I doubtless did several others; but, for all that, I remember the general drift and manner of his discourse, as well as if all the particular expressions were present to me. Just as I know his last book to be a disingenuous, vain, confused, unmannerly performance; though, to my happiness, hardly any of his awkward jests or impertinent quotations stick by me.

I had owned it to be my opinion, "that a MS. was worth nothing unless it were collated." The doctor cunningly distinguishes upon me; and says, "It is worth nothing indeed to the rest of the world; but it is better for the owner, if a price were to be set upon it." I beg his pardon for my mistake. I thought we were talking of books in the way of scholars: whereas he answers me like a bookseller, and as if he dealt in MSS. instead of reading them. For my part, I measure the value of these kind of things from the advantage the public may receive from them, and not from the profit they are likely to bring in to a private owner; and therefore I have the same opinion of the Alexandrian MS.* (which, he says, "he keeps in his lodgings") now, as I should have had before the editors of the English Polyglott published the collation of it; though it may not perhaps bear up to the same price in St. Paul's Churchyard, or at an auction; but I hope, if it be safely kept, it need never come to the experiment.

As to the particular reflections he has cast on me, it is no more than I expected. I could neither hope nor wish for better treatment from one that had used you so ill. It is reputable both to men and books to be ill spoken of by him; and a favourable presumption on their side, that there is something in both which may chance to recommend them to the rest of the world. It is in the power of every little creature to throw dirty language; but a man must have some credit himself in the world, before things that he says can lessen the reputation of another; and if Dr. Bentley must be thus qualified to mischief me, I am safe from all the harm that his malice can do me. I am, sir, your obliged humble servant.

LETTER XV.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Blechingley, Feb. 25, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter, and was indeed extremely affected with the bad news of your loss. It is most certainly a prodigious one to you,

* Or the Old Testament.

and has carried off a great share of your happiness. I do not wonder to hear it got the better of your philosophy. Nature is too strong for reason and speculation, and the finest sayings of the finest moralists are flat and unaffecting upon these trying occasions. The only thing that can give the mind any solid satisfaction, is a certain complacency and repose in the good Providence of God, under a sincere conviction that he orders every thing for the best.

I am glad you have got the better of your own indisposition; the loss of both parents would have been a blow to your poor boy, in which his friends would have felt for him exceedingly.

I read over your wife's letter, and it melted me into tears; and, to say the truth (she is now incapable of being flattered), I was not less edified with the sincerity, and wisdom, and constancy of her mind, than I was affected with the tenderness of her concern for her husband and her child . . . . . I thank you for the favour of the ring, and am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Rochester,* Nov. 3, 1738.

Dear Sir,

I have taken up your kind letter three times to answer, and as often been interrupted. I brought it with me to this place yesterday, and resolved not to miss another post. I thank you most affectionately for your obliging inquiry after me, and I bless God, have the satisfaction to inform you, that I am very well, after the most agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled slowly and commodiously, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and bespeaks the magnificence of nature, and enlarged my mind so much, in the same manner as the stupendousness of the ocean does, that it was some time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries. Their beauties were all in the little taste; and, I am afraid, if I had seen Stow in my way home, I should have thrown out some very unmannerly reflections upon it; I should have smiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with something like the rubbish of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful streams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vast ocean, and ranges of rocks, whose foundations are hid, and whose tops reach the clouds. I know something of your cast of mind, I believe; and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening which I shall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the smooth shore, with a vast extended view of the ocean, whose waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a village, with a neat church and houses, which stood just at the entrance of a deep valley; the rocks rose high and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one side, covered with a fine turf, full of sheep and goats, and grazing herds; and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn, and spots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a stream, clear as crystal, but large and foaming, over vast stones

* Atterbury.—His Lordship held this deanery in commendam with his bishopric.

rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could scarce be said to be made by the hands of art; and, as it was the evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the scene, returning home with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place, till our prospect was closed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, shut the valley. All these images together put me much in mind of Poussin's drawings, and made me fancy myself in Savoy, at least, if not nearer Rome. Indeed, both the journey, and the country, and the residence, were most pleasing to me.

Your letters always entertain me, as your last did by an agreeable poem; and, in some sort of return, I cannot help mentioning a French book to you, which I brought in the coach with me, "*Le Paysan parvenue.*"* It is a book of gallantry, but very modest; but the things which entertained me, were the justness of some characters in it, and the great penetration into human nature. I am your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.

Rochester, Dec. 16, 1740.

Dear Sir,

I am sure it is high time for me to make my acknowledgments to you for two most entertaining letters. Your reproofs of my ingratitude are very genteel, but very strong and efficacious; and there is no bearing the reprimand of a second obliging letter, when the first had been neglected.

The verses you sent me are very sensible and touching, and the sentiments in them, I doubt not, exhilarated the blood for some time, and suspended the black execution; but his distemper, it may be said, got the better, and carried him off at last. I would willingly put that construction upon these melancholy accidents, and then leave the sufferers to the Father of mercies. I read them to a young gentleman here, a Wrexham man, who knew the author, and lived in that country with an uncle who was intimate with him.

I have been amused, in my leisure hours from business, with "Anti-Machiavel;" indeed, much entertained with him. You know the author is a royal one;† and if he puts his speculations into practice, if bad times should come, and honest men be forced to quit Old England, I would endeavour, if I could support that character, to put myself under his government and protection. He has exposed, very justly, the littleness of Machiavel's principles, who formed his maxims among the petty states of Italy, and supported the justness of them upon the example of a Cæsar Borgia. In my opinion, this book of the king of Prussia is much more in the style and character of a great prince, than the celebrated Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, unless we are to suppose every Christian prince to support the two characters of king and priest; for the book last mentioned is more agreeable to the sacred function, as I believe, in real truth, it was the work of one of us. I am, &c.

* By Marivaux.

† The king of Prussia.

LETTER XVIII.

Rev. Mr. Dyer to Mr. Duncombe.

Coningsby, Jan. 31, 1757.

Dear Sir,

Want of health was a cause of not writing, that gave me concern. I hope it happens but seldom; and that it was owing to what makes

most people out of order—bad weather; the ill effects of which, here at least, are general. I think I never was so weather-sick: the deep snows forbid me air and exercise; and my best medicine is a friend's letter. You see how much I am obliged to you.

Your son also I am obliged to: and am under strong temptation—You are adding to my bill of fare. I feel your kind art in twisting and strengthening the silken cord, which, probably, in the spring, will draw me to town; where, I have reason to flatter myself, I shall see, what I so much like and covet, two or three cheerful countenances, easy simplicity, and soft humanity; and, if a sweet female voice should come in, I am still able to hear the murmur of music, which I excessively love.

Your good liking of those verses, "Have my friends in the town," &c. should have been acknowledged in my last. I have a wicked memory: it is a great misfortune. Neither did I thank you for mentioning the new kind of trumpet—but I never use any; for, putting my hand to my ear, I can give it such a form as will increase my hearing. Besides, cold bathing, frequent and moderate exercise, frequent frictions of my head and ears, warm feet, warm water with my wine, and supperless nights, have much abated my deafness.

Mr. Dodsley indeed has the "Fleece." I did not think this a fit season for its publication; but my friend Mr. Wray overcame me; and though it has lain long "by" me, not much "before" me, it is now precipitated to the press, with such faults, as must be imputed to the air of a fenny country, where I have been, for the most part, above these five years, without health, without books, and without proper conversation. I say not this in any arrogant sense—for, God knows, I am far from despising either the peasant or the country parson.

Good Mr. Edwards* was my particular friend; even Mr. Wray cannot lament him more than I do. How seasonable are your presents! they have an additional beauty in being new to me. Even the "Rambler" has not reached this place; nor have the beams of his "Sunday"† ever shone upon me. You see what proofs I give you of being quite out of the world.

Most expressive, I am afraid, is that one word of yours, *fuimus*. . . . I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Dyer to Mr. Duncombe.

Coningsby, March 19, 1757.

Dear Sir,

I who want so many apologies myself, must be ashamed to read any from you; but I too have been ill; and my coughs have been so continual and violent, that I dreaded the posture of writing; yet though it gives me shame, it gives me also pleasure to observe, that your apology and inclination to a correspondence with me, show your warm benevolence; for we, in the country, who see nothing but earth and sky, who hear nothing but the inarticulate voices of beasts and birds, cannot correspond with you in town upon an equal footing: wanting bustle and news, we can furnish only trifles in exchange, and must always depend upon your generosity; therefore the calling any letter from Coningsby "agreeable" gives me a clear view of your benevolence. . . . .

* Of Turrick in Buckinghamshire, author of the "Canons of Criticism," &c. He died about three weeks before the date of this letter (on a visit) at Mr. Richardson's, at Parsons' Green.

† An allegorical paper, so signed, written by the late excellent Mrs. Catherine Talbot.

It is my wish, forgive me, that the gout may pay you many an annual visit. I would wish no such thing, were you a younger man, or did you not discover such a resignation, as will ever preserve a relish for an useful life; and useful always is the life of every good man. So that I cannot imagine how so many of the wise and virtuous Romans, &c. could, in any circumstance, approve of self-killing—But my thoughts grow over-grave—it is no wonder, for I am now confined by illness—yet I can taste pleasure—and am rejoiced to hear, that the merits of my generous friend, your son, are so well taken notice of by our humane archbishop. I have been at Canterbury; it is an agreeable city, in a very pleasant country.

I never heard of any collection of letters by Mr. Edwards: yet there may be such: he gave all his studies a turn to criticism.

—Ah! just this moment the Stamford Mercury comes to me, and mentions the death of the good archbishop. Your son and all mankind have lost a friend. I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant.

LETTER XX.

Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luxborough.

Piercy Lodge, Feb. 25, 1754.

Dear madam,

Pray never think excuse can be necessary to me about exactness in answering my letters; I am always glad to hear from you when it is agreeable to you to write, but am not one of those overkind friends who are for ever out of humour with those whom they rather enthral than oblige, by giving them that name. As a proof I never wish to act so by my friends, or am afraid of being treated so by them, I will own to you, I am not quite sure I should have answered your last letter so soon, were it not that I am under serious concern to find how awkwardly I must have expressed myself to Mr. Shenstone, if I gave him room to believe I harboured a secret wish to have so fine a poem as his Ode suppressed. On the contrary, I should think myself guilty of a very great crime and injustice to the public, if I were to be the means of depriving them of so charming and rational an entertainment. I gave him the true reasons in my letter, for desiring that my own name, nor that of my humble yet peaceful dwelling, might be inserted. You know I always envied the lot of "*la violette qui se cache sous l'herbe.*"*

It is true, my dear lady Luxborough, times are changed with us, since no walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough, to hurt us, as we childishly imagined: yet after a ball or masquerade, have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes, in order to go to rest? Such methinks is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of our bodily decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully than any night's sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow, and crying, and pains, shall be no more; we shall then without weariness move in our new vehicles, transport ourselves from any part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses, the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens

* The violet which buds under the grass.

of our approaching dissolution with a kind of awful pleasure. I will ingenuously own to you, dear madam, that I experience more true happiness in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the splendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could not satisfy a rational mind; and at the most heedless time of my youth, I well remember, that I always looked forward with a kind of joy, to a decent retreat, when the evening of life should make it practicable.

Boadicea I have read; there is an interesting scene or two in it; but there is something wanting in the management of the drama to keep up the spirits of the audience. Philoclea I have not seen, nor have heard such a character of it as to raise my curiosity. If you have not read Deformity, an Essay, by Mr. Hay, nor his *Religio Philosophi* (I do not know how that last word should end), I believe they will entertain you very well in their different ways. The Adventurer will soon be published in volumes, and will be very well worth buying. I doubt I must agree with Mr. Shenstone, that the style of Sir Charles Grandison is too prolix; and yet I do not know any of it I should be willing to part with, except Harriet Byron's conversation with the Oxonian, in the first volume, and the preparations and entertainments at sir Charles's wedding in the fifth.

When I came home from taking the air on Friday, I was very agreeably surprised to find lady Northumberland ready to receive me, as I had no notion of her coming. She had been alarmed with a false report, that I had not been so well for some days as she left me. I took the opportunity of showing her your letter, and she desired me to make her compliments to your ladyship, and tell you, she keeps no servant about lady Elizabeth, while she is at school, and at her return will think it necessary to have a person of a middle age about her. Such a one she now has about her little boy; a pretty sort of woman, who speaks French and English equally well, is grave and properly behaved, and, I believe, hopes for lady Elizabeth's place, when her little angel of a master goes into the hands of the men. His mamma took him away with her on Saturday, after lending him to me for a month (though she is excessively fond of him), because she sees he is the joy of my life. He has some faint resemblance (though not a good one) of his poor uncle; but his openness and mildness of temper are the very same. Her eldest boy too is a very sensible and good one. He and lady Greville dine with me from Eton every Sunday; they are here at present for two or three days, on account of there being holidays. I have hardly left myself room to make Mr. Cowslad's compliments, and subscribe myself, dear madam, your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor sent her, upon the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.

Sir,

I am very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was

not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person; but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shown the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly content to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, sir, your, &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

RECENT LETTERS.

SECTION I.

FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. AND MR. GRAY, TO AND FROM THEIR FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend.

From Mr. Wintle's, Perfumer, near Temple Bar, &c. 6th Feb. 1740.

Dear sir,

I am now, with regard to the town, pretty much in the same state in which I expect to be always with regard to the world; sometimes exclaiming and railing against it; sometimes giving it a good word, and even admiring it. A sunshiny-day, a tavern-supper after a play well acted, and now and then an invigorating breath of air in the Mall, never fail of producing a cheerful effect. I do not know whether I gave you any account of Quin's acting Falstaff in my former letter; I really imagined that I saw you tittering on one side me, shaking your sides, and sometimes scarce containing yourself. You will pardon the attitude in which I placed you, since it was what seemed natural at that circumstance of time. Comus I have once been at, for the sake of the songs, though I detest it in any light; but as a dramatic piece, the taking of it seems a prodigy; yet indeed such a one, as was pretty tolerably accounted for by a gentleman who sat by me in the boxes. This learned sage, being asked how he liked the play, made answer, "He could not tell—pretty well, he thought—or indeed as well as any other play—he always took it, that people only came there to see and to be seen—for as for what was said, he owned, he never understood any thing of the matter." I told him, I thought a great many of its admirers were in his case, if they would but own it.

On the other hand, it is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people make pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair or hackney coach man, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature. Chimney sweepers damn the convention, and black shoe boys cry up the genius of Shakspeare. "The Danger of writing Verse" is a very good thing; if you have not read it, I would recommend it to you as poetical. But now I talk of learn-

ing, I must not omit an interview which I accidentally had the other night in company with lord D—— and one Mr. C——. We were taken to sup at a private house, where I found a person whom I had never seen before. The man behaved exceeding modestly and well; till, growing a little merry over a bottle (and being a little countenanced by the subject we were upon), he pulls out of his pocket about half a dozen ballads, and distributes them amongst the company. I (not finding at first they were of his own composition) read one over, and, finding it a dull piece of stuff, contented myself with observing that it was exceedingly well printed. But to see the man's face on this occasion would make you pity the circumstance of an author as long as you live. His jollity ceased (as a flame would do, should you pour water upon it); and I believe, for about five minutes, he spoke not a syllable. At length recovering himself, he began to talk about his country seat, about Houghton Hall, and soon after desired a health, imagining (as I found afterwards) that lord D— would have given sir Robert's. But he did not, naming sir T— L—. Mine, which followed, was that of Mr. L. Now, who do you think this should be, but honest Ralph Freeman (at least the writer of the paper so subscribed), your father's old friend and intimate, sir Robert's right hand, a person that lives elegantly, drives six of the best horses in town, and plays on St. John's organ (you know Mr. L— is not only sir Robert's greatest enemy, but the Gazetteer's proper antagonist). We were invited to see him very civilly; and indeed the man behaved with the utmost good-humour, without arrogance, or any attempts at wit, which probably would not have been very successful.—Ask your father what he would say to me, if I should join in the cause with his old friend, and take a good annuity under sir Robert, which, I believe, I might have; and little encouragement, God knows, have I met with on the other side of the question. I say, I believe I might have, because I know a certain person gives pensions of three pounds a-week to porters and the most illiterate stupid fellows you can imagine, to talk in his behalf at alehouses; where they sit so long a time, and are as regularly relieved as one sentry relieves another.—At least tell him that I expect in his answer to my letter (which I shall not allow him to assign to you) he write something to confirm me in my integrity, and to make me prefer him, and you, and honesty, to lace, brocade, and the smiles of the ladies.

But I hope to keep my Hercules in view, whether in print or manuscript; and though I am as fond of pleasure as most people, yet I shall observe the rule,

Positam sic tangere noli.*

I desire I may hear from you next post: I have a line or two, which I intend for the sons of utter darkness (as you call them) next magazine: I would send them to you, for your advice, but cannot readily find them. I like every thing in Mr. Somervile's but the running of the last line. I think to insert them. Should be glad to have a line or two of yours, that one may make a bold attack. I look on it as fun, without the least emotion, I assure you. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago, on the Death of his Father.

Leasowes, Aug. 23, 1740.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I find some difficulty in writing to

* Touch it not so.

you on this melancholy occasion. No one can be more unfit to attempt to lessen your grief than myself, because no one has a deeper sense of the cause of your affliction. Though I would by no means be numbered by you amongst the common herd of your acquaintance that tell you they are sorry, yet it were impertinent in me to mention a mere friend's concern to a person interested by so many more tender regards. Besides, I should be glad to alleviate your sorrow, and such sort of condolence tends but little to promote that end. I do not choose to flatter you; neither could I, more especially at this time; but though I could perhaps find enough to say to persons of less sense than you, I know of nothing but what your own reason must have suggested. Concern indeed may have suspended the power of that faculty; and upon that pretence, I have a few things that I would suggest to you. After all, it is time alone that can and will cure all afflictions, but such as are the consequence of vice; and yours, I am sure, proceeds from a contrary principle.

I heard accidentally of this sorrowful event, and accompanied you to London with the utmost concern. I wished it was in my power to mitigate your griefs by sharing them, as I have often found it in yours to augment my pleasures by so doing.

All that I can recommend to you is, not to confine your eye to any single event in life, but to take in your whole circumstances before you repine.

When you reflect that you have lost one of the best of men in a father, you ought to comfort yourself that you had such a father; to whom I cannot forbear applying these lines from Milton:—

——"Since to part!
Go, heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger!
Sent by whose sovereign goodness we adore!
Gentle to me and affable has been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful'st memory——"
End of Book viii. PAR. LOST.

I would have you by all means come over hither as soon as you can. I will endeavour to render the time you spend here as satisfactory as it is in my power; and I hope you will ever look upon me as your hearty friend, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Jago and your brother. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds.

Leasowes, Aug. 1740.

Dear sir,

Wonderful were the dangers and difficulties through which I went, the night I left you at Barels; which I looked upon as ordained by fate for the temporal punishment of obstinacy. It was very kind, and in character, for you to endeavour to deter me from the ways of darkness; but having a sort of *penchant* for needless difficulties, I have an undoubted right to indulge myself in them so long as I do not insist upon any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree; they should be *lenia tormenta*;* and I must own the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god, I

* Gentle torments.

owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little alehouse about ten o'clock, and lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more safely swear to than to either bed or blanket. For farther particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth. Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to show you any civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance; and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your chance will be but small this year, &c. If the former part of this news gives you any pleasure, I assure you it gives me no less to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle, which would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power. I saw Mr. Lyttleton last week; he is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somervile will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf, which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-half-penny piece of ribboning; but that it will

"High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
Usurp the head, and push the wig away."

I hope it will prove ominous, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it would entirely quadrate with the sincere wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somervile, Mrs. Knight, and your family.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ———, on his taking Orders in the Church.

Leasowes, June 8, 1741.

Dear sir,

I write to you out of the abundant inclination I have to hear from you; imagining that, as you gave me a direction, you might possibly expect to receive a previous letter from me. I want to be informed of the impressions you receive from your new circumstances. The chief aversion which some people have to orders is, what I fancy you will remove in such as you converse with. I take it to be owing partly to dress, and partly to the avowed profession of religion. A young clergyman, that has distinguished his genius by a composition or two of a polite nature, and is capable of dressing himself and his religion in a different manner from the generality of his profession, that is, without formality, is certainly a genteel character. I speak this not with any sly design to advise, but to intimate that I think you very capable of shining in a dark-coloured coat. You must consider me yet as a man of the world, and endeavouring to elicit that pleasure from gaiety which my reason tells me I shall never find. It is impossible to express how stupid I have been ever since I came home, insomuch that I cannot write a common letter without six repetitions. This is the third time I have begun yours, and you see what stuff it is made up of. I must e'en hasten to matter of fact, which is the comfortable resource of dull people, though, even as to that, I have nothing to communicate. But I would be glad to know, whether you are under a necessity of residing on week days;

and, if not, why I may not expect you a day or two at the Leasowes very soon. Did you make any inquiry concerning the number of my poems sold at Oxford? Or did you hear any thing concerning it that concerns me to hear?—Will. S— (for that is his true name) is the excess of simplicity and good nature. He seems to have all the industry imaginable to divert and amuse people, without any ambitious ends to serve, or almost any concern whether he has so much as a laugh allowed to his stories, any farther than as a laugh is an indication that people are delighted. This, joined with his turn of thought, renders him quite agreeable. I wish it were in my power to conciliate acquaintance with half his ease. Pray do not delay writing to me. Adieu.

LETTER V.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend, expressing his Dissatisfaction at the Manner of Life in which he is engaged.

1741.

Dear sir,

I wonder I have not heard from you lately—of you indeed I have, from Mr. W—. If you could come over, probably I might go back with you for a day or two; for my horse, I think, gets rather better, and may, with indulgence, perform such a journey. I want to advise with you about several matters;—to have your opinion about a building that I have built, and about a journey which I design to Bath; and about numberless things, which, as they are numberless, cannot be comprehended in this paper. I am your, &c.

Now I am come home from a visit—every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, "that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." My soul is no more suited to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle:—I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and relish so much more than those that have them. Nothing can give me patience but the soothing sympathy of a friend, and that will only turn my rage into simple melancholy.—I believe soon I shall bear to see nobody. I do hate all hereabouts already, except one or two. I will have my dinner brought upon my table in my absence, and the plates fetched away in my absence; and nobody shall see me; for I can never bear to appear in the same stupid mediocrity for years together, and gain no ground. As Mr. G—— complained to me (and, I think, you too, both unjustly), "I am no character."—I have in my temper some rakishness, but it is checked by want of spirits; some solidity, but it is softened by vanity; some esteem of learning, but it is broke in upon by laziness, imagination, and want of memory, &c.—I could reckon up twenty things throughout my whole circumstances wherein I am thus tantalized. Your fancy will present them.—Not that all I say here will signify to you: I am only under a fit of dissatisfaction, and to grumble does me good—only excuse me, that I cure myself at your expense. Adieu!

LETTER VI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on Benevolence and Friendship.

The Leasowes, Jan. 19, 1741-2.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I cannot forbear immediately writing to you: the pleasure your last letter gave me, put it out of my power to restrain the overflowings of my benevolence. I can easily conceive, that, upon some extraordinary instances of friendship, my heart might be *si fort attendri* that I could not bear any restraint upon my ability to show my gratitude. It is an observation I made upon reading to-day's paper, which contains an account of C. Khevenhuller's success in favour of the queen of Hungary. To think what sublime affection must influence that poor unfortunate queen, should a faithful and zealous general revenge her upon her enemies, and restore her ruined affairs!

Had a person shown an esteem and affection for me, joined with any elegance or without any elegance in the expression of it, I should have been in acute pain till I had given some sign of my willingness to serve him. From all this, I conclude that I have more humanity than some others.

Probably enough I shall never meet with a larger share of happiness than I feel at present. If not, I am thoroughly convinced, my pain is greatly superior to my pleasure. That pleasure is not absolutely dependent on the mind, I know from this, that I have enjoyed happier scenes in the company of some friends than I can possibly at present;—but, alas! all the time you and I shall enjoy together, abstracted from the rest of our lives, and lumped, will not perhaps amount to a solid year and a half. How small a proportion!

People will say to one that talks thus, "Would you die?" To set the case upon a right footing, they must take away the hopes of greater happiness in this life, the fears of greater misery hereafter, together with the bodily pain of dying, and address me in a disposition betwixt mirth and melancholy; and I could easily resolve them.

I do not know how I am launched out so far into this complaint; it is, perhaps, a strain of constitutional whining; the effect of the wind—did it come from the winds? to the winds will I deliver it.

I will be as happy as my fortune will permit, and make others so;

> Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
> Arbor æstiva recreatur aura——*

I will be so. The joke is, that the description which you gave of that country was, that you had few trees about you; so that I should trick fortune if she should grant my petition implicitly. But, in earnest, I intend to come and stay a day or two with you next summer.

Mr. Whistler is at Mr. Gosling's, bookseller, at the Mitre and Crown, in Fleet Street, and inquired much after you in his last letter to me. He writes to me; but I believe his affection for one weighs less with him while the town is in the other scale; though he is very obliging. I do not know whether I do right, when I say I believe we three, that is, in solitary circumstances, have an equal idea of, and affection for, each other. I say, supposing each to be alone, or in the country, which is nearly the same; for scenes alter minds as much as the air influences bodies. For instance, when Mr. Whistler is in town, I suppose we love him better than he does us; and when we are in town, I suppose the same may be said in regard to him.

The true burlesque of Spenser,

* Lead me to those dull plains, where no tree is refreshed by the summer air.

whose characteristic is simplicity, seems to consist in a simple representation of such things as one laughs to see or to observe one's self, rather than in any monstrous contrast betwixt the thoughts and words. I cannot help thinking, that my added stanzas have more of his manner than what you saw before, which you are not a judge of till you have read him.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

1743.

Dear sir,

I long heartily to talk over affairs with you *tête-à-tête;* but am an utter enemy to the fatigue of transcribing what might pass well enough in conversation. I shall say nothing more concerning my departure from L—, than that it was necessary, and therefore excusable. I have been since with a gentleman upon the borders of Wales, Bishop's Castle, from whence I made a digression one day beyond Offa's Dyke; saw mountains which converted all that I had seen into mole-hills; and houses, which changed the Leasowes into Hampton Court: where they talk of a glazed window as a piece of magnificence; and where their highest idea of his majesty is, that he can ride in such a coach as 'squire Jones or 'squire Pryce's. The woman of the inn, at one place, said, "Glass (in windows) was very genteel, that it was; but she could not afford such finery."

You agree with the rest of the married world in a propensity to make proselytes. This inclination in some people gives one a kind of dread of the matter. They are ill-natured, and can only wish one in their own state because they are unhappy; like persons that have the plague, who, they say, are ever desirous to propagate the infection. I make a contrary conclusion when you commend marriage, as you seem to do, when you wish Miss —— may reconcile me to more than the name of wife. I know not what you have heard of my amour; probably more than I can thoroughly confirm to you. And what if I should say to you, that marriage was not once the subject of our conversation?

Do not you think every thing in nature strangely improved since you were married, from the tea table to the warming pan?

I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper; but she must write something in my praise. Pray see you to it, in your next letter.

I could parodize my lord Carteret's letter from Dettingen, if I had it by me. "Mrs. Arnold (thanks be praised!) has this day gained a very considerable victory. The scold lasted two hours. Mrs. S——e was posted in the hall, and Mrs. Arnold upon the staircase; which superiority of ground was of no small service to her in the engagement. The fire lasted the whole space, without intermission; at the close of which the enemy was routed, and Mrs. Arnold kept the field."

Did you hear the song to the tune of "The Cuckow?"

> "The Baron stood behind a tree,
> In woful plight, for nought heard he
> But cannon, cannon, &c.
> O word of fear!
> Unpleasing to a German ear."

The notes that fall upon the word "cannon" express the sound with its echo admirably.

I send you my pastoral elegy (or ballad, if you think that name more proper), on condition that you return it with ample remarks in your next letter: I say "return it," because I have no other copy,

and am too indolent to take one. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves; written in Hay Harvest.

July 3, 1743.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I did not part from you without a great deal of melancholy. To think of the short duration of those interviews which are the objects of one's continual wishes, has been a reflection that has plagued me of old. I am sure I returned home with it then, more aggravated, as I foresaw myself returning to the same series of melancholy hours from which you had a while relieved me, and which I had particularly suffered under all this last spring. I wish to God you might happen to be settled not far from me: a day's journey distance, however; I mean an easy one. But the odds are infinitely against me. I must only rely for my happiness on the hopes of a never-ceasing correspondence!

Soon after you were gone I received my packet. The History of Worcestershire is mere stuff. T— I am so fond of, that I believe I shall have his part of the collection bound over again, neatly and separately. But sure Hammond has no right to the least inventive merit, as the preface writer would insinuate. I do not think there is a single thought, of any eminence, that is not literally translated. I am astonished he could content himself with being so little an original.

Mr. Lyttelton and his lady are at Hagley. A malignant caterpillar has demolished the beauty of all her large oaks. Mine are secured by their littleness. But I guess the park suffers; a large wood near me being a mere winter-piece for nakedness.

At present I give myself up to riding and thoughtlessness; being resolved to make trial of their efficacy towards a tolerable degree of health and spirits. I wish I had you for my director. I should proceed with great confidence of success; though I am brought very low by two or three fits of a fever since I saw you. Had I written to you in the midst of my dispirited condition, as I was going, you would have had a more tender and unaffected letter than I can write at another time; what I think, perhaps, at all times; but what sickness can alone elicit from a temper fearful of whining.

Surely the *nunc formosissimus annus** is to be limited to hay harvest. I could give my reasons: but you will imagine them to be, the activity of country people in a pleasing employment; the full verdure of the summer; the prime of pinks, woodbines, jasmines, &c. I am old, very old; for few things give me so much mechanical pleasure as lolling on a bank in the very heat of the sun,

> "When the old come forth to play
> On a sunshine holiday."

And yet it is as much as I can do to keep Mrs. Arnold from going to neighbouring houses in her smock, in despite of decency and my known disapprobation.

I find myself more of a patriot than I ever thought I was. Upon reading the account of the battle I found a very sensible pleasure, or, as the Methodists term it, "perceived my heart enlarged," &c. The map you sent me is a pretty kind of toy, but does not enough particularize the scenes of the war, &c., which was the end I had in view when I sent for it.

* Now 'tis the finest season of the year.

About half the appetite, digestion, strength, spirits, &c. of a mower, would make me the happiest of mortals! I would be understood literally and precisely. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves; after the Disappointment of a Visit.

The Leasowes, Nov. 9, 1743.

Dear sir,

I am tempted to begin my letter as Memmius does his harangue, "*Multa me dehortantur a vobis, ni studium virtutis vestræ omnia exsuperet.*"* You contrive interviews of about a minute's duration; and you make appointments in order to disappoint one; and yet, at the same time that your proceedings are thus vexatious, force one to bear testimony to the inestimable value of your friendship! I do insist upon it, that you ought to compound for the disappointment you have caused me, by a little letter every post you stay in town. I shall now scarce see you till next summer, or spring at soonest; and then I may probably take occasion to visit you, under pretence of seeing Derbyshire. Truth is, your prints have given me some curiosity to see the original places. I am grateful for your intentions with regard to giving me part of them, and impertinent in desiring you to convey them to me as soon as you can well spare them. Let me know if they are sold separately at the print shops. I think to recommend them to my new acquaintance, Mr. Lyttelton Brown. I like the humour of the ballad you mention, but am more obliged for your partial opinion of me. The notes that fall upon the word "cannon, cannon," are admirably expressive of the sound, I dare say; I mean jointly with its echo: and so, I suppose, you will think, if you ever attended to the Tower guns. I find I cannot afford to go to Bath previously to my London journey; though I look upon it as a proper method to make my residence in town more agreeable. I shall probably be there about the first of December; or before, if I can accelerate my friend Whistler's journey. The pen I write with is the most disagreeable of pens! But I have little else to say; only this—that our good friend Jack Dolman is dead at Aldridge, his father's benefice.

I beg, if you have leisure, you would inclose me in a frank the following songs, with the notes: "Stella and Flavia," "Gentle Jessy," "Sylvia, wilt thou waste thy prime?" and any other that is new. I should be glad of that number of the British Orpheus which has my song in it, if it does not cost above sixpence. Make my compliments to your brother and sister; and believe me, in the common forms, but in no common degree, dear Mr. Graves's most affectionate friend and servant.

Do write out the whole ballad of "The Baron stood behind a Tree."

* Many things would persuade me to leave you, did not my esteem for your virtues overcome them all.

LETTER X.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, with Thoughts on Advice.

The Leasowes, Sept. 21, 1747.

Dear Mr. Graves,

I am under some apprehension that you dread the sight of a letter from me, as it seems to lay claim to the compliment of an answer. I will therefore write you one that shall wave its privilege, at least till such time as your leisure encourages, or your present dissipation

does not forbid you to send one. I dare now no longer expatiate upon the affair you have in hand; it is enough for me if you will excuse the freedom I have taken. I have often known delay produce good effects in some cases, which even sagacity itself could not surmount; and, if I thought I did not go too far, would presume to recommend it now. You know I have very little of the temper of an alderman. I almost hate the idea of wealthiness as much as the word. It seems to me to carry a notion of fulness, stagnation, and insignificancy. It is this disposition of mine that can alone give any weight to the advice I send you, as it proves me not to give it through any partiality to fortune. As to what remains, you are, I hope, assured of the value I must ever have for you in any circumstances, and the regard I shall always show for any that belongs to you. I cannot like you less or more. I now drop into other matters. Bergen, I see, is taken at last; pray what are the sentiments of your political companions? I dined some time ago with Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt, who both agreed it was worth twenty thousand men to the French; which is a light in which I never used to consider it. Any little intimation that you please to confer upon me, enables me to seem wise in this country for a month; particularly if I take care to adjust my face accordingly. As I was returning last Sunday from church, whom should I meet in my way, but that sweet-souled bard Mr. James Thomson, in a chaise drawn by two horses lengthways? I welcomed him into the country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to the Leasowes (who had offered me a visit), which he promised to do. So I am in daily expectations of them and all the world this week. I fancy they will lavish all their praises upon nature, reserving none for poor art and me. But if I ever live, and am able to perfect my schemes, I shall not despair of pleasing the few I first began with, the few friends prejudiced in my favour; and then *Fico por los malignatores.** Censures will not affect me; for I am armed so strong in vanity, that they will pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not. I think it pretty near equal, in a country place, whether you gain the small number of tasters, or the large crowd of the vulgar. The latter are more frequently met with, and gape, stupent, and stare much more. But one would choose to please a few friends of taste before mob or gentry, the great vulgar or the small; because therein one gratifies both one's social passions and one's pride, that is, one's self-love. Above all things, I would wish to please you; and if I have a wish that projects or is prominent beyond the rest, it is to see you placed to your satisfaction near me; but Fortune must vary from her usual treatment before she favours me so far. And yet there was a time, when one might probably have prevailed on her. I knew not what to do. The affair was so intricately circumstanced—your surprising silence after the hint I gave. Mr. D— offering to serve any friend of mine; nay, pressing me to use the opportunity. His other relations, his guardians teasing him with sure symptoms of a rupture in case of a refusal on their side. Mr. P— soliciting me if the place were sold, which it could not legally be. Friendship, propriety, impartiality, self-interest (which I little regarded), endeavouring to distract me; I think I never spent so disagreeable an half-year since I was born. To close the whole, I could not foresee the event, which is almost foretold in your last letter, and I knew I could not serve you; but I must render it

* A fig for my enemies.

a necessary one. In short, when I can tell you the whole affair at leisure, you will own it to be of such a nature, that I must be ever in suspense concerning my behaviour, and of course shall never reflect on it with pleasure. Believe me, with the truest affection, yours.

LETTER XI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

It is somewhere about the 20th of Sept. 1747; and I write from The Leasowes.

Dear sir,

I think I have lived to out-correspond almost all my correspondents; whether you are the last that is to be subdued, I will not say; the rest are so fatigued, that they are not able to achieve a line. Apprised of this, and being by nature disposed to have mercy on the vanquished *(parcere subjectis)*, I seldom write a syllable more than is requisite to further some scheme, or ascertain some interview, the latter of these being the purpose of this mine epistle. I am in great hopes I shall be at liberty to see you ere many weeks be past; and would beg of you, in the mean time, to inform me, by a letter, when I am likely, or when very unlikely, to meet with you at home. I am detained, just at present, by continual expectations of the Hagley family.

As I was returning from church on Sunday last, whom should I meet, in a chaise with two horses lengthways, but that right friendly bard Mr. Thomson? I complimented him upon his arrival in this country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to the Leasowes, which he said he would with abundance of pleasure: and so we parted. You will observe, that the more stress I lay upon this visit, and the more I discover to you, the more substantial is my apology for deferring mine into Warwickshire. I own, I am pleased with the prospect of showing them something at the Leasowes beyond what they expect. I have begun my terrace on the high hill I showed you, made some considerable improvements in Virgil's Grove, and finished a walk from it to the house, after a manner which you will approve. They are going to build a castle in the park round the lodge, which, if well executed, must have a good effect; and they are going likewise to build a rotund to terminate the vista. The fault is, that they anticipate every thing which I propose to do when I become rich; but as that is never likely to be, perhaps it is not of any importance; but what I term rich, implies no great deal; I believe you are a witness to the moderation of my desires; and I flatter myself that you will believe your friend in that respect something above the vulgar. If I come to your house, positively I will not go to see Mr. M——. He has been twice as near me as the Grange, with C— L—, and never deemed my place worth seeing. I doubt, you are a little too modest in praising it wherever you go. Why do not you applaud it with both hands, *utroque pollice?* I am so very partial to my native place, that it seems a miracle to me that it is not more famous. But I complain unjustly of you; for, as you have always contributed to my happiness, you have taken every opportunity to contribute to my figure. I wish I could say the same of some who have it more in their power.

I have yet about a thousand things to say to you, not now, though; lady L—h's visit I reserve till I see you. A coach with a coronet is a pretty kind of phœnomenon at my door, few prettier, except the face of such a friend as you; for I do not want

the grace to prefer a generous and spirited friendship to all the gewgaws that ambition can contrive. I have wrote out my Elegies, and heartily wish you had them to look over before I come.—I know not how to send them.—I shall bring and leave some poetry with you.—"*Thus et odores!*"* or rather a proper covering for "*Thus, et odores, et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*"† Adieu! dear sir, believe me ever yours.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

1747.

Dear sir,

Being just returned from a small excursion, it was with the utmost pleasure that I read over your letter; and, though it abounds both in wit and waggery, I sit down incontinently to answer it with none.

The agreeableness of your letters is now heightened by the surprise they give me. I must own, I have thought you in a manner lost to the amusements in which you once delighted, correspondences, works of taste and fancy, &c. If you think the opinion worth removing, you need only favour me with such a letter now and then, and I will place you (in my imagination) where you shall see all the favourites of fortune cringing at your feet.

I think I could add about half a dozen hints to your observations on electricity, which might at least disguise the facts: and then why will you not put it into some newspaper, or monthly pamphlet? You might discover yourself to whom you have a mind. It would give more than ordinary pleasure at this time.—Some other will take the hint.—Pity your piece should not have the advantage of novelty as well as of wit!

I dined and stayed a night with Dr. E—: he was extremely obliging, and I am glad of such a friend to visit at B—. He asked much after you.—He showed me his Ovid—I advised him to finish some one epistle highly, that he might show it.—The whole will not take, though it goes against me to tell him so. I should be glad he could succeed at B—; and could I serve him, it would be with a safe conscience, for I take him to excel the rest of B—'s physicians far in point of speculation and diligence, &c.

I send you the song you asked for, and request of you to write me out your new edition of the Election Verses; and, at your leisure, a copy of the poem which we altered.

THE LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear,
To simple British birds belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine:
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat that witless beau
And all his motley race with scorn;
And heal deserving Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

I am, sir, your most faithful friend and servant.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

The Leasowes, March 23, 1747-8.

Dear sir,

I have sent Tom over for the pa-

* Frankincense and odours.

† Frankincense, and odours, and pepper, and every thing that is tied up in waste paper.

pers which I left under your inspection; having nothing to add upon this head, but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge.

I shall be very glad if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions; in regard to which, I will observe any commands which you shall please to lay upon me.

I am favoured with a certain correspondence, by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate; and I find it very entertaining.

Pray did you receive my answer to your last letter, sent by way of London? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post, as often as I feel a violent propensity to describe the notable incidents of my life; which amount to about as much as the tinsel of your little boy's hobby-horse.

I am on the point of purchasing a couple of busts for the niches of my hall; and believe me, my good friend, I never proceed one step in ornamenting my little farm, but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it more agreeable to you, and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favour me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Mr. Fancourt when the trees are green; that is, in May; but I would not have you content yourself with a single visit this summer. If Mr. Hardy (to whom you will make my compliments) inclines to favour me so far, you must calculate so as to wait on him whenever he finds it convenient; though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my lord Dudley comes down. I wonder how he would like the scheme I am upon, of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish.

I have had a couple of paintings given me since you were here. One of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would hardly purchase at the price of five shillings. However, I am endeavouring to make it out to be one of Carlo Maratt's, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonnas; even so as to be nick-named *Cartuccio delle Madonne*, by Salvator Rosa. Two letters of the cypher (C M) agree; what shall I do with regard to the third? It is a small piece, and sadly blackened. It is about the size (though not quite the shape) of the Bacchus over the parlour door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry; geese, turkeys, pullets, ducks, &c. I am also somewhat smitten with a blackbird which I have purchased: a very fine one; brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not fail to send me;—but as I said before, one may easily habituate one's self to cheap amusements; that is, rural ones (for all town amusements are horridly expensive);—I would have you cultivate your garden; plant flowers; have a bird or two in the hall (they will at least amuse your children); write now and then a song; buy now and then a book; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend and affectionate servant.

P. S. I hope you have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter; for I am ashamed to think, that you, in particular, should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago.—She can

go a little abroad, you say.—Tell her, I should be proud to show her the Leasowes. Adieu!

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ——, on his Marriage.

This was written August 21, 1748; but not sent till the 28th.

Dear sir,

How little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more significant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you give me of the person whom you have made choice of, to whom I desire you to pay my sincere and most affectionate compliments.

I shall always be glad to find you *præsentibus æquum*,* though I should always be pleased when I saw you *tentantem majora*.† I think you should neglect no opportunity at this time of life to push your fortune so far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarrassed with those kind of solicitudes towards the evening of your day.

I would have you acquire, if possible, what the world calls, with some propriety, an easy fortune; and what I interpret, such a fortune as allows of some inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in suspense about the laying out a shilling. This kind of advice may seem extremely dogmatical in me; but if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I say. I have lost my road to happiness, I confess; and instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amusement, and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road too that leads the better way, and can show it others; but I have many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée;* I suppose, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée;* though, if I had money, I should hardly confine myself to such decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the consequence is, that I long to have you see them.

I have not heard whether Miss —'s match proceeded.—I suppose your objections were grounded on the person's age and temper; and that they had the less weight, as they supposed you acted indiscreetly yourself: I can say but little on the occasion. You know —— better than I do. Only this I must add, that I have so great an esteem for your sister, that it will be necessary to my ease, that whoever marries her she should be happy.

I have little hopes that I shall now see you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as soon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles,

"To see the poorest of the sons of men."

The truth is, my affairs are miserably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe I shall be forced to

* Pleased with the present.

† Attempting greater things.

seize on one next week for three years and a half's rent, due last Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averse, both through indolence and compassion. I hope, however, I shall be always able (as I am sure I shall be desirous) to entertain a friend of a philosophical regimen, such as you and Mr. Whistler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is considerably improved since you were here, and they have built a castle by way of ruin on the highest part of it, which is just seen from my wood; but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me) I believe it may be rendered a considerable object here.

I purpose to write to Mr. Whistler either this post or the next. The fears you seemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr. —, habitually and sincerely your, &c.

My humble service to your neighbours. — Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publish a print of my grove in a small collection.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago, with an Invitation to the Leasowes.

Sept. 3, Saturday night, 1748.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I hardly know whether it will be prudent in me to own, that I wrote you a long letter upon the receipt of your last, which I have now upon my table. I condemn this habit in myself entirely, and should, I am sure, be very unhappy, if my friends, by my example, should be induced to contract the same. The truth is, I had not expressed myself in it to my mind, and it was full of blots, and blunders, and interlinings; yet, such as it was, it had wearied my attention, and given me disinclination to begin it afresh. I am now impatient to remove any scruple you may have concerning my grateful sense of all your favours, and the invariable continuance of my affection and esteem.—I find by your last obliging letter, that my machinations and devices are not entirely private.—You knew of my draught of Hagley castle about the bigness of a barley-corn; you knew of our intended visit to lady Luxborough's; and I must add, Mr. Thomas Hall knew of my contrivance for the embellishment of Mr. Hardy's house. Nothing is there hid that shall not be revealed. Our visit to Barels is now over and past. Lady Luxborough has seen Hagley castle in the original: and as to my desire that my draught might be shown to no Christian soul, you surely did but ill comply with it, when you showed that drawing to a clergyman. However, you may have acted up to my real meaning, if you have taken care not to show it to any connoisseur. I meant chiefly to guard against any one that knows the rules; in whose eyes, I am sure, it could not turn to my credit. Pray how do you like the festoons dangling over the oval windows? It is the chief advantage in repairing an old house, that one may deviate from the rules without any extraordinary censure.

I will not trouble you now with many particulars. The intent of Tom's coming is, to desire your company and Mrs. Jago's this week. I should be extremely glad if your convenience would allow you to come on Monday or Tuesday; but if it is entirely impracticable, I would beseech you not to put off the visit longer than the Monday following, for the leaves of my groves begin to fall a great pace. I beg once more,

you would let no small inconvenience prevent your being here on Monday. As to my visit to Icheneton, you may depend upon it soon after; and I hope you will not stand upon punctilio, when I mention my inclination that you may all take a walk through my coppices before their beauty is much impaired. Were I in a sprightly vein, I would aim at saying something genteel by way of answer to Mrs. Jago's compliment. As it is, I can only thank her for the substance, and applaud the politeness of it. I postpone all other matters till I see you. I am, habitually and sincerely, your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Hardy.

P. S. I am not accustomed, my dear friend, to send you a blank page; nor can I be content to do so now.

I thank you very sensibly for the verses with which you honour me. I think them good lines, and so do others that have seen them; but you will give me leave, when I see you, to propose some little alteration. As to an epistle, it would be executed with difficulty, and I would have it turn to your credit as well as my own. But you have certainly of late acquired an ease in writing: and I am tempted to think that what you write henceforth will be universally good. Persons that have seen your Elegies like "The Blackbirds" best, as it is most assuredly the most correct; but I, who pretend to great penetration, can foresee that "The Linnets" will be made to excel. More of this when I see you. Poor Miss G—, J— R— says, is married; and poor Mr. Thomson, Mr. Pitt tells me, is dead. He was to have been at Hagley this week, and then I should probably have seen him here. As it is, I will erect an urn in Virgil's Grove to his memory. I was really as much shocked to hear of his death, as if I had known and loved him for a number of years; God knows, I lean on a very few friends: and if they drop me, I become a wretched misanthrope.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Shenstone to a Friend disappointing him of a visit.

Fie on Mr. N—! he has disappointed me of the most seasonable visit that heart could wish or desire. My flowers in blossom, my walks newly cleaned, my neighbours invited, and I languishing for lack of your company! Meantime you are going to dance attendance on a courtier.—Would to God he may disappoint you! according to the usual practice of those gentlemen; I mean, by giving you a far better living than you ever expected.

I have no sooner made than I am ready to recall that wish, in order to substitute another in its place; which is, that you may rather squat yourself down upon a fat goose living in Warwickshire, or one in Staffordshire, or perhaps Worcestershire, of the same denomination. I do not mention Shropshire, because I think I am more remote from the main body of that county than I am from either of the others. But, nevertheless, by all means wait on Mr. N—; show him all respect, yet so as not to lay out any of the profits of your contingent living in a black velvet waistcoat and breeches to appear before him. True merit needeth nought of this. Besides, peradventure, you may not receive the first quarter's income of it this half year. He will probably do something for you one time or other; but you shall never go into Ireland, that is certain, for less than a deanery; not for less than the deanery of St. Patrick's, if you take my advice. Lower your hopes only to advance your surprise, "*grata supervenient quæ non sperabimus.*"* Come to me as you

* We are agreeably surprised by what we did not hope.

may. A week is elapsed since you began to be detained; you may surely come over in a fortnight now at farthest; I will be at home. However, write directly; you know our letters are long upon their journey. I expected you the beginning of every week, till I received your last letter, impatiently.

For my own part, I begin to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. I feed my wild-ducks, and I water my carnations; happy enough, if I could extinguish my ambition quite, or indulge (what I hope I feel in an equal degree) the desire of being something more beneficial in my sphere. Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted.

I have just read lord Bolingbroke's three Letters, which I like as much as most pieces of politics I ever read. I admire, especially, the spirit of the style. I as much admire the editor's unpopular preface. I know the family hitherto seemed to make it a point to conceal Pope's affair; and now, the editor, under lord B's inspection, not only relates, but invites people to think the worst of it. What collateral reasons my lord may have for thinking ill of Mr. Pope, I cannot say; but surely it is not political to lessen a person's character that had done one so much honour. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

I have this moment received a long letter from lady Luxborough; and you are to look on all I said concerning both lord Bolingbroke's affair and her resentment as premature. My lady's daughter and son-in-law visit her next week.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

From the Leasowes, as it appears on a rainy evening, June 1749.

Dear Sir,

It would probably be so long before you can receive this letter by the post, that I cannot think of subjecting my thanks for your last, or my hopes of seeing you soon, to such an uncertainty. I shall now have it in my power to meet you at Mr. Wren's immediately, so would lose no time in requesting your company here next week, if you please. I hope Mrs. Jago also will accompany you, and that you will set out the first day of the week, even Monday; that you may not leave me in less than six days' time, under a pretence of necessity. As to the verses you were so kind to convey, I will take occasion, when you come,

"To find out, like a friend,
Something to blame, and mickle to commend."

So I say no more at present on that head.

I love to read verses, but I write none. I will not say none; for I wrote the following at breakfast yesterday, and they are all I have wrote since I saw you. They are now in one of the root houses of Virgil's Grove, for the admonition of my good friends the vulgar; of whom I have multitudes every Sunday evening, and who very fortunately believe in fairies, and are no judges of poetry.

"Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,
We tripping fauns and fairies dwell:
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
Oft as the moon, ascended high,
Darts through yon limes her quiv'ring beam,
We frisk it near this crystal stream.

"Then fear to spoil these sacred bowers;
Nor wound the shrubs, nor crop the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But ill betide or nymph or swain,
Who dares these hallow'd haunts profane."
Oberon.

I suppose the rotund at Hagley is completed; but I have not seen it hitherto; neither do I often journey or visit any where, except when a shrub or flower is upon the point of

blossoming near my walks. I forget one visit I lately made in the neighbourhood, to a young clergyman of taste and ingenuity. His name is Pixell; he plays finely upon the violin, and very well upon the harpsichord; has set many things to music, some in the soft way, with which I was much delighted. He is young, and has time to improve himself. He gave me an opportunity of being acquainted with him, by frequent visiting, and introducing company to my walks. I met him one morning with an Italian in my grove, and our acquaintance has been growing ever since. He has a share in an estate that is near me, and lives there at present; but I doubt will not do so long; when you come, I will send for him. Have you read my lord Bolingbroke's Essays on Patriotism, &c.? and have you read Merope? and do you take in the *Magazin des Londres?* and pray how does your garden flourish? I warrant you do not yet know the difference betwixt a ranunculus and an anemone—God help ye! Come to me, and be informed of the nature of all plants, "from the cedar on Mount Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Pray do not fail to decorate your new garden, whence you may transplant all kinds of flowers into your verses. If by chance you make a visit at I——— fifty years hence, from some distant part of England, shall you forget this little angle where you used to muse and sing?

I expect by the return of Tom to receive a trifle that will amuse you. It is a small gold seal of Vida's head, given by Vertue to a relation of mine, who published Vida, and introduced Vertue into business. Perhaps you remember Mr. Tristram of Hampton, and the day we spent there from school; it was his. I am, very cordially, yours.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Shenstone to C—— W——, Esq.

The Leasowes, Nov. 2, 1753.

Dear sir,

It never can be that I owe you for three letters: as to two, I will agree with you; one that I received together with my books, and the other soon after; but that I am indebted for more than these—

Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego.*

Even that same *Judæus Apella* who affords me this very opportunity of sending my compliments to you and Mrs. W—, and of assuring you that if I had not purposed to have seen you, I had wrote to you long ago.

Master Harris talks very respectfully of your garden; and we have no dispute, save only in one point—he says, that you labour very hard in your vocation; whereas I am not willing to allow that all the work you ever did, or will do in it, is worth a single bunch of radishes. However, I dare not contradict him too much, because he waits for my letter.

How happy are you that can hold up your spade, and cry, "Avaunt, Satan!" when a toyman offers you his deceitful vanities! Do not you rejoice inwardly, and pride yourself greatly in your own philosophy?

"Twas thus—
The wise Athenian crossed a glitt'ring fair:
Unmov'd by tongues and sights he walk'd the place,
Through tape, tags, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And, 'What a world I never want!' he cries."
PARNELL.

Meantime do not despise others that can find any needful amusement in what, I think, Bunyan very aptly calls Vanity Fair; I have been at it

* Let the Jew Apella believe it, not I.

many times this season, and have bought many kinds of merchandise there. It is a part of philosophy, to adapt one's passions to one's way of life; and the solitary unsocial sphere in which I move makes me think it happy that I can retain a relish for such trifles as I can draw into it. Meantime, I dare not reason too much upon this head. Reason, like the famous concave mirror at Paris, would in two minutes vitrify all the Jew's Pack: I mean, that it would immediately destroy all the form, colour, and beauty, of every thing that is not merely useful. But I ramble too far, and you do not want such speculations. My intent, when I sat down, was to tell you that I shall probably see you very soon, and certainly remain in the mean time, and at all times, sir, your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother.

The Leasowes, Feb. 14, 1752.

Dear Mr. Graves,

You will be amazed at my long silence; and it might reasonably excite some disgust, if my days had passed of late in the manner they used to do: but I am not the man I was; perhaps I never shall be. Alas! my dearest friend! I have lost my only brother! and, since the fatal close of November, I have had neither peace nor respite from agonizing thoughts!

You, I think, have seen my brother; but perhaps had no opportunity of distinguishing him from the group of others whom we called good-natured men. This part of his character was so visible in his countenance, that he was generally beloved at sight: I, who must be allowed to know him, do assure you, that his understanding was no way inferior to his benevolence. He had not only a sound judgment, but a lively wit and genuine humour. As these were many times eclipsed by his native bashfulness, so his benevolence only suffered by being shown to an excess. I here mean his giving too indiscriminately into those jovial meetings of company, where the warmth of a social temper is discovered with least reserve; but the virtues of his head and heart would soon have shone without alloy. The foibles of his youth were wearing off; and his affection for me and regard to my advice, with his own good sense, would soon have rendered him all that I could have wished in a successor. I never in my life knew a person more sincere in the expression of his love or dislike. But it was the former that suited the propensity of his heart; the latter was as transient as the starts of passion that occasioned it. In short, with much true genius and real fortitude, he was, according to the English acceptation, "a truly honest man;" and I think I may also add, a truly English character; but "*Habeo, dixi? immo habui fratrem et amicum, Chreme!*"* All this have I lost in him. He is now in regard to this world no more than a mere idea; and this idea, therefore, though deeply tinged with melancholy, I must, and surely ought to, cherish and preserve.

I believe I wrote you some account of his illness last spring; from which to all appearance he was tolerably well recovered. He took the air, and visited about with me, during the warmer months of summer; but my pleasure was of short duration. "*Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo!*"† The peripneumony under which he laboured in the spring

* Have I, did I say? nay, I had a brother and friend, Chremes.

† The fatal arrow was fixed in his side

had terminated in an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura, so that he could never lie but upon his right side; and this, as the weather grew colder, occasioned an obstruction that could never be surmounted.

Though my reason forewarned me of the event, I was not the more prepared for it. Let me not dwell upon it. It is altogether insupportable in every respect, and my imagination seems more assiduous in educing pain from this occasion, than I ever yet found it in administering to my pleasure. This hurts me to no purpose—I know it; and yet, when I have avocated my thoughts, and fixed them for a while upon common amusements, I suffer the same sort of consciousness as if I were guilty of a crime. Believe me, this has been the most sensible affliction I ever felt in my life; and you, who know my anxiety when I had far less reason to complain, will more easily conceive it now, than I am able to describe it.

I cannot pretend to fill up my paper with my usual subjects. I should thank you for your remarks upon my poetry; but I despise poetry: and I might tell you of all my little rural improvements; but I hate them. What can I now expect from my solitary rambles through them, but a series of melancholy reflections and irksome anticipations? Even the pleasure I should take in showing them to you, the greatest they can afford me, must be now greatly inferior to what it might formerly have been.

How have I prostituted my sorrow on occasions that little concerned me! I am ashamed to think of that idle "Elegy upon Autumn," when I have so much more important cause to hate and to condemn it now: but the glare and gaiety of the spring is what I principally dread; when I shall find all things restored but my poor brother, and something like those lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

> "Thus, with the year,
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> A brother's cordial smile, at eve or morn."

I shall then seem to wake from amusements, company, every sort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief asleep, as from a dream; and I shall feel as if I were, that instant, despoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together; of all my present happiness, and all my future prospects. The melody of birds, which he no more must hear; the cheerful beams of the sun, of which he no more must partake; every wonted pleasure will produce that sort of pain to which my temper is most obnoxious. Do not consider this as poetry. Poetry on such occasions is no more than literal truth. In the present case it is less; for half the tenderness I feel is altogether shapeless and inexpressible.

After all, the wisdom of the world may perhaps esteem me a gainer. Ill do they judge of this event, who think that any shadow of amends can be made for the death of a brother, and the disappointment of all my schemes, by the accession of some fortune, which I never can enjoy!

This is a mournful narrative: I will not, therefore, enlarge it. Amongst all changes and chances, I often think of you; and pray there may be no suspicion or jealousy betwixt us during the rest of our lives. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. G—, on the Receipt of his Picture.

The Leasowes, Oct. 3, 1752.

Dear Mr. G—,

I am very unfeignedly ashamed to

reflect how long it is since I received your present, and how much longer it is since I received your letter. I have been resolving to write to you almost daily ever since you left me; yet have foolishly enough permitted avocations (of infinitely less importance than your correspondence) to interfere with my gratitude, my interest, and my inclination. What apology I have to make, though no way adequate to my negligence, is in short as follows. After the receipt of your letter, I deferred writing till I could speak of the arrival of your picture. This did not happen till about a month or five weeks ago, when I was embarrassed with masons, carvers, carpenters, and company, all at a time. And though it were idle enough to say, that I could not find one vacant hour for my purpose, yet in truth my head was so confused by these multifarious distractions, that I could have written nothing satisfactory either to myself or you; nothing worth a single penny, supposing the postage were to cost you no more. The workmen had not finished my rooms a minute, when lady Luxborough, Mrs. Davies, and Mr. Outing arrived, with five servants and a set of horses, to stay with me for some time. After a nine days' visit, I returned with them to Barels, where I continued for a week; and whither (by the way) I go again with lord Dudley in about a fortnight's time. Other company filled up the interstices of my summer; and I hope my dear friend will accept of this apology for so long a chasm of silence, during which I have been uniformly at his service, and true to that inviolable friendship I shall ever bear him.

I proceed now to thank you for the distinction you show me, in sending me your picture: I do it very sincerely. It is assuredly a strong likeness, as my lady Luxborough with all her servants, that have seen you, pronounce, as well as I; consequently more valuable to a friend than a face he does not know, though it were one of Raphael's. The smile about the mouth is bad; as it agrees but ill with the gravity of the eyes, and as a smile ever so little *outré* has a bad effect in a picture where it is constant, though it may be ever so graceful in a person where it is transitory. However, this may be altered, when I can meet with a good painter. I have no other objection, but to the prominence of the belly. The hair, I think, is good; and the coat and band no way exceptionable. I have given it all the advantage I can: it has a good light, and makes part of an elegant chimney-piece in a genteel, though little breakfast room, at the end of my house.

Mr. Whistler and I are now upon terms, and two or three friendly letters have been interchanged betwixt us. He presses me to come to Whitchurch, and I him to come over to the Leasowes; but the winter cometh, when no man can visit. The dispute is adjusted by time, whilst we are arguing it by expostulation—no uncommon event in most sublunary projects!

Lady Luxborough said very extraordinary things in praise of Mrs. G—, after you left us at Barels: yet I sincerely believe no more than she deserves. I took the liberty of showing her your letter here, as it included a compliment to her which I thought particularly genteel—She will always consider you as a person of genius, and her friend.

During most of this summer, (wherein I have seen much company either here or at lord Dudley's), I have been almost constantly engaged in one continued scene of jollity. I endeavoured to find relief from such sort of dissipation; and, when I had once given into it, I was

obliged to proceed; as they say, is the case when persons disguise their faces with paint. Mine was a sort of painting applied to my temper—"*Spem vultu simulare, premere atrum corde dolorem.*"* And the moment I left it off, my soul appeared again all haggard and forlorn. My company has now deserted me; the spleen-fogs begin to rise; and the terrible incidents of last winter revive apace in my memory. This is my state of mind, while I write you these few lines; yet, I thank God, my health is not much amiss.

I did not forget my promise of a box, &c. to Mrs. G—. I had a dozen sent me, one or two of which I could have liked, had they been better finished. They were of good oval, white enamel, with flowers, &c.; but horridly gilt, and not accurately painted. I beg my best service to her, and will make a fresh essay. My dearest friend, accept this awkward letter for the present. In a few posts I will write again. Believe me yours from the bottom of my soul.

I will send you a label for made wine, after my own plan. It is enamel, with grapes, shepherd's pipe, &c. The motto "*Vin de Paisan.*"

LETTER XXI.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

The Leasowes, Feb. 27, 1753.

Dear Mr. Jago,

I wrote you some account of myself, and enclosed some trivial criticisms, in a letter I sent you about a fortnight ago, which I hope you have received.—Tom comes now to inquire after your health, and to bring back my "Ode to Colonel Lyttleton;" in regard to which, I desire that you will not be sparing of your animadversions. I whispered my difficulties to Mr. Miller at Hagley, how delicate I found the subject, and how hard it was to satisfy either myself or others; in all which points he agreed with me. Nevertheless, having twice broken my promise of sending a corrected copy to sir George, I was obliged to make my peace by a fresh one, which, I suppose, I must of necessity perform.—Give me your whole sentiments hereupon, I beseech you: in particular and in general, as a critic and as a friend.—The bad state of spirits which I complained of in my last, for a long time together made me utterly irresolute: every thing occasioned me suspense; and I did nothing with appetite.—This was owing in a great measure to a slow nervous fever, as I have since discovered by many concurrent symptoms. It is now I think, wearing off by degrees. I seem to anticipate a little of that "vernal delight" which Milton mentions, and thinks

> "able to chase
> All sadness, but despair."

At least, I began to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations: which I know, however, will not guide me to any thing more satisfactory than before.

I have read scarce any new books this season. Voltaire's new tragedy was sent me from London; but what has given me the most amusement has been the "*Lettres de Madame de Maintenon.*" You have probably read them already in English, and then I need not recommend them. The "Life of Lord Bolingbroke" is entirely his public life, and the book three parts filled with political remarks.

As to writing, I have not attempted it this year and more; nor do I know when I shall again. However, I would be glad to correct that "Ode to the Duchess of Somerset," when once I can find in whose hands it is deposited. I was shown a very

* I feigned hope in my looks, but hid dark sorrow in my heart.

elegant letter of hers, the other day; wherein she asks for it with great politeness; and as it includes nothing but a love of rural life, and such sort of amusements as she herself approves, I shall stand a good chance of having it received with partiality. She lives the life of a *religieuse*. She has written my lady Luxborough a very serious letter of condolence upon the misfortune in her family; and need enough has lady Luxborough of so unchangeable a friend; for sure nothing could have happened to a person in her situation more specifically unfortunate. Mr. Reynolds has been at Barels, I hear, and has brought her a machine that goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of "a jack for boots, a reading-desk, a cribbage-board, a pair of snuffers, a ruler, an eighteen-inch rule, three pair of nut-crackers, a lemon-squeezer, two candlesticks, a piquet-board, and the Lord knows what beside." Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose, when a paltry bit of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to these exploits, it performs nothing well; and therein I agree with it. So true it is, with regard to me, what I told you long ago,

Multa et præclara minantem
Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter!*

We have a turnpike-bill upon the point of being brought into the House of Commons; it will convey you about half the way betwixt Birmingham and Hales, and from thence to Hagley; but, I trust, there will be a left-hand attraction, which will always make you deviate from the straight line.

I should be ashamed to reflect how much I have dwelt upon myself in this letter, but that I seriously approve of egotism in letters; and were I not to do so, I should not have any other subject. I have not a single neighbour, that is either fraught with politeness, literature, or intelligence; much less have I a tide of spirits to set my invention afloat: but the less I am able to amuse you, the more desirous am I of your letters; which afford me the truest entertainment, even when my spirits are ever so much depressed.

That universal cheerfulness, which is the lot of some people, persons that you and I may envy at the same time that we despise, is worth all that either fortune or nature can bestow.

I am, with entire affection, yours.

* Threatening to do many great things, he lives neither well nor agreeably.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on the Death of Mr. Whistler.

The Leasowes, June 7, 1754.

Dear Mr. Graves,

The melancholy account of our dear friend Whistler's death was conveyed to me, at the same instant, by yours and by his brother's letter. I have written to his brother this post; though I am very ill able to write upon the subject, and would willingly have waved it longer, but for decency. The triumvirate, which was the greatest happiness and the greatest pride of my life, is broken! The fabric of an ingenuous and disinterested friendship has lost a noble column! yet it may, and will, I trust, endure till one of us be laid as low. In truth, one can so little satisfy one's self with what we say upon such sad occasions, that I made three or four essays before I could endure what I had written to his brother. Be so good as excuse me to him as well as you can, and establish me in the good opinion of him and Mr. Walker.

Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our little strifes and bickerments appear to us at this time! Yet we may with comfort reflect, that they were not of a sort that touched the vitals of our friendship; and I may say, that we fondly loved and esteemed each other, of necessity. Poor Mr. Whistler! not a single acquaintance have I made, not a single picture or curiosity have I purchased, not a single embellishment have I given to my place, since he was last here, but I have had his approbation and his amusement in my eye. I will assuredly inscribe my larger urn to his memory; nor shall I pass it without a pleasing melancholy during the remainder of my days. We have each of us received a pleasure from his conversation, which no other conversation can afford us at our present time of life.

Adieu! my dear friend! may our remembrance of the person we have lost be the strong and everlasting cement of our affection! Assure Mr. John Whistler of the regard I have for him, upon his own account, as well as his brother's. Write to me; directly if you have opportunity. Whether you have or no, believe me to be ever most affectionately yours.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Graves.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Graves, on hearing that his Letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed.

The Leasowes, Oct. 23, 1754.

Dear Mr. Graves,

It is certainly some argument of a peculiarity in the esteem I bear you, that I feel a readiness to acquaint you with more of my foibles than I care to trust with any other person. I believe nothing shows us more plainly either the different degrees or kinds of regard that we entertain for our several friends (I may also add the difference of their characters), than the ordinary style and tenor of the letters we address to them.

I confess to you, that I am considerably mortified by Mr. John W—'s conduct in regard to my letters to his brother; and, rather than they should have been so unnecessarily destroyed, would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef-d'œuvres;* and, could I be supposed to have the least pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must appear principally in my letters to his brother, and one or two more friends. I considered them as the records of a friendship that will be always dear to me, and as the history of my mind for these twenty years last past. The amusement I should have found in the perusal of them would have been altogether innocent; and I would gladly have preserved them, if it were only to explain those which I shall preserve of his brother's. Why he should allow either me or them so very little weight as not to consult me with regard to them, I can by no means conceive. I suppose it is not uncustomary to return them to the surviving friend. I had no answer to the letter which I wrote Mr. J. W——. I received a ring from him; but as I thought it an inadequate memorial of the friendship which his brother had for me, I gave it to my servant the moment I received it; at the same time I have a neat standish, on which I caused the lines Mr. W—— left with it to be inscribed, and which appears to be a much more agreeable remembrancer.

I have read your new production with pleasure; and as this letter begins with a confession of foibles, I

will own, that through mere laziness I have sent you back your copy in which I have made some erasements, instead of giving you my reasons on which those erasements were founded. Truth is, it seems to me to want mighty few variations from what is now the present text; and that, upon one more perusal, you will be able to give it as much perfection as you mean it to have. And yet, did I suppose you would insert it in Dodsley's Collection, as I see no reason you have to the contrary, I would take any pains about it that you would desire me. I must beg another copy, at your leisure.

I should like the inscription you mention upon a real stone urn, which you purchase very reasonable at Bath: but you must not risque it upon the vase you mention, on any account whatever.

Now I mention Bath, I must acquaint you, that I have received intelligence from the younger Dodsley, that his brother is now there, and that none of the papers I sent him are yet sent to press; that he expects his brother home about the fourth or fifth of November, when he proceeds with his publication. Possibly you may go to Bath whilst he is there, and, if so, may choose to have an interview.

I shall send two or three little pieces of my own, in hopes that you will adjust the reading, and return them as soon as you conveniently can. All I can send to-night is this "Ode to Memory." I shall in the last place desire your opinion as to the manner of placing what is sent. The first pages of his Miscellany must be already fixed. I think to propose ours for the last; but as to the order, it will depend entirely upon you.

Adieu! in other words, God bless you. I have company at the table all the time I am writing. Your ever most affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.

You use me very cruelly: you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing: next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your *quondam* school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to yours, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively, *a history of your own time.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

Permit me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty; and forgive my brevity, when

* Alluding to his grandfather's history

I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet, it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c., and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c.; for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill; only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress, and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the Reformation.* However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there: it is asking you to an old play, indeed; but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game of quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you may have a little pique to him. I send you my translation,† which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I mispend my days.

Third in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales, and woods, and echoing hills re bound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay;
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ Church, May 24, 1736.

I agree with you that you have broke Statius's head, but it is in like

* Carrying on the allusion to the other History, written by Mr. West's grandfather.

† This consisted of about 110 lines, which were sent separately; and as it was Mr. Gray's first attempt in English verse, it is a curiosity not to be entirely withheld from the reader.

manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's, you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapon: I must insist on seeing the rest of your translation, and then I will examine it entire, and compare it with the Latin, and be very wise and severe, and put on an inflexible face, such as becomes the character of a true son of Aristarchus, of hypercritical memory. In the mean while

And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold

is exactly Statius—*Summos auro mansueverat ungues.* I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammer-cloths were so old a fashion. Your "Hymeneal"* I was told was the best in the Cambridge Collection before I saw it, and indeed it is no great compliment to tell you I thought so when I had seen it, but sincerely it pleased me best. Methinks the college bards have run into a strange taste on this occasion. Such soft unmeaning stuff about Venus and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, and Zephyrs and Dryads was never read. As for my poor little Eclogue, it has been condemned and beheaded by our Westminster judges; an exordium of about sixteen lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender, who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence: history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? They call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

* Published in the Cambridge Collection of Verses, on the Prince of Wales's marriage.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Peterhouse, Dec. 1736.

You must know that I do not take degrees, and after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, (now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon,) that the Prophet spoke when he said, "the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses: there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest."

You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle; and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway;

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own, at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than yours most sincerely, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ Church, Dec. 22, 1736.

I congratulate you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have you dignified, and I not, for the world; you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical, nor mathematical; I have, nevertheless, a great respect for your connoisseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals pleased me much; but Oxford, I can assure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well, you are leaving this dismal land of bondage: and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you; but what will you do with your classic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dulness as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like a nauseous weed away:" cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law: *misce stultitiam consiliis brevem; dulce est desipere in loco;** so said Horace to Virgil, those two sons of Anac in poetry, and so say I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

In one of these hours, I hope, dear sir, you will sometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω,†

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you; and to give you a proof of it I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesie, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise, but too real, alas! and I fear, constitutional) "have tun'd my heart to elegies of woe;" and this likewise is the reason why I am the most irregular thing alive at college, for

* Mix a little folly with your wisdom; it is pleasant to trifle now and then.

† Speak out, conceal it not, that we both may know.

you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call discipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, pray criticise it unmercifully, for I send it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me; but I know you are not more able to excel others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, especially when it is found in the productions of your most sincere friend.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Peterhouse, Dec. 23, 1736.

You can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness; since that has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasinesses mixed with it: but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your *goût:* and, alas! you know I am by trade a grocer.* Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandise you do not profess dealing in; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right Mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of, 1st, You; 2dly, I: the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what I do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it than that it is ever yours.

* *i. e.* A man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. West to Mr. Gray.

Christ Church, July 4, 1737.

I have been very ill, and am still hardly recovered. Do you remember Elegy 5th, Book 3d, of Tibullus, "*Vos tenet,*" &c.; and do you remember a letter of Mr. Pope's, in sickness, to Mr. Steele? This melancholy elegy and this melancholy letter I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickness, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot, but merely to show them how sincere I was when sick: I hope my sending it to them now may convince them I am no less sincere, though perhaps more simple, when well.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, Aug. 22, 1737.

After a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that

you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them! If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow, should persuade me to part with them: but, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account obliges me to have done, in reminding you that I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

September, 1737.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people, who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me *(il penseroso)*, and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old,† and

* At Burnham in Buckinghamshire.

† He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same

has almost wholly lost his memory: but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

August, 1738.

My dear sir, I should say Mr. Inspector General of the exports and imports;* but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur Majestas et amor.†

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house. However, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a bur, and you can no more get quit of these and your Christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum, or (Dr. Longically‡ speaking) oscillatory. I swing from chapel or hall home, and from home to chapel or hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enlighten the view all around. The country is exceedingly fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude yours, &c.

time that he blamed his ill-taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy.

* Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of usher of the exchequer.

† For majesty and love do not agree together.

‡ Dr. Long, the master of Pembroke-hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

Sept. 1738.

I am coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me, without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all is one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little proctorlings to see its order executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley§ and his gilt tub should come to the fair and seduce their young ones: but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears,

§ Orator Henley.

you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in *Pastor Fido* that begins, "*Care selve beati.*"*

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, May 27, 1742.

Mine, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser.*† The only fault of it is insipidity, which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo, quia impossibile est;*‡ for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but He and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society: so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens: "*Poulets à la broche, poulets en ragoût, poulets en hâchis, poulets en fricasées.*"———Reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses.

I shall see Mr. —— and his wife, nay, and his child too, for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? There are my lords —— and ——, they are statesmen; do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then; no, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you?

* Dear happy woods.

† Does nothing but seek amusement.

‡ I believe, because it is impossible.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.§

Cambridge, Dec. 27, 1742.

I ought to have returned you my thanks a long time ago, for the pleasure, I should say prodigy, of your letter; for such a thing has not happened above twice within this last age to mortal man, and no one here can conceive what it may portend. You have heard, I suppose, how I have been employed a part of the time; how, by my own indefatigable application for these ten years past, and by the care and vigilance of that worthy magistrate the man in blue‖ (who, I assure you, has not spared his labour, nor could have done more for his own son), I am got half way to the top of jurisprudence,¶ and bid

§ Of Old Park, near Durham. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early; and though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the doctor was fellow of Pembroke Hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death.

‖ A servant of the vice-chancellor's for the time being, usually known by the name of Blue Coat, whose business it is to attend acts for degrees, &c.

¶ *i. e.* Bachelor of civil law.

as fair as another body to open a case of impotency with all decency and circumspection. You see my ambition. I do not doubt but some thirty years hence I shall convince the world and you that I am a very pretty young fellow; and may come to shine in a profession, perhaps the noblest of all except man-midwifery. As for you, if your distemper and you can but agree about going to London, I may reasonably expect in a much shorter time to see you in your three-cornered villa, doing the honours of a well-furnished table with as much dignity, as rich a mien, and as capacious a belly, as Dr. Mead. Methinks I see Dr. —, at the lower end of it, lost in admiration of your goodly person and parts, cramming down his envy (for it will rise) with the wing of a pheasant, and drowning it in neat Burgundy. But not to tempt your asthma too much with such a prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy and as great as this even in the country. But you know best, and I should be sorry to say any thing that might stop you in the career of glory; far be it from me to hamper the wheels of your gilded chariot. Go on, sir Thomas; and when you die (for even physicians must die), may the faculty in Warwick Lane erect your statue in the very niche of sir John Cutler's.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your illness, but I hope it is too late now: I can only say that I really was very sorry. May you live a hundred Christmasses, and eat as many collars of brawn stuck with rosemary. Adieu, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, 1747.

I had been absent from this place a few days, and at my return found Cibber's book* upon my table. I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation? (By the way, is there any such gentlewoman?† or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me full as pert and as dull as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaiety; it is very true, he is often in the right with regard to Tully's weaknesses; but was there any one that did not see them? Those, I imagine, that would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's; and as to reason and truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels aud dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include every thing that requires invention or judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book; though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best-bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds*

* Entitled "Observations on Cicero's Character."

† This lady made herself more known some time after the date of this letter.

one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance. I rejoice to hear there is such a crowd of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. Agrippina can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or showed to any body, that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all. ***†.

This is all I can any where find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved any body, or judged of any thing rightly, might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that Heaven had granted him a longer life and a mind more at ease.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject;‡ it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the three first verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical license.

† What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry, then in Mr. Gray's hands.

‡ The admirable apostrophe to Mr. West.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or, if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris."§

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours.|| This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a freemason, or gormogon at least. Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feue Mademoiselle Selime*, whom I am about

§ I seek leisure, repose, and a space for grief.

|| Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows * * * * *.† There's a poem for you; it is rather too long for an epitaph.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, June 5, 1748.

Your friendship has interested itself in my affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you a little with a detail of them.‡ * * * * * * And now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a thing so contrary to my own wishes and yours? I believe it is impossible for me to see you in the North, or to enjoy any of those agreeable hours I had flattered myself with. This business will oblige me to be in town several times during the summer, particularly in August, when half the money is to be paid; besides, the good people here would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should take such a journey at this time. The only satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you, and particularly at the time when I was bid to expect the good news of an increase of your family. Your opinion of Diodorus is doubtless right; but there are things in him very curious, got out of better authorities now lost. Do you remember the Egyptian history, and particularly the account of the gold mines? My own readings have been cruelly interrupted: what I have been highly pleased with, is the new comedy from Paris by Gresset, called *le Méchant:* if you have it not, buy his works altogether in two little volumes; they are collected by the Dutch booksellers, and consequently contain some trash; and then there are the Ververt, the Epistle to P. Bougeant, the Chartreuse, that to his Sister, an Ode on his Country, and another on Mediocrity, and the Sidnei, another comedy, all which have great beauties. There is also a poem lately published by Thomson, called The Castle of Indolence, with some good stanzas in it. Mr. Mason is my acquaintance; I liked that Ode§ much, but have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; I take him for a good and well meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing; writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and your family: does that name include any body I am not yet acquainted with?

LETTER XL.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, August 19, 1748.

I am glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset; he seems to me a truly elegant and charming writer; The Méchant is the best comedy I ever read; his Edward I could scarce get through; it is puerile; though there are good lines, such as this, for example:

"Le jour d'un nouveau regne est le jour des ingrats."

But good lines will make any thing rather than a good play: however, you are to consider this a collection made up by the Dutch booksellers.

† The reader need hardly be told, that the 4th Ode in the collection of his Poems was inserted in the place of these asterisks.

‡ The paragraph here omitted contained an account of Mr. Gray's loss of a house by fire in Cornhill, and the expense he should be at in rebuilding it. Though it was insured, he could at this time ill bear to lay out the additional sum necessary for the purpose.

§ Ode to a Water-Nymph, published about this time in Dodsley's Miscellany.

many things unfinished, or written in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make his friends laugh, as the *Lutrin vivant*, &c. There are two noble lines, which, as they are in the middle of an Ode to the King, may perhaps have escaped you:

"Le cri d'un peuple heureux est la seule eloquence,
Qui sçait parler des Rois!"*

which is very true, and should have been a hint to himself not to write Odes to the King at all.

As I have nothing more to say at present, I fill my paper with the beginning of an Essay; what name to give it I know not; but the subject is the Alliance of Education and Government: I mean to show that they must both concur to produce great and useful men. I desire your judgment upon it before I proceed any farther.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Warburton.

Cambridge, Aug. 8, 1749.

I promised Dr. Keene long since to give you an account of our magnificence here;† but the newspapers, and he himself in person, have got the start of my indolence, so that by this time you are well acquainted with all the events that adorn that week of wonders. Thus much I may venture to tell you, because it is probable nobody else has done it, that our friend ——'s zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvio in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor (since I am at my mountains) Pelion, with all its pine-trees in a storm of wind, more impetuous than his action; and yet the Senate house still stands, and (I thank God) we are all safe and well at your service. I was ready to sink for him, and scarce dared to look about me, when I was sure it was all over; but soon found I might have spared my confusion; all people joined to applaud him. Every thing was quite right, and I dare swear not three people here but think him a model of oratory; for all the duke's little court came with a resolution to be pleased; and when the tone was once given, the University, who ever wait for the judgment of their betters, struck into it with an admirable harmony: for the rest of the performances, they were just what they usually are. Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night; I make no exceptions from the Chancellor to Blue coat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance; and, for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion. Pray let me know your sentiments; for doubtless you have seen it. The author of it grows apace into my good graces, as I know him more; he is very ingenious, with great good-nature and simplicity; a little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and so undisguised, that no mind, with a spark of generosity, would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all. After all, I like him so well, I could wish you knew him.

* The cry of a happy people is the only eloquence which can speak to kings.

† The duke of Newcastle's installation as chancellor of the University.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. Gray to his Mother.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me.* I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke Churchyard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole.

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.

As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hand: they tell me that an ingenious poem, called Reflections in a Country Churchyard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the excellent author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his indulgence, but the honour of his correspondence, &c. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be, Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley

do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.

A little while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of the sad events you mention.* I know what it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand; and that your father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness; and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is impossible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves. Let me desire you not to expose yourself to any farther danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death; but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country; for I do not, in the least, like the situation you are in. I do not attempt to console you on the situation your fortune is left in; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me, you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself: and consequently I cannot pity you on this account; but I sincerely do on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts: the deeper it is engraved the better.

* The death of Mr. Mason's father, and of Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician of his own age, with whom he was brought up from infancy, who died of the same infectious fever.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Stoke, Sept. 18, 1754.

I am glad you enter into the spirit of Strawberry Castle; it has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it (with very few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere. My lord Radnor's vagaries I see did not keep you from doing justice to his situation, which far surpasses every thing near it; and I do not know a more laughing scene than that about Twickenham and Richmond. Dr. Akenside, I perceive, is no conjuror in architecture; especially when he talks of the ruins of Persepolis, which are no more Gothic than they are Chinese. The Egyptian style (see Dr. Pocock, not his discourses, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek; and there is such a similitude between the Egyptian and those Persian ruins, as gave Diodorus room to affirm, that the old buildings of Persia were certainly performed by Egyptian artists. As to the other part of your friend's opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has a great authority to support him, that of sir Christopher Wren; and yet I cannot help thinking it undoubtedly wrong. The palaces in Spain I never saw but in description, which gives us little or

no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have seen, which is in the Arabesque manner: and the houses of Barbary you may see in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other Eastern buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c. that we have views of; and they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from that which we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings, that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy; and that is the cupolas which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitchens; yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola? It is a thing plainly of Greek original. I do not see any thing but the slender spires that serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets on their mosques.

I take it ill you should say any thing against the Mole; it is a reflection I see cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers, which have lived in London and its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring and tumbling about like your tramontane torrents in the North? No, they only glide and whisper.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I feel a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a mercer's wife that imitates people who go a-visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon,* which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will not expect, therefore, I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall inquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other critics) am something a better judge than all the men-midwives and presbyterian parsons† that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too:) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all, either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *we's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season,

* His poem *Sur la Destruction de Lisbon*, published about that time.

† The reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.

which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you.* I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern bishops at this distance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Hurd.†

Stoke, Aug. 25, 1757.

I do not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to;‡ but attribute it to the excess of your politeness: and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty questions* to ask. Another (a peer) believes that the last stanza of the second Ode relates to king Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but an actor and a doctor of divinity that profess their esteem for them. Oh yes, a lady of quality (a friend of Mason's), who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakspeare or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing: indeed I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly inquired after) is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear

* Mr. Mason had sent him his first idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a short argument.

† Afterwards bishop of Worcester.

‡ A present of his two Pindaric Odes, just then published.

whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1757.

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one, who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it), does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see Caractacus completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before, that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutely on particulars; but if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the elegy,* as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking): the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your elegy must not end with the worst line in it. It is flat; it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it into an apophthegm; stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say farther than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

I hope you couched my refusal* to lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

* Of being poet-laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late duke of Devonshire (then lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his lordship had commissioned Mr. Mason (then in town) to write to him concerning it.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

February 21, 1758.

Would you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employments cheap enough; but every one must judge of his own capability, and cut his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it doth or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say this is the object of all antiquaries; but pray what antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? In short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my list is finished you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the freezing point; and for some hours of the day this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a fewer degrees higher.

I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary bird will not be the ruin of Agis: it is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it is by the author of Douglas.

LETTER L.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

It is indeed for want of spirits, as

you suspect, that my studies lie among the cathedrals, and the tombs, and the ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to write a catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while. As to posterity, I may ask (with somebody whom I have forgot), what has it ever done to oblige me?

To make a transition from myself to as poor a subject, the tragedy of Agis: I cry to think that it should be by the author of Douglas: why, it is all modern Greek; the story is an antique statue painted white and red, frizzed, and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantuamaker. Then here is the Miscellany (Mr. Dodsley has sent me the whole set gilt and lettered; I thank him.) Why, the two last volumes are worse than the four first; particularly Dr. Akenside is in a deplorable way. What signifies learning and the ancients (Mason will say triumphantly); why should people read Greek to lose their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue? But then there is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better? He goes hopping along his own gravel walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost.

I have read Dr. Swift, and am disappointed.* There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not seen better in M. de Torcy before. The manner is careless, and has little to distinguish it from common writers. I meet with nothing to please me but the spiteful characters of the opposite party and its leaders. I expected much more secret history.

* His History of the four last years of Queen Anne.

LETTER LI.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I am equally sensible of your affliction,† and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment: would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh to admit of any such endeavour: what, indeed, is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered worse; or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your only support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate

† Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at that time his only) son.

of many an unhappy father. I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce; but I think you must own the other to be a stronger and more overwhelming sorrow. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of spirits, which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days; as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you; and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know; the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure we have great power over our own minds, when we choose to exert it; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible, and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, which we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health; I will not talk to you more upon this subject till I hear you are both well: for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing that I can do* could at all alleviate the just concern your loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary; it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You, that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

* His friend had requested him to write an epitaph on the child.

LETTER LII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonehewer.

London, June 29, 1760.

Though you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves.† It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course; it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the discourses on elocution, and on the liberty of music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind because it is merely description, but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the castle of a chief (himself a principal bard); each goes in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extem-

† Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.

pore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest month of the highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night!
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
Their songs are of other worlds!

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes; he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his Winter. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides;
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come;
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?

LETTER LIII.

*Mr. Gray to Dr. Clarke.**

Pembroke Hall, Aug. 12, 1760.

Not knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) doing something, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill† like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. — (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fare was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week! but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

Cambridge, Aug. 20, 1760.

I have sent Musæus back as you desired me, scratched here and there; and with it also a bloody satire, written against no less persons than you and I by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and fashion, especially as to odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to lady Bath, author of the Connoisseur, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their finger-ends), letters come out in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it, well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible. The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

LETTER LV.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

London, 1761.

I rejoice to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree or erect a honey-suckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: it is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent Garden. I will not, however, believe in the vocality of Old-Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust to my own ears.

The *Nouvelle Heloise* cruelly disappointed me; but it has its partisans, amongst which are Mason and Mr. Hurd: for me, I admire nothing but Fingal (I conclude you have seen it, if not Stonehewer can lend it you); yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable; *je m'y perd.*

I send you a Swedish and English calendar; the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about is a dead flat; you see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place); and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer, and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who

lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man: his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it into execution, as he is himself a botanist.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

August, 1761.

Be assured your York canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you.* The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor; age and diseases vanish at your name; fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas to issues; it is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to lord —— on his recovery; and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it, he says, not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed; but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack, punch, and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Bellisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing sir William Williams so slightly as I did: but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt; however, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

* This written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, dean of York, Mr. Mason expected to be made a residentiary in his cathedral.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

I feel very ungrateful every day that I continue silent; and yet now that I take my pen in hand, I have only time to tell you, that of all the places which I saw in my return from you, Hardwicke pleased me the most.† One would think that Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the Park with her guard for half an hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them; a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable; and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter.

When I arrived in London, I found

† A seat of the duke of Devonshire, in Derbyshire.

professor Turner* had been dead above a fortnight; and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather the latest) I got my name suggested to lord Bute. You may easily imagine who undertook it, and indeed he did it with zeal.† I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his desire to serve me on future occasions, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason: so you see I have made my fortune like sir Francis Wronghead. This nothing is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now. To-day I hear Mr. E. Delaval‡ has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will think I have my expectations still. All I know is, that the duke of Newcastle and lord Hardwicke both say it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

Whatever my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one apiece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small,) as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham Down.§ In these parts the whole soil is chalk; and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholomew-fair by the sea-side,) Ramsgate, and other places there; and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and

* Professor of modern languages in the university of Cambridge.

† This person was the late sir Henry Erskine. The place in question was given to the tutor of sir James Lowther.

‡ Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society.

§ At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, esq. late member for Canterbury, then resided.

the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a shipless sea, but every where peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion: and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night (ay and at day too) several times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family: I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.

March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

LETTER LX.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham, August 12, 1767.

I received from Mr. Williamson that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance: had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end: but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart; the diction is elegant and unconstrained: not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose: the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is * * * *

You see, sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it; and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has

not the fault you mention: his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times, and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour lord Gray is pleased to do me:* but if his lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton.

Cambridge, July, 1768.

My lord,

Your grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your grace must excuse me, they will have their way; they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my lord, your grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

* Lord Gray had said that Mr. Gray was related to his family.

LETTER LXII.

Mr Gray to Mr. Nicholls.†

Jermyn-street, Aug. 3, 1768.

That Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers; and also, that I, your humble servant, have kissed the king's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following, his grace the duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more, too high for me to transcribe: so on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body that goes to court, does so; besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity

† Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

It is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my Poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town; it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of fifteen thousand, and the other seven hundred and fifty, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expense he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his majesty was pleased to appoint me regius professor of modern history in this university: it is the best thing the crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is 400*£* per ann.; but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the king offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction than, dear sir, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.

I was absent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident; to sympathize with you in such a loss* is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy: can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow: but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them

* The death of his uncle, governor Floyer.

with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession; you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is still greater; and this, with independence, (no vulgar blessing), are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I speak from experience.

In the mean time, while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: that situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenor of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarise your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worse name: but remember that "*Honesta res est læta paupertas.*" I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind. There is but one real evil in it (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind, well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintances of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu! I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytic disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befal a man far worse than poverty or death.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls

Pembroke-College, June 24, 1769.

And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-lane, or Camomile-street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate,* and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the Treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall

* Consisting of houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London. Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.

have new window-curtains: are you advised of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again,* and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music-meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it; his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use on some great occasion.

"*Dear sir,*

"After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.

* Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Beattie.

Pembroke-Hall, July 2, 1770.

I rejoice to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books, and to your Muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new poem:† on the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the

† The Minstrel.

harp and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no general, no statesman, no moralist, could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations: besides, it will be a full answer to all the hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will show their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly (what weighs most with me), it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark.* * *

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides, I am partial; for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice; for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naïveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that unhappily has been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls.

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.* Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent,

* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them: it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence the eye catches some long reach of the Thames and Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but no matter; you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudden sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

May 24, 1771.

My last summer's tour was through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near forty miles from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties; one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whately, in his Observations on Gardening, under the name of the New-Weir: he has also touched upon two others, Tinterne Abbey and Persfield, both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river, in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland and Chepstow castles; Ludlow, Malvern-Hills, Hampton-Court, near Lemster; the Leasowes, Hagley, the three cities and their Cathedrals; and lastly Oxford (where I passed two days on my return with great satisfaction), were the rest of my acquisitions; and no bad harvest in my opinion: but I made no journal myself, else you should have had it: I have indeed a short one written by the companion of my travels,* that serves to recal and fix the fleeting images of these things.

I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park; but I make not promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east wind.

* Mr. Nicholls.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

RECENT LETTERS.

SECTION II.

FROM THE LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE, AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Sterne to Miss L——.

I have offended her whom I so tenderly love!—what could tempt me to it! but, if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldst thou not open the door, and be melted with compassion?——I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom.—Sweetest, and best of all human passions! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of Affliction, and soften the darkest shades of Misery! I have re-considered this apology, and, alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things—very true—so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident; and what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke.—If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate.—These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence often make the best of human hearts complain.—Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring!——God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and, what is more excellent, an honest man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over.—At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge.—In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy," &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy steps hither!—Solitude at length grows tiresome.—Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with—I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou hast reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

LETTER II.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F——.

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

Dear madam,

Your kind inquiries after my health deserve my best thanks.—What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value?—I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water—it has been of infinite service to me.—I suppose my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain-head of all chit-chat news—and—no matter.—Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.—I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst——, and—till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it.—Laugh I am sure you will at some passages.—I have hired a small house in the Minster Yard for my wife and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c.: if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education.—As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady; believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.

Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

Dear H——,

I sympathized for, or with you, on the detail you gave me of your late agitations—and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it, (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise,) will have left you better than it found you.—

Need one go to D—, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary), opening, saponaceous, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations death and destruction?—If you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber salts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off—nitre, brimstone, and charcoal (which is blackness itself), all at one blast—'twas well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence: and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty* is mistaken, I quarrel with no one.—There was the coxcomb of ——— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers—I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense pot to the d——; so he retreated, *sed non sine felle in corde suo.*†—I have wrote a clerum, whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Tristram—I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase dog-cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here—why do not you transport yours to town? but I talk like a fool.—This will just catch you at your spaw—I wish you *incolumen apud Londinum*‡—do you go there for good and all—or ill? I am, dear cousin, yours affectionately.

* The reverend Mr. R—— L——.

† But not without rage in his heart.

‡ Safe at London.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I return to my new habitation fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his lordship, and he has sufficiently requited me.——'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife.—Lyd* has a poney which she delights in. Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram.—These two volumes are, I think, the best—I shall write as long as I live; 'tis in fact my hobby-horse; and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his majesty (whom God preserve!) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town—and feast your eyes with a sight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again——for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his majesty.—And now, my dear friend, I must finish this—and with every

* His daughter.

wish for your happiness, conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend.

LETTER V.

Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.

Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

My dear friend,

Think not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to—by the bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands.—My application to the count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the count de Limbourgh,—the baron d'Holbach has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do. This baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *sçavans* who are no wits—keeps open house three days a week—his house is now, as yours was to me, my own—he lives at great expense. 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the count de Bissie, which I was at his desire—I found him reading Tristram. This grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments, into the Palais Royal, to view the duke of Orleans' collections every day I have time. I have been at the Doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *sçavoir-vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation. I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Claron in *Iphigene*—she is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but 'tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper all happy—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good-breeding and good-nature—in a post or two, I will write again—Foley is an honest soul—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene since these last fourteen days—but more of this

hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remise*—bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

LETTER VI.

Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.

London,* Feb. 1, 1762.

Your ladyship's kind inquiries after my health are indeed kind and of a piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs—hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me—but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up—I believe I shall try if the south of France will not be of service to me—his G. of Y. has most humanely given me the permission for a year or two—I shall set off with great hopes of its efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long.—"Le Fevre's story has beguiled your ladyship of your tears," and the thought of the accusing spirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime—my friend Mr. Garrick thinks so too, and I am most vain of his approbation—your ladyship's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you say in your letter—but 'tis impossible—accept at least my warmest thanks—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France I should be truly happy—If I can be of any service to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be, your ladyship's faithful, &c.

* This letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.

Paris, May 17, 1762.

My dear,

It is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out—however, I take the chance—you will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town—to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almost drained my brains dry upon the subject.—For God's sake rise early and gallop away in the cool—and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post chaises.—You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—give the Custom-house officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of mischief.—I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard; but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool (that is if you like it.) Live well and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper you and go along with you—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately yours.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.

Paris, May 31, 1762.

My dear,

There have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts; so

I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still. I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-house office at Calais—it shall be sent you next post. You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation———and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—present my respects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the inclosure at Rascal, they must be enclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—so Heaven preserve you both—believe me your affectionate, &c.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Sterne to Lady D——.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I will not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, Shandean like, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him.—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely his master, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that it had neither had corn, nor hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled as have spoke French, and

I believe my latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero—being not understood because of its purity; but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing, by the way, in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled.—I wish she may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity, your ladyship's most faithful &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. E.

Paris, July 12, 1762.

Dear sir,

My wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey, and particularly of all they see and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E. The friendship, good-will, and politeness of my two friends I never doubted to me, or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however, the liberty of sending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the honour to wear for my wife's sake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the consul of Algiers, who sets off to-morrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but just time to procure it: and had we missed that opportunity, as we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend—I wish it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included), you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LETTER XI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1762.

My dear Foley,

I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour—In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love—Thank you for having done what I desired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's—I receive all letters through him, more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house.

H——'s family greet you with mine—we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the baron—and all the circle—nor to your domestic circle.

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—so God help them.—I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this—in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1762.

Dear Foley,

I have for the last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B—— and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you with the remittance I desired you to send me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thousand miles from home—and in a country where he can as soon raise the d—l as a six-livre piece to go to market with, in case he has changed his last guinea—you will not envy my situation—God bless you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.—We are all at H—'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays—all the *Dramatis Personæ* are of the English, of which we have a happy society living together like brothers and sisters—Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls—we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it—we join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, Dec. 17, 1762.

My dear Foley,

The post after I wrote last, I received yours with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you—there are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses and preparing some of our best comedies—Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends, with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*—and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body—and The Journey to London the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to your situation—and making it The Journey to Toulouse, which with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear F. for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My kind love and friendship to all my true friends—My service to the rest. H—'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us—they will be with me all the holidays. In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. Adieu, yours most truly.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

Dear Foley,

—Though that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does Tristram do?" you say in yours to him—'Faith, but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lie—for poverty of

spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand *per cent.*—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred-and-thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*. P— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice.—My kind respects to baron d'Holbach, and all his household—say all that is kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours.

I have not five louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, April 18, 1763.

Dear Foley,

I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of lord * * * * * being obliged to give way—and for the rest, all follows in course.—I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters—at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself—which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here—he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me—in a short time he proceeds to Italy.—The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— sets out, at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean hills, at Courtray—from whence to Italy—this is the general plan of operation here—except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday—On all days of the week believe me yours, with unfeigned truth.

P. S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, May 21, 1763.

I took the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London.—But you might have trusted to my honour

–that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing that is not.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London.—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R— of Montpelier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. I am, dear F—, your friend and hearty well-wisher.

I saw the family of the H——— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living. They said Yea—for they had just received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness—All compliments to ———. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, June 9, 1763.

My dear Foley,

I this moment received yours—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, "That he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on, my dear F., and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest), that I would be content to suffer a real evil without future murmuring—but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me—but which, out of nicety of temper, I would not make any use of.—I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters.—Dear F—, adieu.—Believe me yours affectionately.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Paris, May 15, 1764.

My dear Lydia,

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also

sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject your mother will say). There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days.—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——;—they are good and generous souls—tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Sterne to J— H— S—, Esq.

September, 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Antony—I do not think a week or ten days playing the good-fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in the house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair—therefore, as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtiness of heart to see what is doing at Scarborough—steadfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life, and strengthen my faith.—Now some folk say there is much company there—and some say not—and I believe there is neither the one nor the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so. No, my dear H—, I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post.—As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in * * * humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you—and as often wished you at the d——l.—After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever.——

I send all kind compliments to sir C. D—— and G——s. I love them from my soul.—If G——t is with you, him also.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough, with my uncle Toby's amours—There is no sitting, and cudgelling one's brains whilst the sun shines bright—'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do any thing—Lord Granby is to be there——what a temptation! Yours affectionately, &c.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed—You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy

own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain?—Puppy, fool, coxcomb, jackass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—O! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever.—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are, who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonizes the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—*L'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment.* —— Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annexed to it—And so much for the same subject called love——I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two——there

goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean—that is, a flat refusal—I have had a parsonage-house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible. Yours sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Naples, Feb. 3, 1766.

My dear girl,

Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to——but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I shall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours—If fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. C— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father.

LETTER XXIII.

David Hume, Esq. to ——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 16, 1760.

Sir,

I am not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shown the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which

he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator. These two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn; when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited: and asked whether he had ever translated any of them? Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and doubted whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language; but for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day; which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

After this volume was in every body's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, which the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question: for their antiquity is a point which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

In the family of every Highland chieftain there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems, which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished; the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated professor in Glasgow, told me, that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, lord Rae's brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists so strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the laird and lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient; as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and imprinted on every memory.

Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Graham of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have therefore set about a subscription, of a guinea or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these Fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon somewhere in Lochaber, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing: as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have

always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and as he is somewhat old, and is the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these Fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of Genius and Passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty: and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate, or uncivilised people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

I remember, Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only, like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident, which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected; makes a new one; hurries back to the action; pierces his enemy, while the iron, which was yet red hot, hisses in the wound. This imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention, as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes, Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Oscan, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector; or the French that of Marlborough.

It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these Fragments, as it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

> "Ye shepherds, so careless and free,
> Whose flocks never carelessly roam," &c.

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish? Yours most sincerely.

LETTER XXIV.

David Hume, Esq. to Dr. Campbell.

Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1762

Dear sir,

It has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks, for the civil and obliging manner in which

you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps in strictness you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherways my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits College of La Flêche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at this time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles; which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

RECENT, NARRATIVE, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTION III.

FROM THE LETTERS OF THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM, LORD CHESTERFIELD, LORD LYTTLETON, AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford).

My dear child,

I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sound and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example, *Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva; Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.* "We leave our native land, these fields so sweet; Our country leave: at ease, in cool retreat, You, Thyrsis, bid the woods fair Daphne's name repeat." I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write *smoaks* in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leech to carry you quite through Virgil's Æneid from beginning to ending. Pray show him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's Fables in particular. I am not sure if they are not called Tales, instead of Fables. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake if you will, has read Virgil's Æneid quite through, and much of Horace's Epistles. Terence's Plays I would also desire Mr. Leech to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on, my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good, that I have nothing to

wish, but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child. Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER II.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Bath, Oct. 12, 1751.

My dear nephew,

As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath, but very lately, after making a considerable circuit to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt but you will become a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's Iliad; and have made so great a progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much; they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and, in one word, virtue in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: *Ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram.*

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection, my dear child, your loving uncle.

LETTER III.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Bath, Jan. 12, 1754.

My dear nephew,

Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and, above all, I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend; I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me; namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and vir-

tuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tuâ virtute:* Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est improba siren, Desidia,** I desire may be affixt to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of: and another rule is, If you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred-fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read. They are as follow: Euclid; a Course of Logic; a Course of Experimental Philosophy; Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; his Treatise also on the Understanding; his Treatise on Government, and Letters on Toleration. I desire, for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil: of Horace the Odes, but, above all, the Epistles and Ars Poetica. These parts, *nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.*† Tully de Officiis, de Amicitiâ, de Senectute. His Catilinarian Orations and Philippics. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgment of the History of England to be run through, in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings: proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with

* Shun the accursed siren, Sloth.

† Read night and day.

great care. Father Paul on Beneficiary Matters in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request, that you will forbear drawing, totally, while you are at Cambridge; and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French; nor to meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

Believe me, with the truest affection, my dear nephew, ever yours.

Keep this letter and read it again.

LETTER IV.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Bath, March 30, 1754.

My dear nephew,

I am much obliged to you for your kind remembrance and wishes for my health. It is much recovered by the regular fit of gout, of which I am still lame in both feet, and I may hope for better health hereafter in consequence. I have thought it long since we conversed: I waited to be able to give you a better account of my health, and, in part, to leave you time to make advances in your plan of study, of which I am very desirous to hear an account. I desire you will be so good to let me know particularly, if you have gone through the Abridgment of Burnet's History of the Reformation, and the Treatise of Father Paul on Benefices; also how much of Locke you have read. I beg of you not to mix any other English reading with what I recommend to you. I propose to save you much time and trouble, by pointing out to you such books, in succession, as will carry you the shortest way to the things you must know to fit yourself for the business of the world, and give you the clearer knowledge of them, by keeping them unmixed with superfluous, vain, empty trash. Let me hear, my dear child, of your French also; as well as of those studies which are more properly university studies. I cannot tell you better how truly and tenderly I love you, than by telling you I am most solicitously bent on your doing every thing that is right, and laying the foundations of your future happiness and figure in the world, in such a course of improvement, as will not fail to make you a better man, while it makes you a more knowing one. Do you rise early? I hope you have already made to yourself the habit of doing it: if not, let me conjure you to acquire it. Remember your friend Horace; *Et ni posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis, invidiâ vel amore miser torquebere.** Adieu. Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER V.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Astrop Wells, Sept. 5, 1754.

My dear nephew,

I have been a long time without conversing with you, and thanking you for the pleasure of your last letter. You may possibly be about to return to the seat of learning on the banks of the Cam; but I will not

* Unless you call for a book and light, unless you apply your mind to studies and honourable affairs, you will be miserably tormented by envy or desire.

defer discoursing to you on literary matters, till you leave Cornwall, not doubting but you are mindful of the Muses amidst the very savage rocks and moors, and yet more savage natives, of the ancient and respectable dutchy. First, with regard to the opinion you desire concerning a common-place book; in general I much disapprove the use of it: it is chiefly intended for persons who mean to be authors, and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready, extempore use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be common-placed in order to be of any use; dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance, Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can: but in general my advice to you is, not to common-place upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodize in your head what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually to fix matter in the memory. I desired you some time since to read lord Clarendon's History of the civil wars. I have lately read a much honester and more instructive book, of the same period of history; it is the History of the Parliament, by Thomas May,* esq., &c. I will send it to you as soon as you return to Cambridge. If you have not read Burnet's History of his Own Times, I beg you will. I hope your father is well. My love to the girls.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

* May, the translator of Lucan, had been much countenanced by Charles the First, but quitted the court on some personal disgust, and afterwards became secretary to the parliament. His History was published in 1647 under their authority and license, and cannot by any means be considered as an impartial work. It is, however, well worthy of being attentively read; and the contemptuous character given of it by Clarendon (Life, vol. i. p. 35.) is as much below its real merit as Clarendon's own History is superior to it.

LETTER VI.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Pay Office, April 9, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I rejoice extremely to hear that your father and the girls are not unentertained in their travels: in the mean time your travels through the paths of literature, arts, and sciences (a road, sometimes set with flowers, and sometimes difficult, laborious, and arduous), are not only infinitely more profitable in future, but at present, upon the whole, infinitely more delightful. My own travels at present are none of the pleasantest: I am going through a fit of the gout; with much proper pain, and what proper patience I may. *Avis au lecteur*, my sweet boy: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let no excesses lay the foundations of gout and the rest of Pandora's box; nor any immoralities or vicious courses sow the seeds of a too late and painful repentance. Here ends my sermon, which, I trust, you are not fine gentleman enough, or, in plain English, silly fellow enough, to laugh at. Lady Hester is much yours. Let me hear some account of your intercourse with the Muses; and believe me ever, your truly most affectionate.

LETTER VII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Pay Office, April 15, 1755.

A thousand thanks to my dear boy for a very pretty letter. I like extremely the account you give of

your literary life; the reflections you make upon some West Saxon actors in the times you are reading are natural, manly, and sensible, and flow from a heart that will make you far superior to any of them. I am content you should be interrupted (provided the interruption be not long) in the course of your reading, by declaiming in defence of the thesis you have so wisely chosen to maintain. It is true indeed that the affirmative maxim, *Omne solum forti patria est*, has supported some great and good men under the persecutions of faction and party injustice, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land, to an unnatural mother-country. Some few such may be found in ancient times: in our own country also some; such was Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others. But how dangerous is it to trust frail, corrupt man, with such an aphorism! What fatal casuistry is it big with! How many a villain might, and has, masked himself in the sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws divine and human! How easy the transition from this political to some impious ecclesiastical aphorisms! If all soils are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all churches and modes of worship; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind. Such was the late Bolingbroke of impious memory. Let me know when your declamation is over. Pardon an observation on style: "I received yours" is vulgar and mercantile; "Your letter" is the way of writing. Inclose your letters in a cover; it is more polite.

LETTER VIII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Pay Office, May 20, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I am extremely concerned to hear that you have been ill, especially as your account of an illness you speak of as past, implies such remains of disorder as I beg you will give all proper attention to. By the medicine your physician has ordered, I conceive he considers your case in some degree nervous. If that be so, advise with him whether a little change of air and of the scene, together with some weeks course of steel waters, might not be highly proper for you. I am to go the day after to-morrow to Sunning Hill, in Windsor Forest, where I propose to drink those waters for about a month. Lady Hester and I shall be happy in your company, if your doctor shall be of opinion that such waters may be of service to you; which, I hope, will be his opinion. Besides health recovered, the Muses shall not be quite forgot: we will ride, read, walk, and philosophize, extremely at our ease; and you may return to Cambridge with new ardour, or at least with strength repaired, when we leave Sunning Hill. If you come, the sooner the better, on all accounts. We propose to go into Buckinghamshire in about a month. I rejoice that your declamation is over, and that you have begun, my dearest nephew, to open your mouth in public, *ingenti patriæ perculsus amore.** I wish I had heard you perform: the only way I ever shall hear your praises from your own mouth. My gout prevented my so-much-intended and wished-for journey to Cambridge: and now my plan of drinking waters renders it im-

* Struck with a great love of country.

possible. Come, then, my dear boy, to us; and so Mahomet and the mountain meet, no matter which moves to the other. Adieu. Your ever affectionate.

LETTER IX.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

July 13, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I have delayed writing to you in expectation of hearing farther from you upon the subject of your stay at college. No news is the best news; and I will hope now that all your difficulties upon that head are at an end. I represent you to myself deep in study, and drinking large draughts of intellectual nectar; a very delicious state to a mind happy enough, and elevated enough, to thirst after knowledge and true honest fame, even as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. When I name knowledge, I ever intend learning as the weapon and instrument only of manly, honourable, and virtuous action, upon the stage of the world, both in private and public life; as a gentleman, and as a member of the commonwealth, who is to answer for all he does to the laws of his country, to his own breast and conscience, and at the tribunal of honour and good fame. You, my dear boy, will not only be acquitted, but applauded and dignified at all these respectable and awful bars. So *macte tuâ virtute!** Go on and prosper in your glorious and happy career; not forgetting to walk an hour briskly every morning and evening, to fortify the nerves. I wish to hear, in some little time, of the progress you shall have made in the course of reading chalked out. Adieu. Your ever affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments to you.

* Use your best endeavours.

LETTER X.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Stowe, July 24 1755.

My dear nephew,

I am just leaving this place to go to Wotton; but I will not lose the post, though I have time but for one line. I am extremely happy that you can stay at your college, and pursue the prudent and glorious resolution of employing your present moments with a view to the future. May your noble and generous love of virtue pay you with the sweet rewards of a self-approving heart and an applauding country! and may I enjoy the true satisfaction of seeing your fame and happiness, and of thinking that I may have been fortunate enough to have contributed, in any small degree, to do common justice to kind Nature by a suitable education! I am no very good judge of the question concerning the books; I believe they are your own in the same sense that your wearing apparel is. I would retain them, and leave the candid and equitable Mr. * * * to plan, with the honest Mr. * * *, schemes of perpetual vexation. As to the persons just mentioned, I trust that you bear about you a mind and heart much superior to such malice; and that you are as little capable of resenting it, with any sensations but those of cool decent contempt, as you are of fearing the consequences of such low efforts. As to the caution money, I think you have done well. The case of the chambers, I conceive, you likewise apprehend rightly. Let me know in your next

what these two articles require you to pay down, and how far your present cash is exhausted, and I will direct Mr. Campbell to give you credit accordingly. Believe me, my dear nephew, truly happy to be of use to you.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XI.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Wotton, Aug. 7, 1755.

My dear nephew,

I have only time at present to let you know I am setting out for London; when I return to Sunning Hill, which I propose to do in a few days, I shall have considered the question about a letter to * * * *, and will send you my thoughts upon it. As to literature, I know you are not idle, under so many and so strong motives to animate you to the ardent pursuit of improvement. For English history, read the revolutions of York and Lancaster in Père d'Orleans, and no more of the father; the Life of Edward the Fourth, and so downwards all the life-writers of our kings, except such as you have already read. For Queen Anne's reign, the continuator of Rapin.

Farewell, my dearest nephew, for to-day. Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER XII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Bath, Sept. 25, 1755.

I have not conversed with my dear nephew a long time: I have been much in a post-chaise, living a wandering Scythian life, and he has been more usefully employed than in reading or writing letters; travelling through the various, instructing, and entertaining road of history. I have a particular pleasure in hearing now and then a word from you in your journey, just while you are changing horses, if I may so call it, and getting from one author to another. I suppose you going through the biographers, from Edward the Fourth downwards, not intending to stop till you reach to the continuator of honest Rapin. There is a little book I never mentioned, Welwood's Memoirs; I recommend it. Davis's Ireland must not on any account be omitted: it is a great performance, a masterly work, and contains much depth and extensive knowledge in state matters, and settling of countries, in very short compass. I have met with a scheme of chronology by Blair, showing all contemporary historical characters through all ages: it is of great use to consult frequently, in order to fix periods, and throw collateral light upon any particular branch you are reading. Let me know, when I have the pleasure of a letter from you, how far you are advanced in English history. You may probably not have heard authentically of governor Lyttelton's captivity and release. He is safe and well in England, after being taken and detained in France some days. Sir Richard and he met, unexpectedly enough, at Brussels, and came together to England. I propose returning to London in about a week, where I hope to find lady Hester as well as I left her. We are both much indebted for your kind and affectionate wishes. *In publica commoda peccem, si longo sermone morer** one bent on so honourable and virtuous a journey as you are.

* I should do the public an injury, if I should longer delay you.

LETTER XIII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Pay Office, Dec. 6, 1755.

Of all the various satisfactions of mind I have felt upon some late events, none has affected me with more sensibility and delight than the reading my dear nephew's letter. The matter of it is worthy of a better age than that we live in; worthy of your own noble, untainted mind; and the manner and expression of it is such as I trust will one day make you a powerful instrument towards mending the present degeneracy. Examples are unnecessary to happy natures; and it is well for your future glory and happiness that this is the case; for to copy any now existing, might cramp genius, and check the native spirit of the piece, rather than contribute to the perfection of it. I learn from sir Richard Lyttelton that we may have the pleasure of meeting soon, as he has already, or intends to offer you a bed at his house. It is on this, as on all occasions, little necessary to preach prudence, or to intimate a wish that your studies at Cambridge might not be broken by a long interruption of them. I know the rightness of your own mind, and leave you to all the generous and animating motives you find there, for pursuing improvements in literature and useful knowledge, as much better counsellors than

Your ever most affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments. The little cousin is well.

LETTER XIV.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Horse Guards, Jan. 13, 1756.

My dear nephew,

Let me thank you a thousand times for your remembering me, and giving me the pleasure of hearing that you was well, and had laid by the ideas of London and its dissipations, to resume the sober train of thoughts that gowns, square caps, quadrangles, and matin bells, naturally draw after them. I hope the air of Cambridge has brought no disorder upon you, and that you will compound with the Muses so as to dedicate some hours, not less than two, of the day to exercise. The earlier you rise, the better your nerves will bear study. When you next do me the pleasure to write to me, I beg a copy of your Elegy on your Mother's Picture; it is such admirable poetry, that I beg you to plunge deep into prose and severer studies, and not indulge your genius with verse, for the present. Substitute Tully and Demosthenes in the place of Homer and Virgil; and arm yourself with all the variety of manner, copiousness, and beauty of diction, nobleness and magnificence of ideas of the Roman consul; and render the powers of eloquence complete by the irresistible torrent of vehement argumentation, the close and forcible reasoning, and the depth and fortitude of mind of the Grecian statesman. This I mean at leisure intervals, and to relieve the course of those studies which you intend to make your principal object. The book relating to the empire of Germany, which I could not recollect, is Vitriarius's *Jus Publicum*, an admirable book in its kind, and esteemed of the best authority in matters much controverted. We are all well: sir Richard is upon his legs and abroad again.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER XV.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Hayes, Oct. 7, 1756.

I think it very long since I heard

any thing of my dear nephew's health and learned occupations at the mother of arts and sciences. Pray give me the pleasure of a letter soon, and be so good to let me know what progress is made in our plan of reading. I am now to make request to you in behalf of a young gentleman coming to Cambridge, Mr. ***'s son. The father desires much that you and his son may make an acquaintance: as what father would not? Mr. *** is one of the best friends I have in the world; and nothing can oblige me more than that you would do all in your power to be of assistance and advantage to the young man. He has good parts, good nature, and amiable qualities. He is young, and consequently much depends on the first habits he forms, whether of application or dissipation. You see, my dear nephew, what it is already to have made yourself *princeps juventutis*. It has its glories and its cares. You are invested with a kind of public charge, and the eyes of the world are upon you, not only for your own acquittal, but for the example and pattern to the British youth. Lady Hester is still about, but in daily expectation of the good minute. She desires her compliments to you. My sister is gone to Howberry. Believe me ever, my dear nephew,

Most affectionately yours.

LETTER XVI.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

Hayes, Oct. 10, 1756.

My dear nephew,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the glad tidings of Hayes. Lady Hester was safely delivered this morning of a son. She and the child are as well as possible, and the father in the joy of his heart. It is no small addition to my happiness to know you will kindly share it with me. A father must form wishes for his child as soon as it comes into the world, and I will make mine, That he may live to make as good use of life as one that shall be nameless is now doing at Cambridge. *Quid voveat dulci matricula majus alumno?**

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XVII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

St. James's Square, Aug. 28, 1757.

My dear nephew,

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than the approaching conclusion of a happy reconciliation in the family. Your letter to *** is the properest that can be imagined, and, I doubt not, will make the deepest impression on his heart. I have been in much pain for you during all this unseasonable weather, and am still apprehensive, till I have the satisfaction of hearing from you, that your course of sea bathing has been interrupted by such gusts of wind as must have rendered the sea too rough an element for a convalescent to disport in. I trust, my dearest nephew, that opening scenes of domestic comfort and family affection will confirm and augment every hour the benefits you are receiving at Brighthelmston, from external and internal medical assistances. Lady Hester and aunt Mary join with me in all good wishes for your health and happiness. The duplicate, * * * mentions having addressed to me, has never come to hand. I am, with truest affection, my dearest nephew, ever yours.

* What more can a mother wish her dear child?

LETTER XVIII.

From the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq.

St. James's Square, Oct. 27, 1757.

My dear nephew,

Inclosed is a letter from * * * *, which came in one to me. I heartily wish the contents may be agreeable to you.

I am far from being satisfied, my dearest nephew, with the account your last letter to my sister gives of your health. I had formed the hope of your ceasing to be an invalid before this time; but since you must submit to be one for this winter, I am comforted to find your strength is not impaired, as it used to be, by the returns of illness you sometimes feel; and I trust the good government you are under, and the fortitude and manly resignation you are possessed of, will carry you well through this trial of a young man's patience, and bring you out in spring, like gold, the better for the proof. I rejoice to hear you have a friend of great merit to be with you. My warmest wishes for your health and happiness never fail to follow you. Lady Hester desires her best compliments. Believe me, with the truest affection, ever yours.

LETTER XIX.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

My dear lord,

I make no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi* (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better, and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter. I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1761.

My dear lord,

I do not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one; but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink, and paper, has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "At a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know have no conception of them; and therefore, many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Ossory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however that I am positively ill; but I can posi-

tively say, that I am always *unwell.* In short, I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals; they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Ossory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure; which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think nor talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *équivoque*, my dear lord, your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

P. S. Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

LETTER XXI.

Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.

November 10, 1730.

My lord,

I was positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex; he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the strongest argument I have, to entreat your lordship's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near rela-

tion, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves; and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few, who do more honour to a court than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your lordship. I am, my lord, &c.

LETTER XXII.

The Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. Swift.

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

Sir,

You need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but, as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person who was the author of my crime would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

LETTER XXIII.

Dean Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.

January 15, 1730-1.

My lord,

I return your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those

of play; where, if the most expert be absent a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in farther excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, at Hagley.

London, Feb. 4, 1728.

Dear sir,

I am mighty glad you have made choice of so agreeable a place as Lorrain to send me to. I shall be impatient to hear that you have got a servant for me, that my stay here may be the shorter: in the mean while, you may be sure, I shall not neglect to make the best use of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verses; for her judgment does great honour to those that please her. The subject is Blenheim castle; I would have sent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to transcribe them; you shall, therefore, receive them enclosed in my next letter.

The news you tell me of ——— does not a little please me; whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by observing you had not that esteem for him as I could wish you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deserve it better every day, and confirm himself in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleased with my Persian Letters, and criticism upon Voltaire; but, with submission to your judgment, I do not see how what I have said of Milton can destroy all poetical license. That term indeed has been so much abused, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of such extravagant fictions, that one would almost wish there were no such words. But yet this is no reason why good authors may not raise and animate their works with flights and sallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of restraining them within the bounds of justness and propriety; for nothing can license a poet to offend against Truth and Reason, which are as much the rules of the sublime as less exalted poetry. We meet with a thousand instances of the true nobleness of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made use of, and yet nature very strictly observed. It would be endless to point out the beauties of this kind in the Paradise Lost, where the boldness of his genius appears without shocking us with the least impropriety: we are surprised, we are warmed, we are transported; but we are not hurried out of our senses, or forced to believe impossibilities. The sixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is stretched too far, and *the just* is sacrificed to *the wonderful;* (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the schools.) To set this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Lusiados* of the giant that appears to the Portuguese, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The storms, the thunders, and the lightnings, that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he represents; we are pleased with seeing him thus armed, because there is nothing in the description that is not founded upon truth: but how do swords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, because it wants probability to support it. We can easily imagine the Cape, extending its narrow arms over the sea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempests, that mariners always meet with upon that coast, render such a supposition very just: but with what grounds of reason can we suppose, that the angels, to defend the throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
Numen eget."*

The liberty in one fable is restrained to nature and good sense; in the other, it is wild and unbounded, so as frequently to lose sight of both.—Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion and defend my own; for I shall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with those who have such regard to our judgment as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the head-ach; I can have but very little pleasure in any thing, though it be ever so agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Luneville, July 8, 1728.

Dear sir,

I heartily congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their

* The Deity needs not such aid, nor such defenders.

own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M—! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. —— upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband; to be sure, she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a lady is past three-and-twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial, and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how many saints in the Romish Calendar, and how many miracles to each saint; and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious travellers must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay, I did not so much as take an inventory of the relics in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spent upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a particular of what rarities I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, raree-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Luneville, July 21.

Dear sir,

I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs; but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of quadrille has possessed the land from morning till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, show judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught

me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English, who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy: I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, sir, your dutiful son.

LETTER XXVII.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Soissons, Nov. 20.

Dear sir,

This is one of the agreeablest towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more French since I came here, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The desire of a farther progress and improvement in that tongue has led me into some thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you send me to Italy next spring, as you once designed to do, one great inconvenience will arise, *viz.* that, before I am perfect in speaking French, I must apply myself to Italian, from which it may probably come to pass, that I shall not know much of either. I should, therefore, think it more for my advantage to make the tour of France before I set out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reason, which at least will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that, after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be necessary to settle first, upon account of the purity of the language, which is spoke corruptly in other places) is so unwholesome as to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccustomed to that air; and therefore most travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy these two objections to the foregoing scheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: Suppose I stay here till after February; I may in March, April, May, and June see Orleans, Lyons, and Bourdeaux; and pass July, August, and September, in the southern provinces. The air of those countries is so pure, that the greatest heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the shortest road I can take for Italy, and so through Tuscany to Rome, where I shall arrive about December, having seen what is curious in my way.

I may pass two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the most delightful part of Italy, and the finest air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Messina, and from thence to Malta, which lays just by. From Naples I may travel along the coasts of the Adriatic Sea, by Ancona and Loretta, to Venice; where, if I stay but to the end of July, I shall have August, September, and October, to see Padua, Verona, Milan,

and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian Gulf. In the winter I may settle at Sienna, where there is a good academy, and where they are not troubled with any English. From thence I may go to Turin, if you please, and stay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a second time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and so by Dijon to Paris. When I am there, it will be wholly in your breast how long you would have me stay abroad, and whether I should come home the shortest way, or have the pleasure of seeing Holland. This, sir, is the plan that I offer to you; which, I hope, you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it so exact as never to depart from it; but I am persuaded that, generally speaking, I shall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorrain into it, because it lies quite out of the way, and because (to say the truth) I am unwilling to go thither. I know, my dear sir, I should acquaint you with my reasons for the dislike I have expressed against that place. This is not so easy an *eclaircissement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of persons depend upon a combination of circumstances, many of which are in themselves minute, but have weight from their assemblage with the rest. Our minds are like our bodies: they owe their pain or pleasure to the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of which is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible are the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we live; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make upon us, and the delights or uneasiness they create! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that concur to soothe or to disorder them. But in both, the impressions are more strong, as the frames which they act upon are more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute many of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my temper; and, I flatter myself, you will not think that reason the worst I could have given you. But there are others, more gross and evident, which I have already in part informed you of, and which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The reason is, that the awkwardness we have shown in such beginnings lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques beûves d'ecolier*,* as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company where one fears too much to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill received has as bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But, supposing no danger in this brutal, unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals

* A scholar's blunders.

and understanding! A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Do not imagine, dear sir, that I am sitting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagances that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace attending them. Youth is agreeable in its sallies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head and an honest heart are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Luneville and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some undoubtedly; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther upon this head. If you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough: if you do not, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you, and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. Though I have taken up so much of your time before, I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken me into his family. I have the honour of his conversation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was so good as to desire me to ask your leave to pass the winter with him, and to encourage me to do it, promised me that I should not be without my share of public business. The first packet that comes from Fontainebleau I expect to be employed; which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service.

Do not you think, sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me; and to desire him to excuse it, if his civilities make me troublesome to him longer than you designed? You know so well how to do those things, that I am persuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a secret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzerdorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it: while I am not trusted with affairs you shall know all I hear; but afterwards *nil patri quidem.** I was saying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of prison into the land of liberty; he replied, that, whatever the duke might think, he was in danger of going to prison again.

This was said some time ago, and things may have altered since. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

Dear sir,

I have so much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; so kind a compliance with all my wishes surpasses my acknowledgment. Your two letters to Mr. Poyntz had

* Nothing, even to my father.

their effect, and were answered with a profusion of civilities, and marks of friendship and esteem; but the enclosed will instruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permission to quit Lorrain, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have mistaken my sense in some arguments made use of there; but it is needless to set you right. Your kindness and indulgence to my desires is an argument more persuasive than all the rest, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, sir, spent more than I could wish, and the necessity of doing it gives me no small uneasiness; but it is an undoubted fact, that without show abroad there is no improvement. You yourself confess it, when you say, the French are only fond of strangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You express a great uneasiness, for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risqued a little at them, but without any passion or delight. Gaming is too unreasonable and dishonest for a gentleman, who has either sense or honour, to addict himself to it; but, to set you quite easy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and desire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myself to this destructive passion, which is such a whirlpool, that it absorbs all others. It is true I have been a sufferer at quadrille, and must ever suffer on: for *point de société sans cela; c'est un article preliminaire à tout commerce avec le beau monde.** I may venture to assure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aside, as you apprehend. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

* No society, without it; it is a preliminary article to all commerce with the world.

LETTER XXIX.

S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, Jan. 29, 1729.

Sir,

I have received your two kind letters, in which you are pleased very much to overvalue the small civilities it has lain in my power to show Mr. Lyttleton. I have more reason to thank you, sir, for giving me so convincing a mark of your regard, as to interrupt the course of his travels on my account, which will lay me under a double obligation to do all I can towards making his stay agreeable and useful to him; though I shall still remain the greater gainer by the pleasure of his company, which no services of mine can sufficiently requite. He is now in the same house with me, and by that means more constantly under my eye than even at Soissons: but I should be very unjust to him, if I left you under the imagination, that his inclinations stand in the least need of any such ungenerous restraint. Depend upon it, sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious dispositions, which nature and your care planted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that, I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris, or any other place, will never have any other effect upon him, but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these happy circumstances, he can have little occasion for any other advice, but that of sustaining the character he has so early got, and of supporting the hopes he has raised. I wish it were in my power to do him any part of the service you suppose me

capable of. I shall not be wanting to employ him, as occasion offers; and to assist him with my advice where it may be necessary, though your cares (which he ever mentions with the greatest gratitude) have made this task very easy. He cannot fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can but recal his mind, at a proper age, from the pleasures of learning, and gay scenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigue of business. This I have sometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, though his own good judgment made it very unnecessary.

Though I have only the happiness of knowing you, sir, by your reputation, and by this common object of our friendship and affections, your son; I beg you would be persuaded that I am, with the most particular respect, sir, your most humble and obedient servant, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, Feb. 17.

Dear sir,

I made your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handsomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination how long I shall stay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He assured me, with the same obliging air of sincerity and goodness as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the least so; and that my company again at Soissons would be the greatest relief and pleasure to him; with many other kind expressions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I cannot repeat. I have a thousand thanks to pay you, sir, for so kindly preventing my desires, and continuing me in the possession of a happiness, which I was afraid was almost at an end. The time I spend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the most agreeable, as well as the most improving, part of my life. He is a second father to me, and it is in his society that I am least sensible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneasy at the situation the king's speech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithstanding the little triumph that the enemies of the government may show upon the present seeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confusion, and to the honour of the councils they oppose. The greatest mischief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not sensible of, was full of false and malicious insinuations, which, being translated and shown to foreign ministers, unacquainted with the lenity of our constitution and the liberty of scandal it allows, made them think that the nation would disavow the measures taken by the court, and were the principal cause of the delays and difficulties that retard the public peace. The vigorous resolutions of both houses, to support his majesty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that decision we desire. Adieu, my dear sir; and believe me to be your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, March 11.

Dear sir,

The affair of the Gosport man-of-war has raised a most extravagant

spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing less than hanging their own officer, and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he says he has had no account of it from England; but desires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a false report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the case must have happened frequently, he should think it very proper, that as many precedents as can be found should be collected and sent him over. He apprehends, as much as you, a popular declamation from the Craftsman on this unlucky subject. The embarkation you speak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garrisons. Perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to trust me with, though I hardly imagine so; because I have such marks of his confidence as convince me he does not doubt of my discretion.

Love to my brother ———; I dare say he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow has so much of the martial spirit in him. What you tell me of ———— amazes me. I shall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon; since he, whose affection I was so sure of, has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake. I confess, I thought malice or ill-nature as great strangers to him as to poor ——: but what are the judgments of young men? Indeed, my dear sir, we are very silly fellows.

I cannot help transcribing a few lines of my sister's letter of the 10th, to show you that your goodness to your children meets at least with a grateful return:—

"We should pass our time but ill, if the good-humour of my mother did not make us all cheerful, and make amends for the loss of those diversions, which London would afford us. The oftener I converse with her, the more I love her; and every one of her actions shows me a virtue I wish to imitate. This you must be sensible of as well as I: but there is such a pleasure in praising those we love, that I must dwell a little upon the subject, which, I dare say, will be as grateful to you as it is to me. How happy are we with such parents! When I see my father almost spent with the cares of his family; my dear mother confined here, for the good of her children; I am overpowered with gratitude and love! May you and they continue well! and I want nothing else to complete my happiness."

This, sir, is a faithful extract, and speaks the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear sir. I remain your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Haute Fontaine, near Soissons, May 27.

Dear sir,

I have letters from my lord ——— and his governor, in which they both express the highest sense of the friendship you have shown them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured service you did his relation, and speaks of it as the greatest obligation. My friend Ascough too boasts of your protection, and professes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your son. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all these favours bestowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleasure of a grateful mind, which finds itself honoured

in the obligation. I believe, there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blessed with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune; but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

This is so much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the source of all the rest; and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependent upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation, I am persuaded, that no weaknesses or failings, which do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly, or meanly, is really making the first step towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz. Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compeigne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almost at a crisis, and there is great reason to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. Walpole has a surprising influence over the cardinal; so that whether peace or war ensue, we may depend upon our ally. In truth, it is the interest of the French court to be faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely be the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people to wish the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mercantile interest has at no time been much considered by this court. If you reflect upon the apprehensions of the government from the side of Spain, and their very reasonable jealousy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their managing the friendship, and adhering to the alliance of Great Britain. The supposition, that present advantage is the basis and end of state engagements, and that they are only to be measured by that rule, is the foundation of all our suspicions against the firmness of our French ally. But the maxim is not just. Much is given to future hopes; much obtained by future fears; and security is, upon many occasions, sought preferably to gain. I remain, dear sir, your dutiful son, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, Sept. 8.

Dear sir,

Sunday, by four o'clock, we had the good news of a dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable: one fellow gives notice to the public, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf, *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he sees, *qu'il sçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra.** We are to have a fine fire-work to morrow, his majesty being to sup in town.

The duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support,

* That he can get as many children as he pleases.

and he piously sings hallelujah for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy.

It is very late, and I have not slept these three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises that the people make in the streets, so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear sir, your affectionate and dutiful son.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Paris, Oct. 6.

Dear sir,

I have the greatest thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your last, and shall labour to deserve that goodness, which is so kind and complaisant to my desires. I shall, in obedience to your orders, set out for Italy to-morrow, where I hope to make such improvements as will answer the expense of the journey; but, whatever advantage or pleasure I may propose, I cannot, without a sensible affliction, take leave of my dear friend, Mr. Poyntz, of whose favours to me I have so deep a sense, that I cannot too often express my acknowledgments. The time I have enjoyed his company has been spent so happily, and so much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit, and uncommon strength of his judgment, that charm me in his conversation, as those great and noble sentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the most virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-seat; where I hope the air, and a little repose from the fatigue of business, will entirely restore his health. I shall observe your caution against grapes, new wine, and pretty women, though they are all very tempting but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to assure you of my duty and affection. I have written to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as soon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleasure of being able to assure you, that the final project of a treaty sent to Spain is entirely satisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redress and reparation for all abuses, grievances, and wrongs. I am, dear sir, with due respect, your most dutiful son.

LETTER XXXV.

S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 13.

Sir,

Mr. Lyttleton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I make of it, sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company; which I may with great truth say, has contributed more than any thing else to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope that our future acquaintance may afford me an opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued the same as I described it last winter; and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals: for we have often been obliged at that time to recal him from *reveries*, that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles written by Languett to sir Philip Sidney, upon an acquaintance, contracted, like ours, abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but, returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world; and retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can, with pleasure, assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttleton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous. But the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect with which I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

Lord Lyttleton to Sir Thomas Lyttleton.

Jan. 17, 1747.

Dear sir,

It is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and, in the morning, I found she had been much worse

again, so that our alarm was as great as ever: she has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear, that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does, after such violent flurries and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able at last to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed than I thought it could have borne: and you may depend upon it, dear sir, that I will make use of all the supports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it my duty to try not to add to your other pains that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete: but, as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretel; but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert West would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope; which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last! I am, dear sir, your most afflicted, but most affectionate son.

LETTER XXXVII.

The late Bishop Horne to a young Clergyman.

Dear * * * *,

I am much pleased to hear you have been for some time stationary at Oxford; a place where a man may best prepare himself to go forth as a burning and shining light into a world where charity is waxed cold, and where truth is well-nigh obscured. Whenever it pleases God to appoint you to the government of a parish, you will find work enough to employ you; and therefore, before that time comes, you should be careful to provide yourself with all necessary knowledge, lest, by and by, when you should be building, you should have your materials to look for, and bring together; besides, that the habit of studying and thinking, if it be not got in the first part of life, rarely comes afterwards. A man is miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation, and knows not how to get out of it again,

till, in the end, for want of spiritual exercises, the faculties of the soul are benumbed, and he sinks into indolence, till *the night cometh when no man can work.* Happy, therefore, is the man, who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline in his youth; who can sit alone, and keep silence, and seek wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the saints. From these flowers of Paradise he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell of his understanding and affections. The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. *He will not* be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support him and his brethen. Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! Let none of them pass unprofitably away; for surely they make to themselves wings, and are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well spent, they fly to heaven with news that rejoice angels, and meet us again as witnesses for us at the tribunal of our Lord. When the graces of time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour then seem that has procured us (through grace) everlasting rest, for which the apostles toiled night and day, and the martyrs loved not their lives unto death!

These, my dear ———, are my sentiments; would to God my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! but I trust the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above (which every day's experience more and more confirms) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I cannot forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since, upon the due proportioning and employing our time, all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies, in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of my being, in all things, most affectionately yours.

END OF VOL. III.